★Jan. 18, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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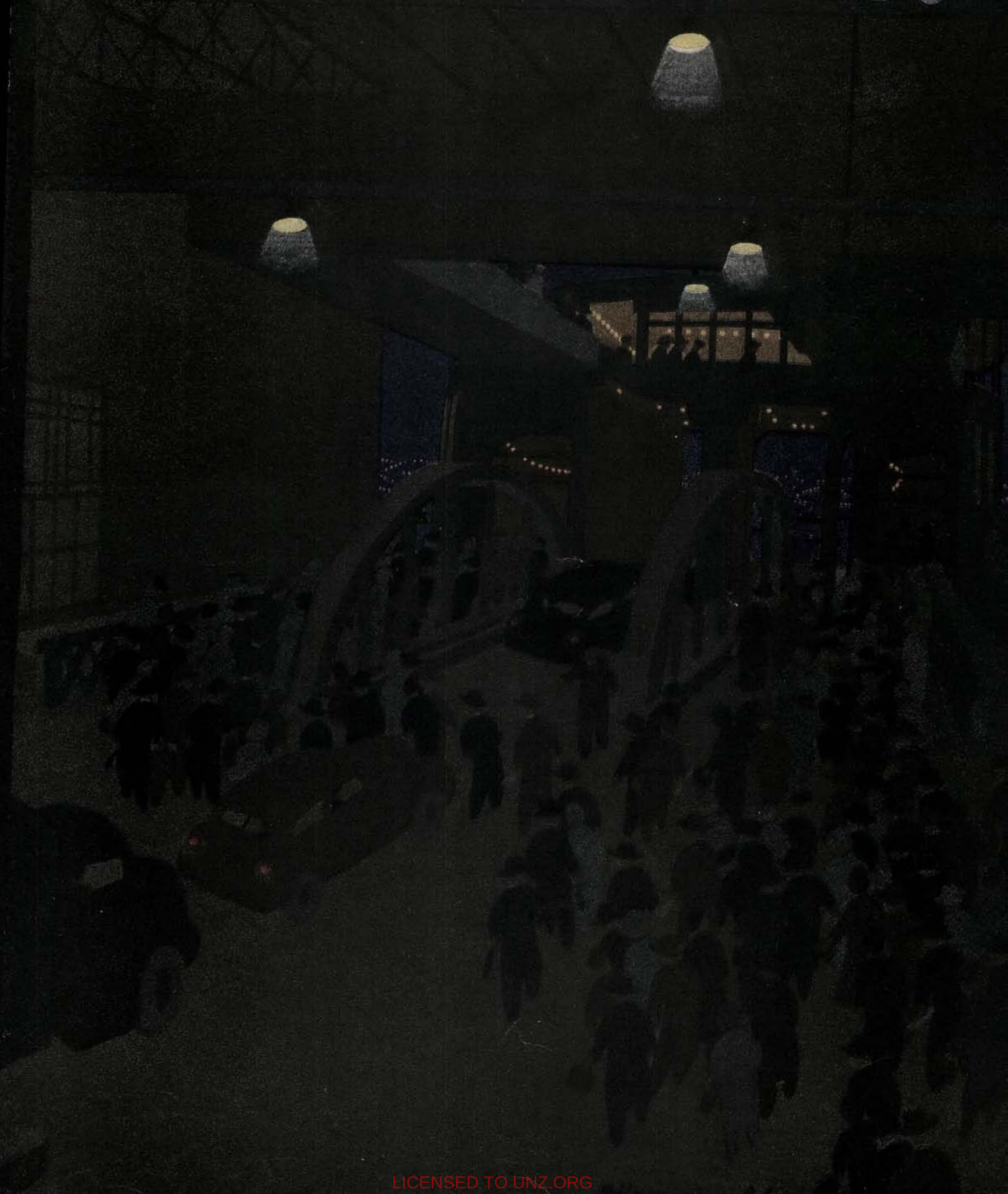

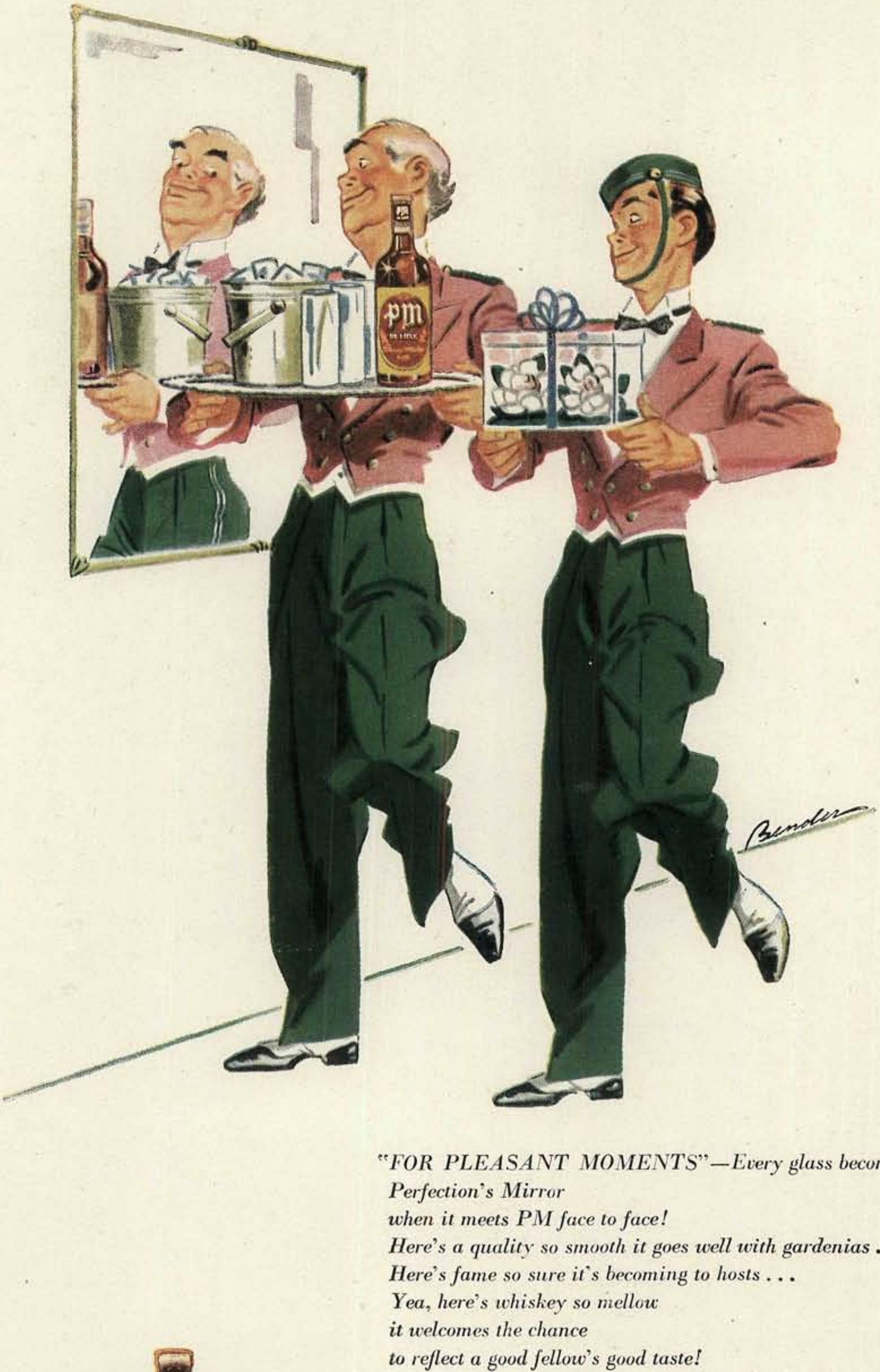

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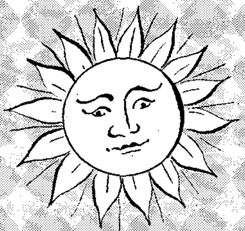

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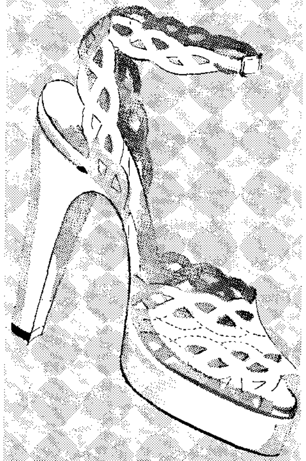
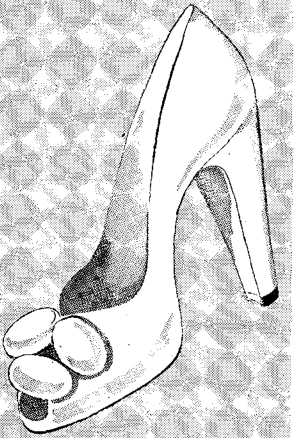
Southeasters

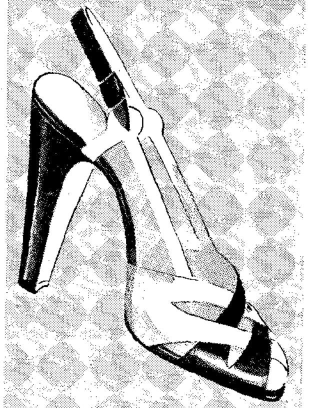
If you're taking winter sunnyside up, make Delman shoes your fashionable base of operations. Sketched here are suggestions from a specially designed collection of white, light, bright . . . and always right models.



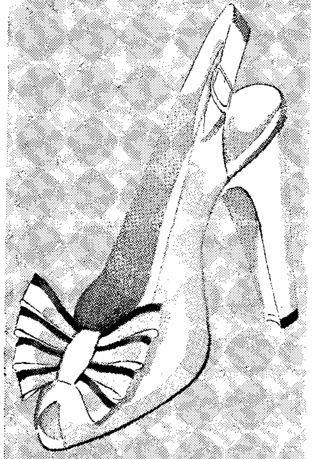
White suede-lace prettily planted on an uplifting platform.



Pride of the north or south—button-button in white, blue, black or brown suede.

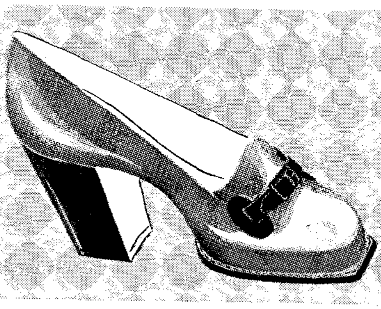


Half frost-white suede, half black patent leather, tan or navy blue calf.



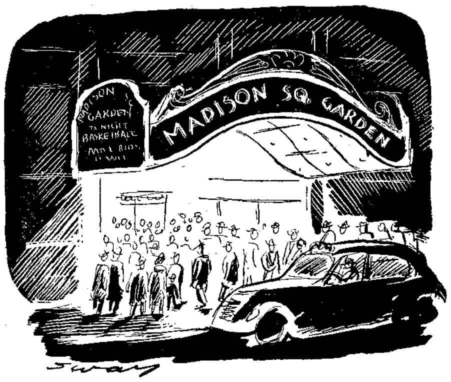
Frost-suede with a frontispiece striped in red or tan calf.

A day-dream here or there, in brownstone, navy, black or brown suede with matching calf; black calf with red, red calf with black, black suede with green calf or red lizard.



ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

American Repertory Theatre—Not entirely satisfactory productions of "Pound on Demand," "Androcles and the Lion," "Henry VIII," "What Every Woman Knows," and "John Gabriel Borkman." The company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex. The schedule for this week and next follows: "*Pound on Demand*" and "*Androcles*," Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 16-17, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "What Every Woman Knows," Sunday matinée and evening, Jan. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:50. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 23-24, at 8:40, and Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 25, at 2:40 and 8:40. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CI 5-4884.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman takes the characters in "The Little Foxes" back to 1880, when they were almost as bad as they turned out to be later on. Unfortunately, the play is by no means up to its predecessor, in spite of excellent performances by Patricia Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Leo Genn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Big Two—Claire Trevor and Philip Dorn looking mighty handsome in a spy play that tries to say something important about American-Russian relations but fails to make it by several furlongs. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This revival of the 1927 play about a comedian who couldn't stand success is both funny and touching. Bert Lahr gives a fine, characteristic performance, and Jean Parker assists him very prettily. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart investigates the effect of divorce on the mind of a twelve-year-old boy, half in realistic terms, half in fantasy. The latter is much the better. Richard Tyler, Shepperd Strudwick, and Martha Sleeper head the large cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—The question here is whether José Ferrer is more persuasive in the title role than Walter Hampden, and the answer seems to be yes as a comedian and no as a lover. Frances Reid plays Roxane, and Ernest Graves is Christian. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Fatal Weakness—Ina Claire as delightful as ever in George Kelly's comedy dealing with middle-aged divorce. Also with Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Happy Birthday—What might easily happen to a girl if she just chanced to wander into a bar on a rainy afternoon. Helen Hayes is really superb at the head of a cast that includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour play proving that life is insupportable without illusions. Beautifully acted and produced, but not, perhaps, quite worth all the excitement. In the cast of dreamy bums are James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Maxwell Anderson's ingenious and generally highly effective variation of the Maid of Orleans legend. Ingrid Bergman gives one of the finest performances of several seasons. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of this revival of the Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Present Laughter—Noel Coward's comedy about an actor who has too many lady friends is far below par. With Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Temper the Wind—A drama about the denazification of Germany that suffers from its authors' rather elementary approach. Blanche Yurka heads the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Fredric March is almost perfect in Ruth Gordon's extremely pleasant and witty play about her ambitious youth. Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are most engaging as the women of the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** A big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday will leave the cast for two weeks on Jan. 20; Paul Douglas stays on. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **life with father:** You know—"Life with Father." With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **state of the union:** Ralph Bellamy in the Crouse-Lindsay comedy dealing with Republican politics and principles. Kay Francis will return to the cast on Jan. 20. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Little A—Otto Kruger, Jessie Royce Landis, and Wallis Clark in a play by Hugh White. The director is Melville Burke and the producer is Sam Nasser. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman is an ear-splitting delight in this saga of Little Sureshot. Irving Berlin is responsible for the excellent music and lyrics, and the competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beggar's Holiday—A modernization of "The Beggar's Opera" that has originality and charm but somehow doesn't achieve a unified effect. Duke Ellington wrote the score and John Latouche the book and lyrics. Alfred Drake heads a large and gifted cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Call Me Mister—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls in a happy military offering, with sketches by Arnold Auerbach and songs by Harold Rome. Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:35.)

Finian's Rainbow—A good, bright, dancing musical, which is complicated rather than helped by a plot that turns an Irish leprechaun loose in a Southern Tobacco Road state. With Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards, and other tuneful performers. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Street Scene—The old Elmer Rice classic put effectively, if a bit pretentiously, into operatic form. The music is by Kurt Weill, the book by Mr. Rice, and the lyrics by Langston Hughes, and the cast can sing like nobody's

* * *

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Hands holding Camellias

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

business. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Toplitzky of Notre Dame—A rather sad piece of nonsense concerning love and football, with a score that is just about as unsatisfactory as the book. With J. Edward Bromberg, Gus Van, and Betty Jane Watson. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—carousel: "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the red mill:** The Victor Herbert hit of 1906, brought back to life. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 18.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

Sweethearts—Bobby Clark in a revival of the Victor Herbert operetta, with a revised book by John Cecil Holm. Produced by Paula Stone and Michael Sloane, and directed by John Kennedy. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 21. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Bloomer Girl—A return of this musical comedy, with Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart heading the cast. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Ruth Draper—The monologuist, back again for a short engagement. (Empire, B'way at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Iva Kitchell—Satiric dancer. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call ST 9-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26, at 3:30.)

Ice Shows—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . ¶ Sonja Henie and her company in their annual appearance here. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, at 8:30, starting Thursday, Jan. 23.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre—Presenting "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Jan. 18, at 10:30. For information about tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

American Youth Orchestra—Dean Dixon conducting a concert designed for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in the regal Trianon Room.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The calm and spacious Bowman Room is livened up by Ted Straeter's dance orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Jules Munshin turns up for the midnight show, and Susan Reed and other entertainers are on hand both early and late. Edmund Hall's orchestra, if you care to dance.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—A vamp-till-ready sort of show while this establishment awaits the presumed arrival of Charles Trenet from France. Ralph Font's rumba band and José Melis's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—On Saturday nights, it's indistinguishable from the Princeton campus; the rest of the time there are plenty of waiters and mannerly, well-dressed people. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras play for dancing.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's dream of Hollywood. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

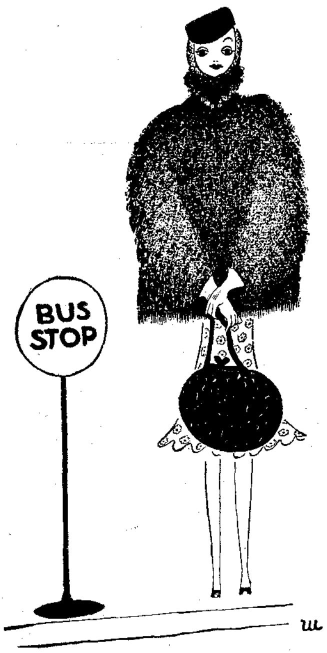
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The sumptuous Cotillion Room has an unpretentious show, and dancing to the music of Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde again, arranging her hair, trotting around and around, and hallooing graciously to people in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's dance orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's string orchestra garnishes the dinner hour in the Oval Room, until ten-thirty, with an excellent variety of music; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ice show in the Iridium Room is pretty and spirited, and knows when to go away to let the customers dance. Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. . . . ¶ The Maisonette has two small dance orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Barry Winton's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.



Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and an alternating rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Jean Sablon, who, like the best perfume, was compounded, distilled, and wrapped up in Paris, France. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Morton Downey, a thrush with a voice that goes right through the roof, is in the Wedgwood Room around midnight; Emil Coleman's orchestra plays at dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's band helping out after the theatre. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

drake, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): A fashionable spa, with stylish piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and supper by Paul Berlin. . . . **coq rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this brisk little corner. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Through the insistent hum of conversation, you can detect the agreeable piano of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Musical-comedy Russians, stamping on the floor and dancing with flaming daggers, in an enthusiastic, if often unintelligible, show. . . . **madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, offering Sonny Kendis's orchestra for dancing until nine. . . . **st. moritz**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Mild and restful, with Ford Harrison's orchestra, in case you feel like a few gentle turns. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this familiar hideaway; no dancing. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Phil Leeds, quite a comic young man, and some other, lesser entertainment; dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan and Josephine Premice, brightening this sportive mushroom cellar.

BIG AND BRASSY

carnival, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Olsen and Johnson, conducting their usual sort of gymkhana for the hale of wind and limb; dance music, too. . . . **copacabana**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Sid Caesar and the dance team of Raye and Naldi are now heading this indomitable floor show. Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band.

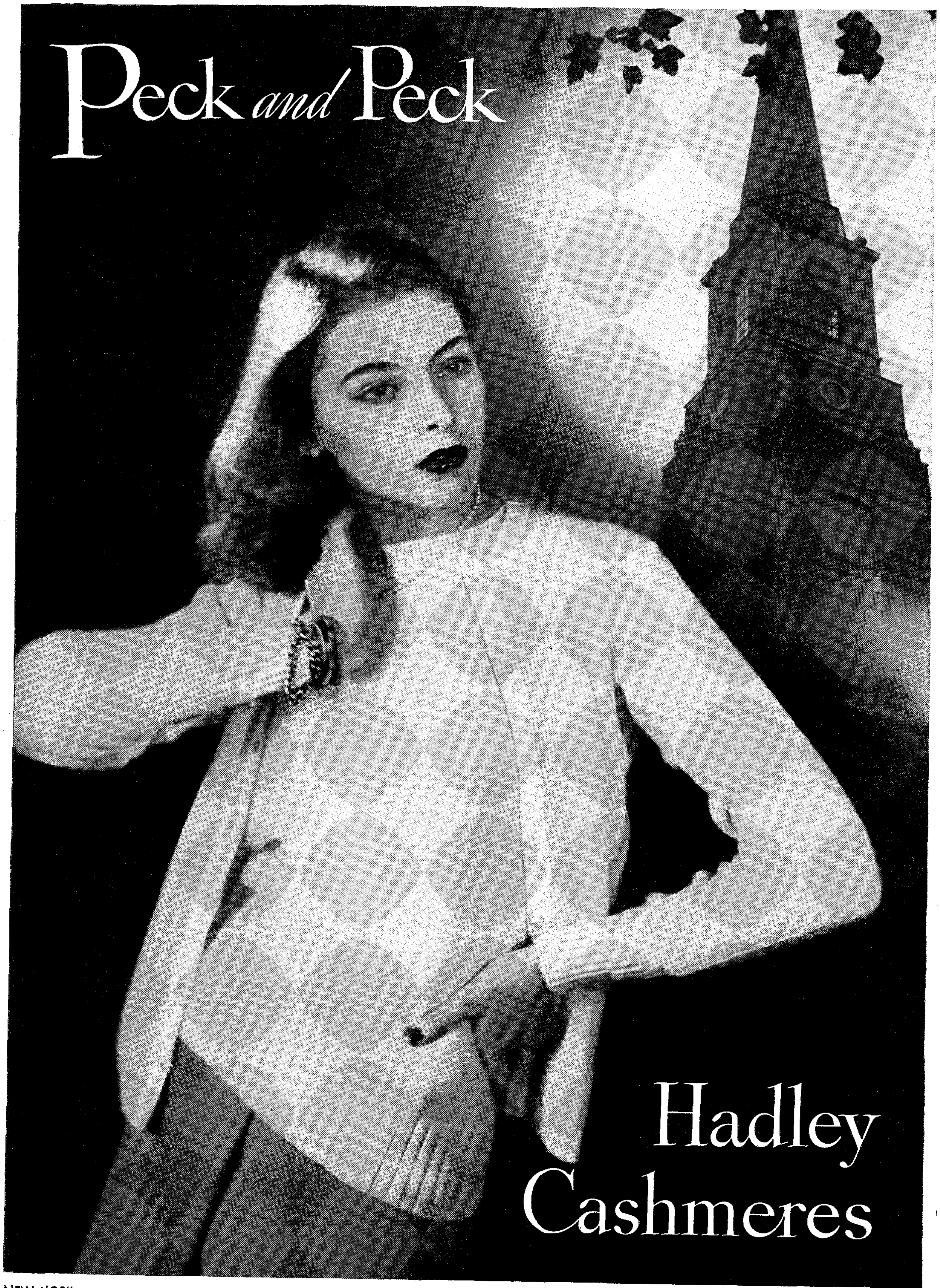
SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

blue angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An extensive and engaging evening at the hands of Vicente Gomez, John Buckmaster, Stuart Ross, and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Four Notes, Josef Marais and Miranda, and other energetic young people to keep you out longer than you had intended. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy is around, late at night, with her special brand of inspirational message. The Three Flames contribute lively music. . . . **one fifth avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, a mimic whose impersonations do nothing to cheer her subjects.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

eddie condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): A convenient combination of chophouse and hot-music hall, offering Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, and others of the same cut; a jam session every Tuesday night. . . . **nick's**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their associates, all working at what can truthfully be called full blast. . . . **dixon's**, 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet, running through some remarkably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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

neat arrangements in a very comfortable environment.... **AQUARIUM**, 711 Seventh Ave., at 47th St. (BR 9-8884): The surroundings may sometimes be distracting, but Gene Krupa and his orchestra go industriously about their work.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Tony Parenti, a diligent clarinettist, and Georg Brunis, who plays a circus- or looping-type trombone; a jam session every Sunday afternoon at five.... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, singing about the gloomy side of life.... **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Red Allen's orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Ray McKinley's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

Peter Blume—Drawings, of which twenty are studies for his next big picture. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Pierre Bonnard—Fifteen paintings brought over from France for this exhibition. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—First editions of Piranesi's etchings "The Prisons." (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 23.)

John F. Carlson—A memorial exhibition. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Jan. 18.)

Gene Charlton—Still-lifes and figure paintings. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 17.)

Jon Corbino—New circus scenes and horses. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Paul Delvaux—One of the early Belgian Surrealists, in his first full-scale showing here. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 20.)

Burgoyne Diller—Paintings and constructions that will probably remind you of Mondrian. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 18.)

Arthur G. Dove—Fifty paintings, in a well-conceived show that covers his career from 1908 to his death. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 25.)

Jean Dubuffet—First large showing of paintings by this French artist who has achieved considerable renown since the war. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Perle Fine—Abstract oils and gouaches, very delicate in color and feeling. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Carl Gaertner—Dour and wintry landscapes. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Albert Eugene Gallatin—Recent paintings. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstractions in which the Indian pictograph is adapted to modern motifs. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Groups—At the **ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE**, 115 E. 40th St.: The fifth annual exhibition of paintings by merchant seamen; through Jan. 25.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by this gallery's regulars, including Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and Chaim Gross; through Jan. 18.... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Homer, Eakins, and Ryder, and members of the gallery's group; through Jan. 25.... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Oils and gouaches by Dufy and Utrillo, as well as other paintings recently acquired by the gallery; through Jan. 23.

Frederick Haucke—More of this artist's nightmarish subjects, worked out with precision and sang-froid. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Italian—Medieval and Renaissance paintings. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 15.)

Morris Kantor—Landscapes and some figure studies, continuing his cautious progression into abstraction. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Leon Kroll—First one-man show in ten years. (French, 210 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Michael Lekakis—Small sculptures and water colors. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Richard Lippold—Wire sculptures. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Edouard Manet—Paintings lent by private collectors. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

Hubert Mesibov—Oils by a young Expressionist. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive display of antique costumes and finery, from bustles to solid-gold Egyptian funerary sandals. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.)

Modern European—Paintings and sculptures by Max Beckmann, Henry Moore, Henri Matisse, and others. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 28.)

Walter Tandy Murch—Paintings, miniaturistic in style, that recall the Pierre Roy brand of Surrealism. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays, until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 16.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54th St.—The Museum's biennial group show, with paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, Perle Fine, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first half of the Academy's hundred-and-twenty-first annual exhibition. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 22.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Three religious scenes (a new venture on his part) in addition to a group of his powerfully conceived landscapes. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Jackson Pollock—New abstract paintings. (Art of This Century, 30 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 1.)

Esther G. Rolick—Stylized landscapes and interiors. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

Anne Ryan—Colored woodcuts. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

Charles Salerno—Small sculptures, casual in style and agreeable in feeling. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 29.)

Max Schallinger—This Austrian painter's first solo show in New York. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

Karl Schrag—Water colors of fish, waves, and

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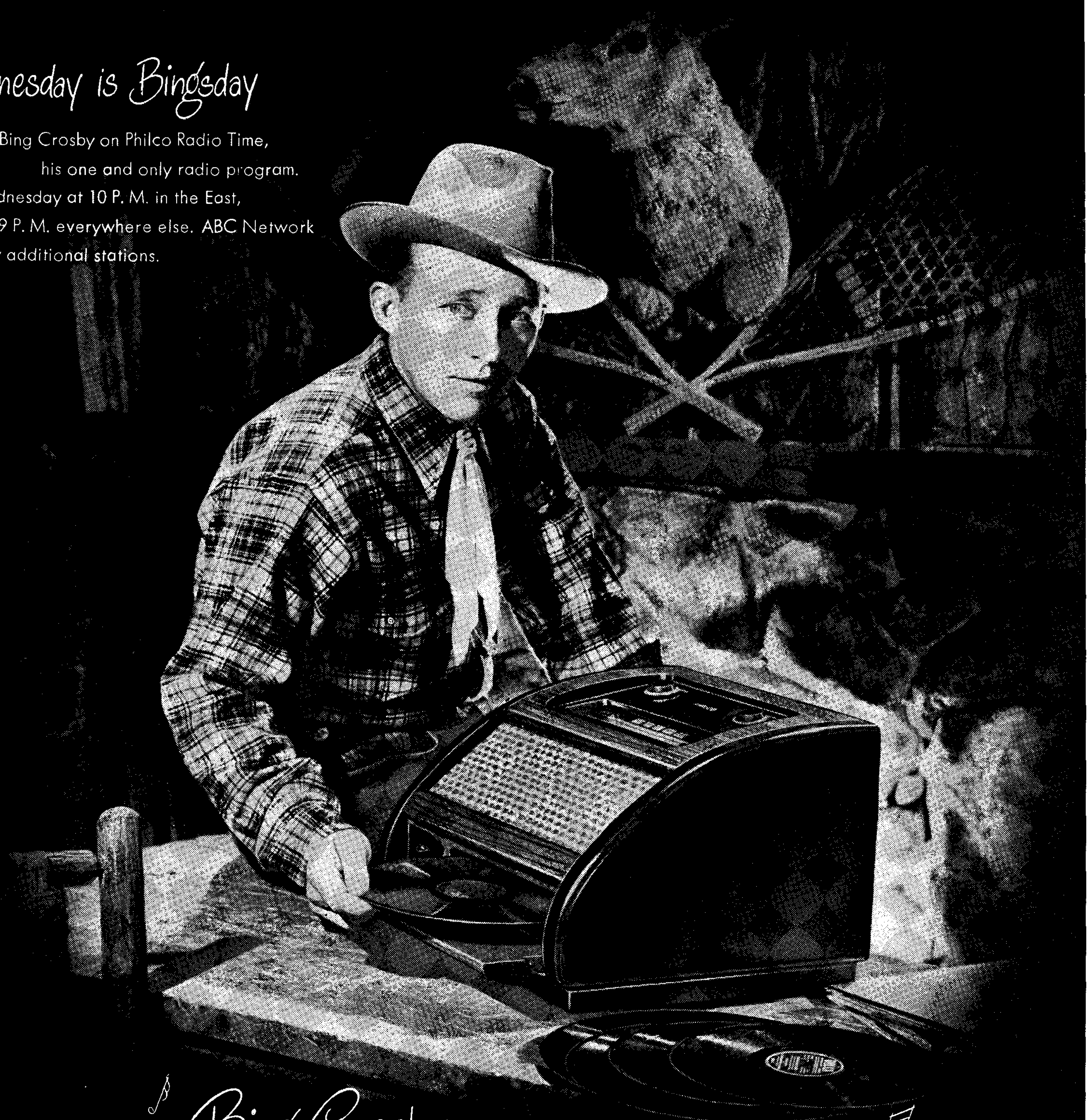

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forests, in semi-abstract style. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Abraham Walkowitz—Recent water colors. (Egan, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

Anita Wechsler—Small, lively, and rhythmic sculptures. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's yearly show of work by contemporary Americans. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 29.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Ferruccio Tagliavini, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Josephine Antoine; Thursday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:15. . . . ¶ "Die Walküre," with Torsten Ralf, Helen Traubel, and Joel Berglund; Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with Eleanor Steber and Charles Kullman; Saturday matinée, Jan. 18, at 2. . . . ¶ "Lakmé," with Patrice Munsel, Raoul Jobin, and Martial Singher; Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Madama Butterfly," with Licia Albanese and James Melton; Monday evening, Jan. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Siegfried," with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel; Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, at 7:45. . . . ¶ "Aïda," with Stella Roman, Blanche Thebom, and Kurt Baum; Thursday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:15. . . . ¶ "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Martial Singher and Bidu Sayao; Friday evening, Jan. 24, at 8. . . . ¶ "Lohengrin," with Lauritz Melchior, Dezso Ernster, and Helen Traubel; Saturday matinée, Jan. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ "La Bohème," with Jussi Bjoerling and Licia Albanese; Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 17, at 2:30; Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 8:45; and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19, at 3. . . . ¶ Charles Muench conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 23, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 24, at 2:30; Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:45, with Edouard Nies-Berger, organ soloist.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Friday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Fritz Busch conducting a symphony orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano; Martial Singher, baritone; Kurt Baum, tenor; and others. A benefit for the New World Club. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call VA 6-3168.)

Cantata Singers—Arthur Mendel directing, with Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, and other soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Monday evening, Jan. 20, at 6:30 and 9:15. For information about tickets, call CA 5-4171.)

American Chamber Music Ensemble—Harold Kohon directing. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 25, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

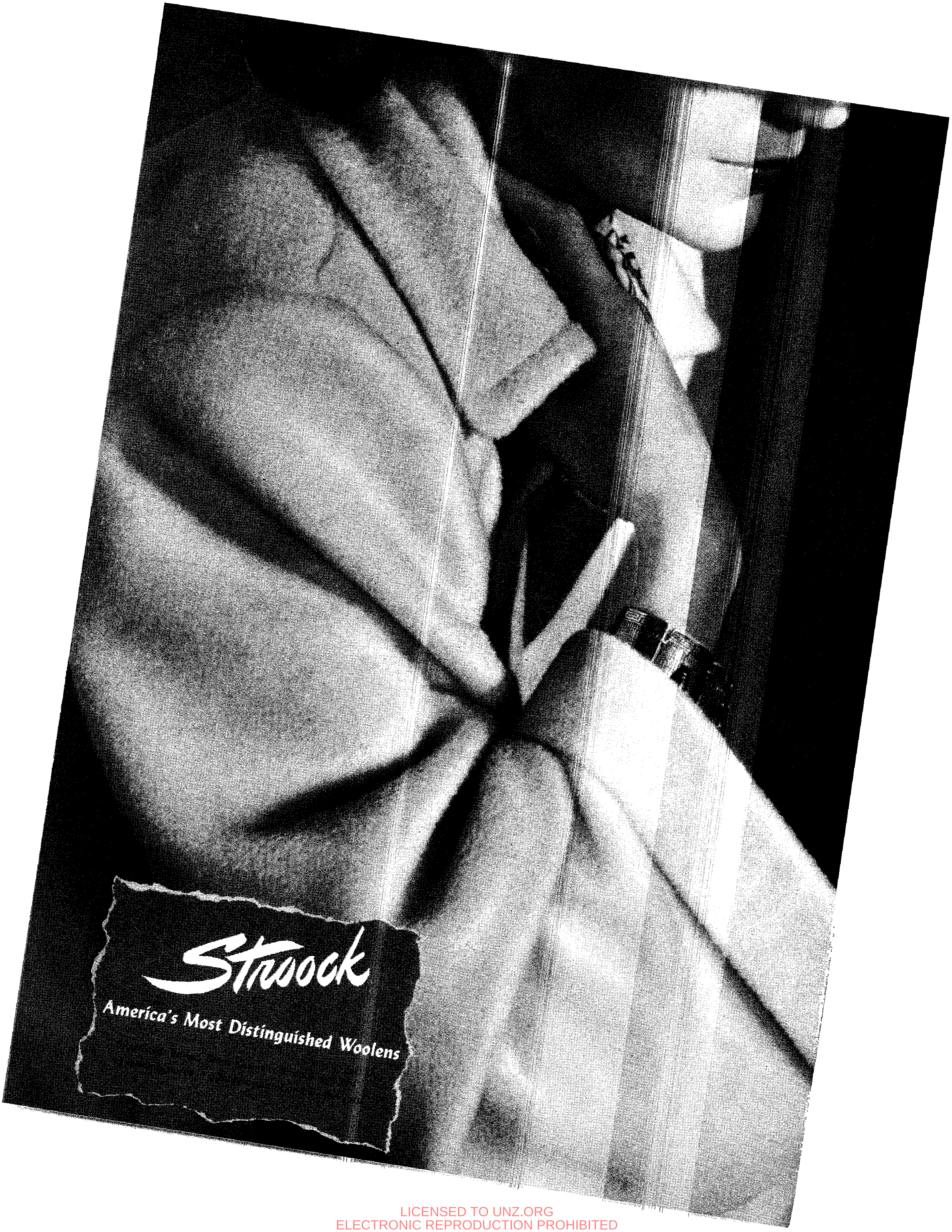
Raya Garbousova—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Richard Tauber—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3.)

Josh White—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 18, at 11:30.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano, in the first of three lieder recitals. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Martial Singher, baritone; Alexander Schneider, violin; and Ralph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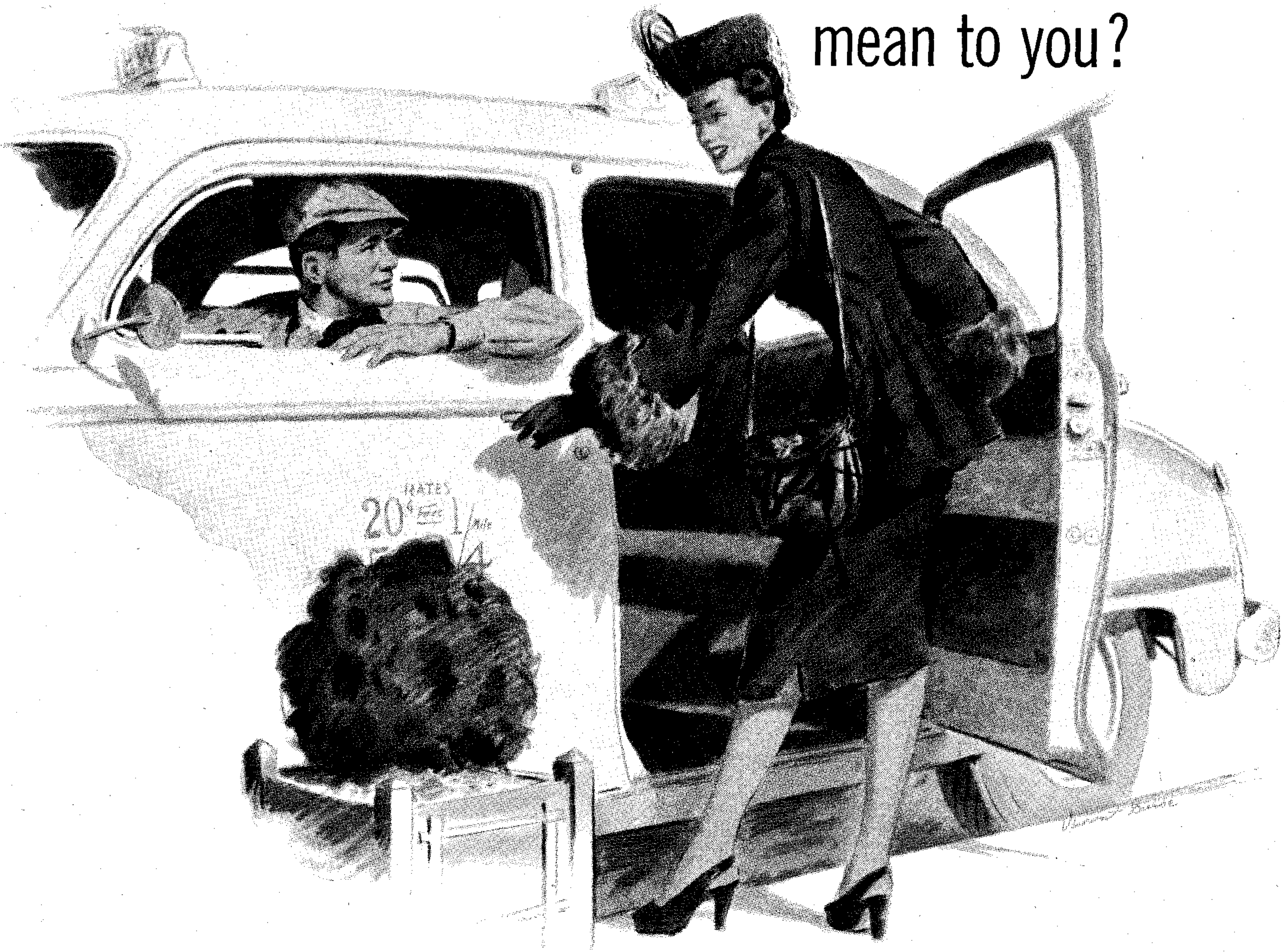

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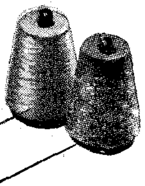

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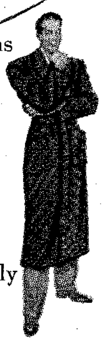

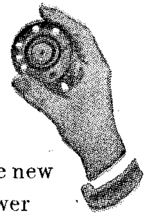

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Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 19, at 5:30.)

Ruth Kisch-Arndt—Contralto, with string accompaniment, in a program of medieval music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday evening, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

Maggie Teyte—Soprano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday evening, Jan. 19, at 8:40.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild Concert—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Frank Sheridan, piano; the Kroll Quartet; and others, in a program of chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, Jan. 20, at 8:45.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773. Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Concert—Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord; and Daniel Saidenberg, cello. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:40.)

Jascha Heifetz—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Muriel Kerr—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff—Two pianos. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Carol Brice—Contralto. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773. Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Pro Arte Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, write to the International Society for Contemporary Music, 130 W. 56th St.)

Art Tatum—Jazz pianist. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 25, at 11:30.)

Note—Nadia Reisenberg will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 26, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 21, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

College Basketball—Manhattan vs. Syracuse, and St. John's vs. Temple, Thursday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, and St. John's vs. Western Kentucky, Tuesday, Jan. 21. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Billy Graham vs. Ruby Kessler, welterweights, 10 rounds, Friday, Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Red Priest vs. Ruben Shank, middleweights, 10 rounds, Monday, Jan. 20. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Intermediate Sabre Team Championship. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Thursday, Jan. 16, at 7 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 19, at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Two games, one a tournament match for the New York Athletic Club Junior Indoor Polo Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure-skating Championship finals. (Iceland Rink, Madison Square Garden. CO 5-0681. Saturday, Jan. 18, at 5:30 P.M.)

Snow Trains—Every Friday evening at 7:15 when snow conditions warrant, a special train will leave Grand Central for Manchester, Vt., taking skiers to their particular version of Paradise. The return trip gets to New York Sunday night at 11:30.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—If you are thinking of attending a meeting of the Security Council

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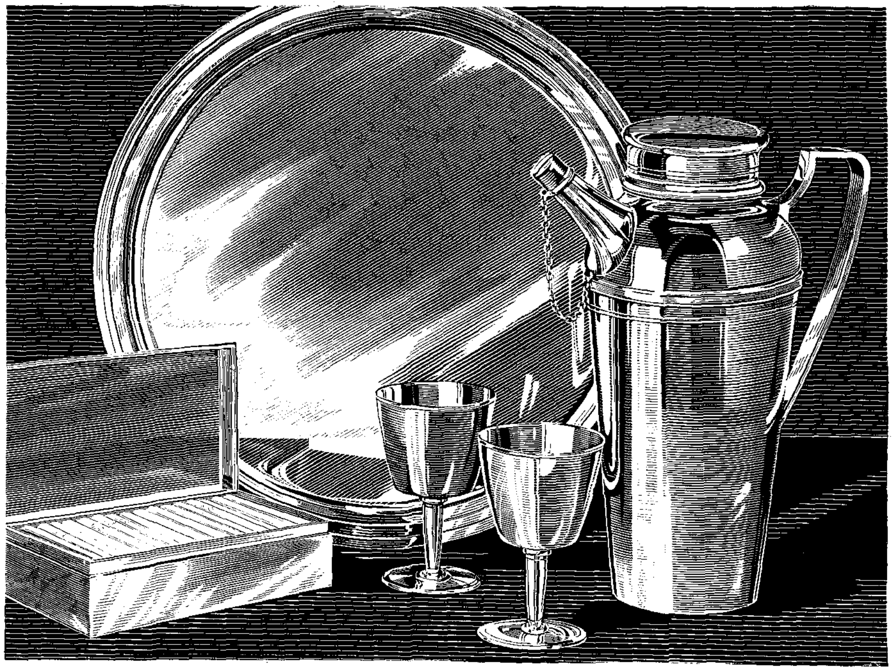

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at Lake Success, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around three in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Fifty-odd unofficial spectators are permitted to attend the open meetings. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

MOTORBOAT SHOW—The yachtsman's version of the hot-stove-and-cracker-barrel league. A display of boats, motors, and all sorts of seagoing gear designed to make a boating enthusiast wonder why he doesn't live in Florida all year round. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

TOY THEATRES—A collection of miniature stages, set with everything, from "Mazeppa" to "Jack and the Beanstalk," assembled by Alfred Lunt for the delectation of the stagestruck of all ages. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

BROWNING COLLECTION—Memorabilia of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a show commemorating the hundredth anniversary of their marriage. (Room 318, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

PLANETARIUM—The current demonstration is called "Winter Constellations." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: "Tatters: A Tale of the Slums" (1910); and "Underworld" (1927), with Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook; Thursday, Jan. 16. . . . ¶ "Chang" (1927), directed and photographed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 17-19. . . . ¶ "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 20-22, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Thursday, Jan. 23, at 4 and 8 P.M. . . . ¶ "Hotel Imperial" (1927), with Pola Negri; and "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish; starting Friday, Jan. 24. Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—English, French, and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and objects of art, owned by Dr. Percy R. Turnure, Mrs. Honoré Palmer, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 16-18, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Letters and documents, most of them of American Revolutionary times, owned by the Mercantile Library Association; and first editions of Thackeray, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors, from the libraries of John W. Castles, Jr., the late Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries. Monday, Jan. 20, at 2 and 8 P.M., and Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," with Eleanor Steber and Charles Kullman, Saturday, Jan. 18; "Lohengrin," with Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior, Saturday, Jan. 25; both at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Jan. 19, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Eugene Szenkar conducting, Sunday, Jan. 19, at 5 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Jan. 18 and 25, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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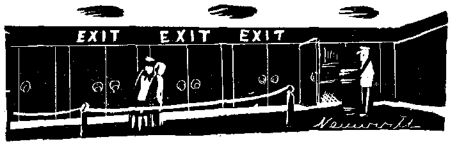

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Best Years of Our Lives—A great deal of hullabaloo has been stirred up by this chronicle of the postwar difficulties of three veterans, but it's hardly another "Birth of a Nation." The picture, which is approximately as long as a six-day bike race, is at its best whenever Fredric March is most conspicuous. (Astor, B'way at 45th.)

Brief Encounter—Noel Coward has expanded his short play "Still Life" into one of the most adult films in years. It is the story of an affair between a respectable British matron and a doctor. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—The easygoing, masterful, and witty Julius Caesar of George Bernard Shaw's creation, skillfully played, in Technicolor, by Claude Rains. Vivien Leigh is a delight, and the scenery and leisurely warfare do not intrude too much. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Stoddard, B'way at 90th; starting Jan. 22.)

Days and Nights—A rather episodic Russian treatment of Konstantin Simonov's novel about the siege of Stalingrad, but one that contains considerable authentic and exciting historical stuff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 17-20.)

Henry V—Laurence Olivier's Technicolor presentation of Shakespeare's historical drama, which you can put down as one of the best *films you ever laid eyes on.* (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Jericho—This account of the French Resistance movement assays a high melodramatic content, but it provides a fine troupe of French character actors with a chance to deliver their stuff. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th; through Jan. 19.)

The Killers—Ernest Hemingway's tense fragment, cleverly lengthened to make one of the most successful of recent gangster films. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; Jan. 17-19.)

Man's Hope—While it isn't as impressive as the novel from which it stems, this film, made in Barcelona in 1938, is quite exciting nevertheless. André Malraux wrote the script and directed the picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th *Ave. at 12th; and 55th St. Playhouse,* 154 W. 55th; starting Jan. 20.)

A Night in Casablanca—The plot is so involved that it frequently trips up the Marx Brothers between laughs, of which there aren't as many as there ought to be. Followers of the Brothers will probably want to see it anyhow. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Jan. 18.)

Notorious—Ingrid Bergman again proving herself matchless, in a slickly made spy story full of Alfred Hitchcock melodrama and employing an extraordinarily fine cast, including Cary Grant and Claude Rains. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th; starting Jan. 21.)

Open City—*A superlative account of the Italian* underground. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

Two Years Before the Mast—A good interpretation of the Dana book, but not altogether up to "Mutiny on the Bounty" as a sea film. Howard da Silva leads a highly competent cast through its salty routine. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Jan. 17-20.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—The late Raimu in *a French film that takes an airy attitude* toward the perils of seduction, and succeeds in being not only persuasive about its theme but also quite hilarious. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; through Jan. 19.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. With Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (*Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Jan. 18-20.* . . . ¶ Studio, B'way at 65th; starting Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; starting Jan. 22.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Jan. 19-20.)

Un Carnet du Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. In French, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 16.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Jan. 21-22.)

Having Wonderful Time (1938)—A screen version *of Arthur Kober's play. Ginger Rogers* and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Jan. 19-20.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 17-20. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 19-21. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th; Jan. 20-21. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Jan. 21.)

Lady in Distress (1942)—British melodrama about a mechanic and a magician. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 19-21.)

The Last Chance (1945)—A Swiss film dealing with refugees fleeing from Italy to Switzerland. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th; Jan. 17-20.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Dick Powell in Hollywood's treatment of "Farewell, My Lovely," the Raymond Chandler mystery. (Art, 36 E. 8th; starting Jan. 21.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; through Jan. 18.)

Prison Without Bars (1939)—A Korda piece about French lady convicts. With Edna Best. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; starting Jan. 21.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Studio, B'way at 65th; Jan. 18-20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Jan. 18-21.)

These Three (1936)—Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in a doctored version of Lillian Hellman's play "The Children's Hour." (Alden, B'way at 67th; Jan. 19-20.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film about a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th; through Jan. 19.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, dancing to Irving Berlin music. (Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Jan. 21-22.)

Vacation from Marriage (1946)—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr jolted out of a tedious marriage by the war. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 16.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Studio, B'way at 65th; through Jan. 17.)

The Westerner (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Jan. 16.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 16. . . . ¶ Alden, B'way at 67th; Jan. 21-22.)

Note—"The Son of the Sheik," showing Rudolph Valentino playing hob in the desert, will be revived at the Thalia, B'way at 95th, starting Jan. 21.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Secret Heart," Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through Jan. 21: "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy," Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.
From Jan. 22: "Dead Reckoning," Humphrey Bogart, Lizabeth Scott.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"It's a Wonderful Life," James Stewart, Donna Reed.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through Jan. 17: "Ladies' Man," Eddie Bracken, Cass Daley.
From Jan. 18 (tentative): "Her Sister's Secret," Margaret Lindsay, Philip Reed.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Humoresque," Joan Crawford, John Garfield.

Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Jan. 22: "Till the Clouds Roll By," all-star cast, including Robert Walker, Judy Garland, and Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Through Jan. 21: "Song of the South," full-length Walt Disney film.
From Jan. 22: "Sinbad the Sailor," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"The Perfect Marriage," Loretta Young, David Niven.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Murder in Reverse," William Hartnell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"California," Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"13 Rue Madeleine," James Cagney, Annabella.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 22: "The Jolson Story," Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Through Jan. 22: "The Beast with Five Fingers," Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"The Wicked Lady," Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Jan. 19: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY**, revival; and **THEY WERE FIVE**, revival.
From Jan. 20: **MAN'S HOPE.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Jan. 19: **JERICHO.**
From Jan. 20: **MAN'S HOPE.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-5087)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Stone Flower" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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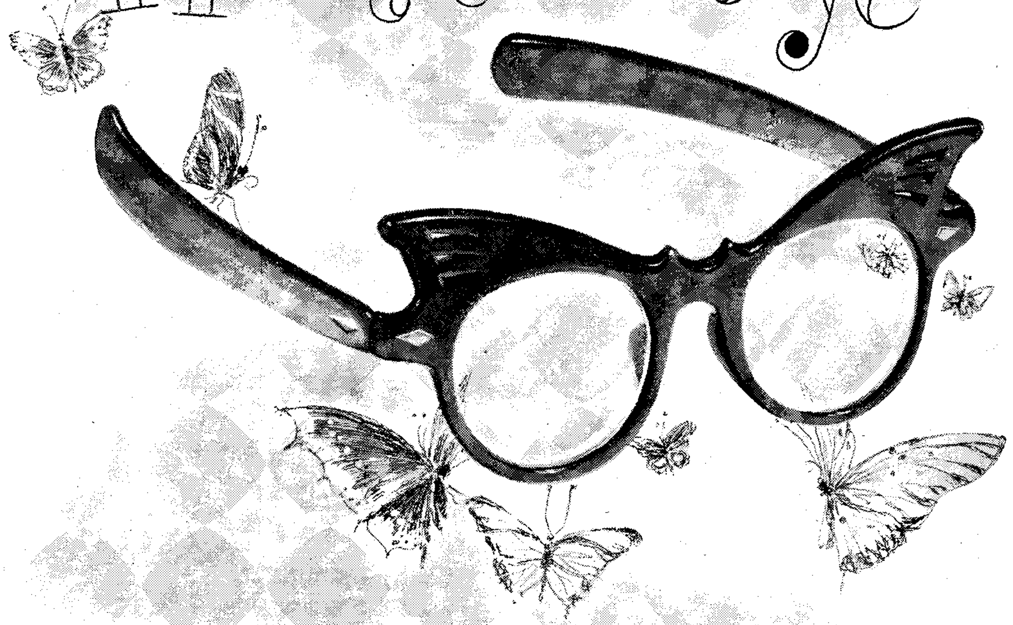

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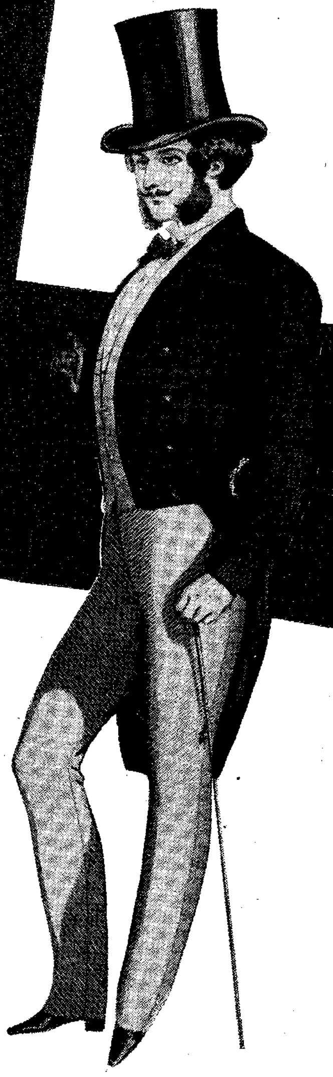
Disney, *Hatmaker since* 1885



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

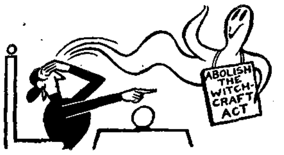
THE Dean and the faculty of *Time* magazine have always believed that it ain't no sin to take off your skin and sit around in your bones. Every week, in the "Letter from the Publisher" department, they reveal themselves and tell how they run the place over there. In one of these revelations, they painted a composite word picture of the *Time* researcher (who is almost always a female). Among other things that came out about this lady researcher was the fact that she is twenty-six years old and unmarried—a fine thing to blurt out. Presumably the news is now all over town that romance is at a standstill in the Lucempire, and once that news gets out about a business place, the place can easily become a dead pigeon among the skilled women of our town. Twenty-six, in the opinion of a lot of girls, is too old to be still unmarried, and researchers can be expected to shun 9 Rockefeller Plaza once they are convinced that it is a hotbed of virgins and a bulwark of spinsterdom. For all we know, our own office is no more vibrant, sexually, than *Time's*, but at least we don't pry into girls' ages and then print the results in the paper. Only a cad does that.

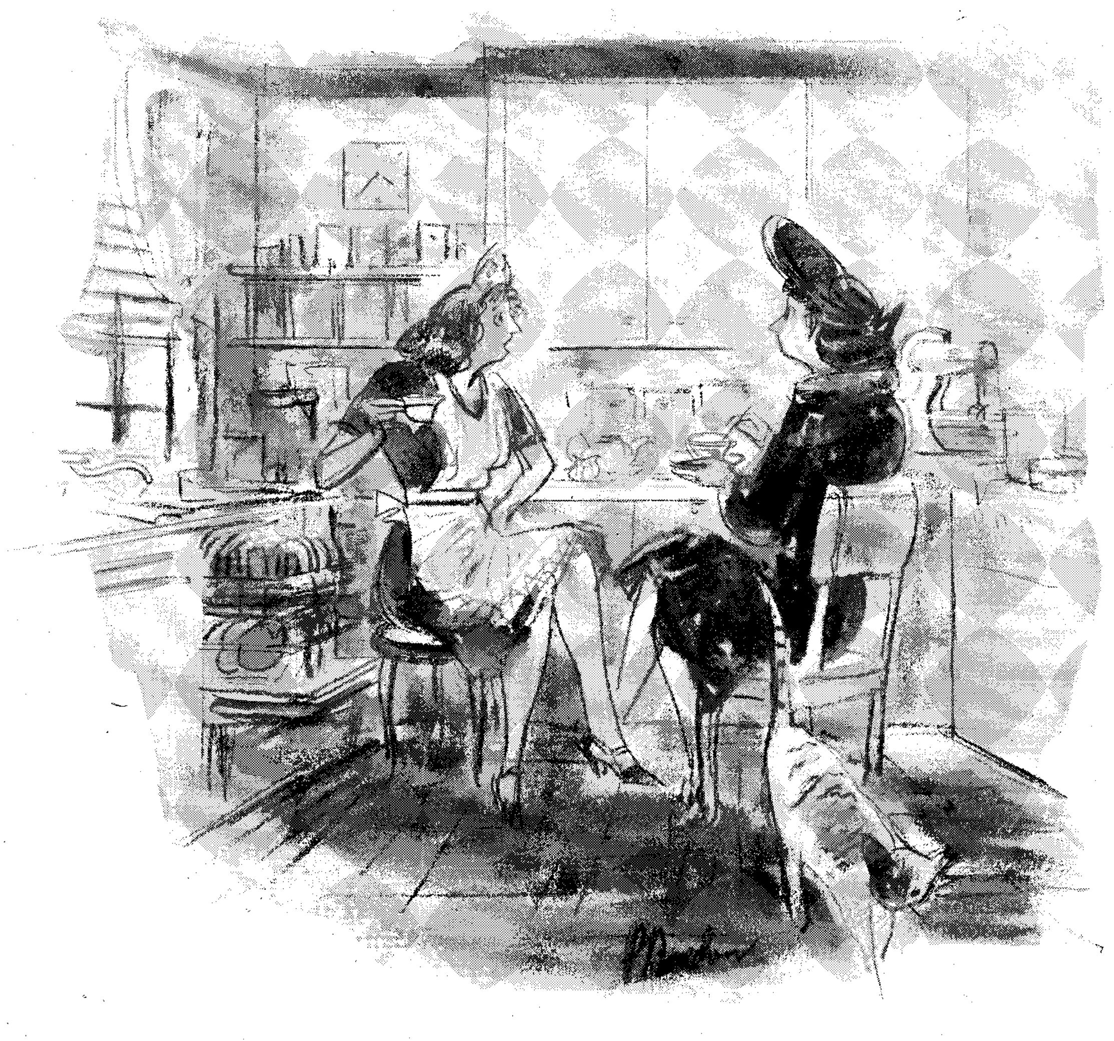
SPEAKING of female employment, a friend of ours who was a colonel during the war, serving in Washington, got a letter from his former secretary the other day. The girl still works in the War Department, and she wrote (on War Department stationery) to tell her ex-boss that she was considering taking a job with the United Nations. She wanted, she said, to ask his advice. "Do you think the United Nations will last? I am considering changing over to it. Salaries are tax-free and I would make much more."

The man showed us her letter. We have not seen his reply, however, and don't know what advice he gave. Our own advice to this girl would be to change over. It seems to us that anybody who has the chance should take a job with the United Nations, and without trying to figure out whether it will last. If it doesn't last, no other employment is likely to be of any particular comfort or any particular advantage. To work for the United Nations is to engage in a high form of activity, since it involves laboring for a good principle with bad equipment—a challenging situation, like being asked to split a birch log with a souvenir hatchet. The United Nations is a dreamy, dangerous place and should appeal to girls. We hang around Lake Success some, and can report that already there is a family feeling growing in the organization. The bulletin board of the cafeteria is loaded with life's small gaieties and perplexities. A pair of ladies' skating boots for sale. An enthusiastic violinist would like to meet an equally enthusiastic pianist, to practice for pleasure. A mother needs a sitter. A Packard roadster for $800, engine overhauled only a week ago. All sorts of opportunities for friendship, improvement, and gain. And just down the corridor, in the Council chamber, under the illuminated honeycomb of the ceiling, hang the vision of peace and the spectre of insecurity; there sit the eleven men around the table, five with the gift of veto, six without; and the musical French translations rippling and gliding through it all like a cool brook in the midst of a hot woods. It's a place for any girl to be, if she has imagination and courage.

WE had a letter from Cartier, the pearl importers, recently, and noticed that the Cartier letterhead has remained unchanged through the vicissitudes of war and peace. Cartier still carries eight royal coats of arms above the famous name: H.M. the King of Belgium, H.M. the King of Italy, H.M. the King of Egypt, H.M. the King of England, H.M. the King of Spain, H.M. the King of Rumania, H.M. the King of Yugoslavia, and H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco. It is a steadying thing to have at least one concern whose sponsorship is unaffected by the course of history and the fate of thrones. We asked the management if any complaints from customers had come in regarding any of the royal sponsors. "None," came the sparkling reply. We asked if the firm contemplated removing any of the crests. "No," replied Cartier pleasantly, fingering an unusually large rope of pearls.

FIVE thousand British witches and wizards, calling themselves "mediums" and organized in the Spiritualists National Union, are campaigning for the abolition of the Witchcraft Act of 1735, which provides that "If any person or persons shall pretend to exercise or use any kind of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Inchantment, or Conjuration, every person so offending shall suffer imprisonment." This strikes us as a pointless campaign. If they are actually witches and wizards, and have genuine powers of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Inchantment, or Conjuration, then they are not pretending anything and the law cannot touch them. If they lack powers of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Inchantment, or Conjuration, but pretend to have them, they are fraudulent witches and wizards and deserve to be prosecuted. If, on the other hand, they neither have powers of Witchcraft, Sorcery, In-





"It's 'Defrost the refrigerator,' 'Tighten up the dishwasher,' 'Watch the humidity control,' 'Oil the deep-freezer,' 'Refill the water softener'—and now they're asking me if I know anything about an electronic cooker."

• •

chantment, or Conjuration nor pretend to have them, but simply bring their clients messages from the spirit world, then they are not witches and wizards at all, and they are in no more danger from the law than so many members of a switchboard operators' union.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Trinity Dairy Company puts out Unity Milk.

There's an equivocal sign in the El Paso National Bank: "Forging Ahead with El Paso."

The Substandard Film Company has its headquarters in Bombay, not Hollywood.

Hare Loses

A BROOKLYN gentleman took his wife to the Newark Airport last Wednesday and put her on a plane for Buffalo. After fighting his way through the traffic, he arrived back home and wearily ascended the steps to find a telegram in his mailbox. He opened it and read, "ARRIVED SAFELY LOVE LULU."

Père Davids

READERS of the Profile of M. Jean Delacour that appeared in this magazine a few months ago may be interested in a little more natural history. Mr. Frank Fooks, the keeper of M. Delacour's great prewar bird-and-animal park at Clères, in France, arrived in New York with those four Père David fawns that have been mentioned and pictured in the newspapers the last few days. The arrival of Mr. Fooks and the fawns is a result of a trip made to England last fall by M. Delacour, who arranged with the Duke of Bedford, a fellow bird-and-beast fancier, to give the animals to the Bronx Zoo and with Mr. Fooks to escort them over. We had lunch with Mr. F. after his arrival here on a Liberty ship. "Very clever animals," he told us. "In rough weather, they never got on their feet, never tried to; they never got sick."

Père David deer, a well-nigh extinct species nearly as large as elk, have been described as having the head of a deer, the neck of a camel, the tail of a donkey, and the feet of a cow. In the eighteen-sixties, several were obtained for the Paris Zoo by Père Armand David, a French missionary and naturalist, who had been stationed in Peking. They were members of a herd that belonged to the Emperor of China, who permitted their removal after some high-level negotiations. Theretofore, they had been known in Europe only as fossils. Around 1900, by which time the deer had become extinct in China, the present Duke of Bedford's father bought the only seven survivors of the species in Europe; i.e., anywhere. Père David deer need a lot of space to flourish, and the then possessors of the seven, the Paris and London Zoos, were happy to let theirs go to the Duke's place, Woburn Abbey, which has a four-thousand-acre deer park. This now contains over two hundred Père David deer. There are a few others in European zoos, provided by His Grace.

Fooks, who is a lean, ruddy, keen-faced Englishman, told us that in June, 1940, he was activated by a hail of German bombs at Clères to pack five rare flamingos and two gibbons into a car and take them to Montfort, a couple of hundred miles away, where he had previously sent his wife and two daughters. Leaving the animals on a nearby estate, the Fookses went south and met Delacour, then in the French Army. Delacour got them to Bordeaux by dreaming up a military mission for Fooks, complete with military car, passes, and a sergeant-chauffeur. From there, the Fookses made their way to London late in June, and Fooks subsequently became head keeper for Major the Hon. Henry Broughton, a leading British aviculturist. Fooks told us about some of his troubles during the war. "Meal worms went to tuppence apiece," he said, "and canary seed to twenty-six shillings a pound. They mixed it with dust from threshings, which is enough to kill a bird. Mrs. Fooks and our girls helped out by collecting grasshoppers, green caterpillars, and ant cocoons. Fruit was nowhere, and dried flies terribly short, so as a substitute fare for fruit-eating and insectivorous birds I worked out a combination of boiled potato, carrot mixed with biscuit meal, and cut-up chickweed. It did almost—I won't say quite—as well. I think the secret was the chickweed. Major Broughton had five Rothschild's grackles when I came and eleven when I left. He gave me a pair of initialled gold cuff links and made me a nice farewell speech."

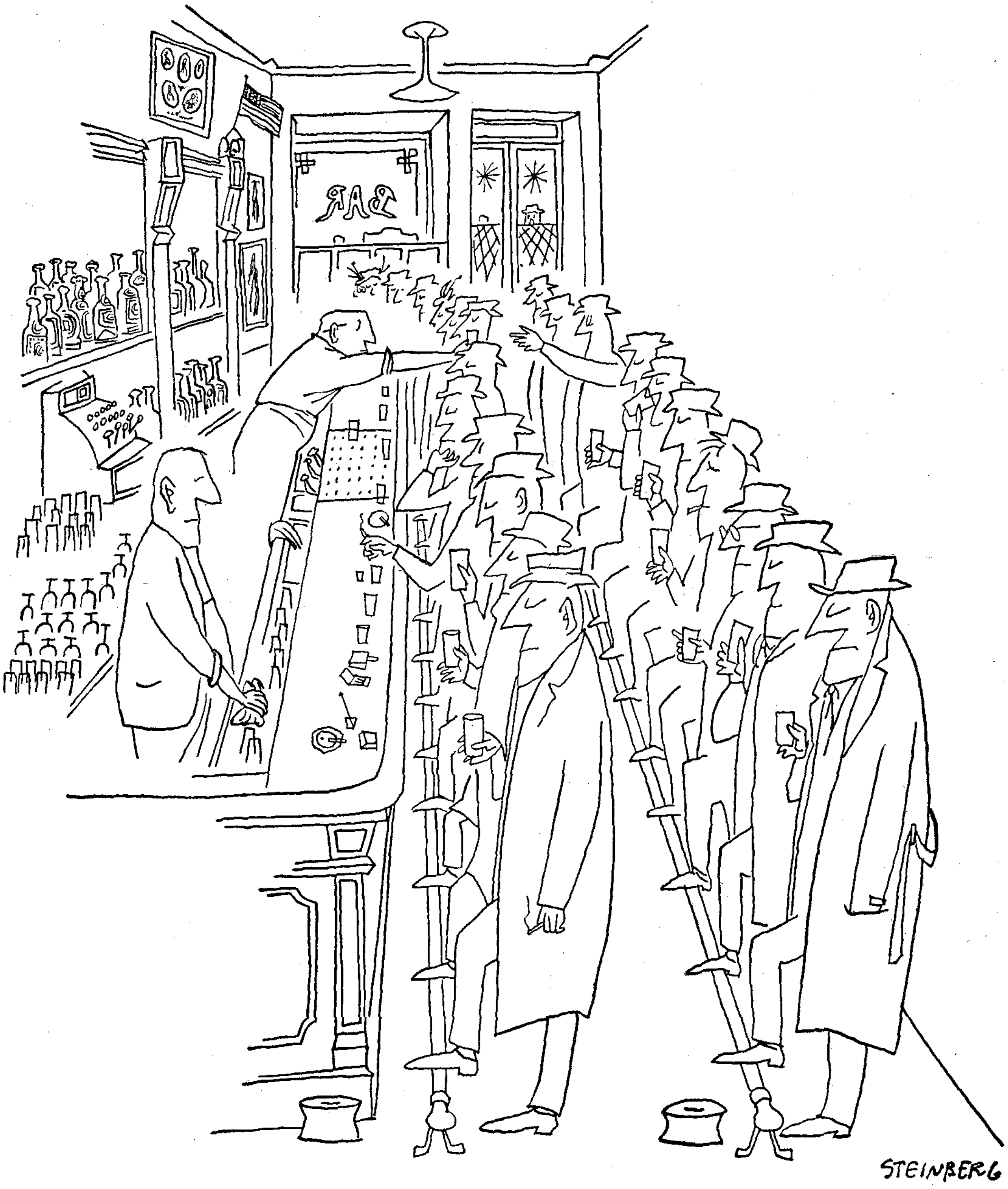
In 1945, Fooks returned to Clères, which once had three thousand birds, and found one crane, one peacock, one parrot, two hundred bomb holes, and two other holes, sixty feet wide and thirty deep, made by V-2s—set off from a nearby launching platform—that went straight up and came straight down, practically. He has been busy repairing shattered aviaries, rearing birds sent him by Delacour's friends in England, and repairing birds. "One day I found a black swan hen in the river with its insides trailing," he said. "An otter had ripped it up. I replaced the insides, folding them properly, stitched the bird up, and a few months later she laid six eggs, all of which hatched." Fooks expects the Clères park to reopen to the public in the spring, with several hundred birds, including fifty pheasants—mostly gifts of the Bronx and San Diego Zoos. He planned to take the pheasants back with him on the America this week. Delacour has also given him some South American birds, purchased here, for Clères and for the Bedford, Alfred Ezra, and John Spedan Lewis collections in England. "Meal worms are short in France," Fooks told us, "and we aren't doing much with small, delicate birds because of the lack of heating, but I think my greatest problem at Clères was in the old days, when we had gibbons. There is a church on the place, and the gibbons would walk right in. The curé finally wrote me, asking me to keep the monkeys from going to Mass."

Mote

A GENTLEMAN involved in various important matters has forwarded to us a letter he received the other day from the editor of the *Journal of Calendar Reform*, which seeks to replace our fussy old Gregorian calendar with, as the editor pointed out, a calendar "balanced in structure, perpetual in form, and harmonious in arrangement." The letter is unquestionably convincing, except that it bears the date of January 6, 1946.

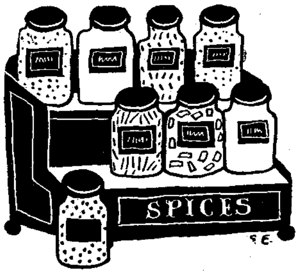
Delicate Work

FOR sixteen months now, St. Patrick's has bristled like the fretful porpentine with what we find to be approximately nineteen hundred tons of steel piping and some twenty thousand planks—the biggest local job of scaffolding ever undertaken, made necessary by what is probably the biggest local job of restoration ever undertaken. Old buildings on this island are commonly thrown away, not repaired. Builders of skyscrapers work on the matter-of-fact assumption that what goes up must come down (we recall being told that the steel frame of one of the topless towers of the twenties was designed to be readily disassembled, like an Erector set), but ecclesiastical structures are subject to no such natural law. The George A. Fuller Company, which is doing the repairs, is under instructions to use only materials good for fifty years or more, and to be sure about it. Stainless steel was suggested for the lining of the gutters along the roof of the nave, but this is a fairly new material and there is no conclusive assur-



ance that it would last that long and few workers know how to handle it properly, so the conventional copper has been used.

This and other information we obtained in a talk with the construction superintendent, who occupies a cozy shack on the Fifty-first Street side of the cathedral and whom Providence saw fit to name Rome. The need for the work, he told us, became obvious when a blast set off in the course of excavating the basement of the new Best Building, across the street, dislodged a heavy stone decoration on the face of the north transept. The stonework fell to the pavement and Church authorities thereupon called for a thorough inspection, which revealed that a number of other large, faultily secured decorations were ready to drop off and that the roof, at the point known as the crossing, where the transept joins the nave, was supported by timbers whose ends were all but rotted away. Rome said that while the cathedral had been well built, the materials available at the time were inferior to those of today. Most of the lower courses of the walls are of Tuckahoe marble, which had the advantage of coming from nearby quarries but has been found to lack durability. It is now so little regarded that it is crushed and used for cast stone. The base course, which rests on bedrock, is of Dix Island granite and was found to be intact.



Every joint in the building has been raked clean and pointed up with fresh mortar, tons of superfluous stone decorations have been removed, niches have been filled, a new slate roof has been laid, and the stone crestings and crosses at the top of the spires, three hundred and thirty feet above Fifth Avenue, have been replaced with bronze castings of the originals. The seven entrances to the cathedral have also been rebuilt. The most difficult job was that of repairing the rotted trusses in the crossing. Since the ceiling is hung from the same long, yellow-pine timbers that support the roof, they couldn't be raised or shifted; at the same time, the roof *had* to be supported somehow while the ends of the trusses were cleared of rot and strong steel members were bolted to the still sound portions of the timbers and to the corbelled capstones of the side walls. This was accomplished by ingenious engineering. Steel fulcrums were set in the stone gutters at the top of the walls, and across these, at right angles to the walls, were run eight sixty-foot cantilever steel beams. The beam ends that ran inside the structure carried the weight of the roof and the ceiling of the nave. Metal pontoons filled with enough water to counterbalance this weight were suspended from the beam ends projecting outside the building. It was a delicate business, for steel beams contract and expand with changes in temperature, and water, of course, evaporates. The Fuller Company had men on the job twenty-four hours a day regulating the volume of water in the pontoons and measuring the space under the roof trusses with sheets of paper. Rome said that the rest of the job has been relatively easy and that it should be wound up in another four or five months, or just under two years from the day it was started. Unofficially, we heard that the total cost will run as high as two million dollars, but, after all, this is the first big-scale repair job done on St. Patrick's since her spires were topped off in 1888.

Dig Me, Junior

IT is quite possible that the influence of the juke box upon the mental processes of the youth of the nation is indicated by the lyric of a song submitted to a local music-publishing house by an Evansville, Indiana, boy who described himself as aged nine. It is entitled "Love Was Once Yours" and runs:

Love was once yours,
And love was once mine,
But you took my heart as a token,
And struck it until broken,
O baby your killing me,
Love was once yours baby,
But I took love away from you, because
you were trying to break my heart in
three places,
New York, Colorado, and St. Louis.

Gallatin Revisited

HAVING been informed that A. E. Gallatin, the abstract painter, was planning to include a couple of baldly representational items in a one-man show of his that opened at the Durand-Ruel Gallery last Monday, we called on him a few days before the exhibit. We found him unabashed. "I may be reproved as a backslider," he said with composure, "but my philosophy has not changed. I just like to vary my work. I still consider myself an abstract painter." He showed us some of his recent paintings, including thirteen he was about to send to the gallery. Among them were the two non-abstractions, "Interior with Playing Cards" and a female nude with a seascape background that he said might, perhaps, be the Mediterranean. "I call it 'Miss Glutz,' " he remarked, adding irrelevantly, "It was done without a model." We next examined an abstraction that had a button glued to its middle. "I found the button on the floor," said Gallatin. "It was just what the picture needed to give it focus. Then I thought of the title—'A Monument to Button Gwinnett.' " Gallatin always signs his work on the back of the canvas, but we noted a pink "G" on the tablecloth of "The Black Tablecloth," a semi-abstraction for which he is asking eleven hundred dollars, and a large "U" in another creation, which he wasn't sending to the show. "I suppose it might stand for Eugene," Gallatin said, referring to his middle name, which is the one he uses, "but I put it in because I wanted a pipe shape there."

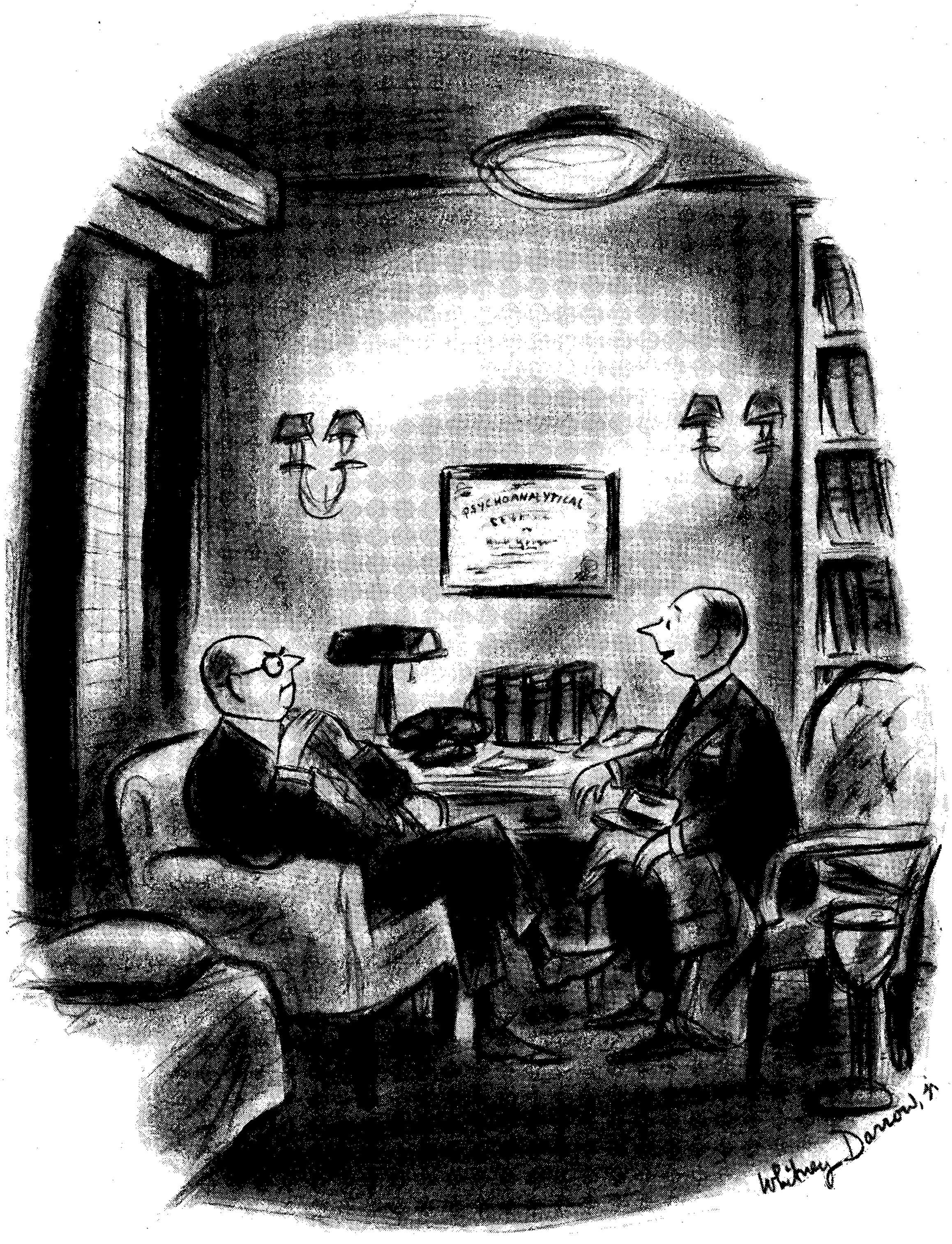
Gallatin advised us that since our last talk with him, five or six years ago, he has written four books: one on Braque, an illustrated bibliography of Aubrey Beardsley, a bibliography of Max Beerbohm, and a volume called "Of Art: Plato to Picasso," which is a collection of five hundred aphorisms and observations on art, ranging from "The general end of art is the good of man" (Aristotle) to "I have no use for artists" (Mayor Hylan). His Beerbohm research was carried on largely in his own library, which contains the greatest collection of Beerbohmiana in this country. His aphorisms are the cullings of seven years' purposeful reading, except for a number of his own, which he included anonymously; for instance, "A painting by Dali is a cocktail of *Maxfield Parrish and Vermeer, with a* formidable dash of something extremely noxious."

Gallatin's Museum of Living Art, the oldest collection of modern painting in America, used to be housed in the Washington Square College of New York University. It was booted out of there in 1941 by Chancellor Chase to make room for books. Gallatin, who is an N.Y.U. trustee and a great-grandson of its founder, Secretary of the Treasury Albert Gallatin, was momentarily miffed but felt better a day or two later, when Fiske Kimball, director of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, asked him to send the collection to Philadelphia. Its hundred and seventy items have since been hung in five galleries there. "The Museum gave a first-rate buffet lunch at the opening," Gallatin said, "with lobster Newburg and plenty of drinks." He has made a codicil to his will revoking a bequest of the collection to N.Y.U. and naming, instead, the Philadelphia Museum, of which he is also a trustee. Just before this outfit approached him, the Museum of Modern Art people asked if he would let *them* have it. "I told them I wouldn't entertain the idea," Gallatin said to us. "It would have been like putting a good apple in a barrel of rotten ones."

Although Gallatin has for half a century voiced his detestation of country living, he has just bought a summer house at Bar Harbor. He did this as a result of reading "God Made the Country," a book by Edward Townsend Booth, which reveals that many great writers, from Hesiod to Tolstoy, did their best work in rural surroundings. Gallatin, who lives on Park Avenue, is now doubtful about Manhattan. "These crosstown buses sound like machine guns," he said. "Why, early this fall a man was shot and killed under my window by a holdup man, who was then shot to death by a policeman. I heard it all but thought it was a bus backfiring. These buses are a damned outrage."

The End

WE'VE been told, somewhat tardily, about an uptown matron who attempted during practically all of her son's Christmas vacation from prep school to buy him a dinner suit. She'd tried store after store with no success and had given up in despair when, driving down Fifth Avenue on her way to a party on New Year's Eve, she noticed, by golly, at least a dozen tuxedos on a group of mannequins in a window display at Lord & Taylor. She waited hopefully through New Year's Day, and early the next morning had the Lord & Taylor men's department on the wire. "I'm sorry, but we have no tuxedos size 38," said the salesman. "But I'm almost sure," said the lady. "Didn't I see a size 38 among those in the window?" "Oh, *those*," said the salesman. "We've had several inquiries about those. Unfortunately, the fact is they're not for sale. We merely rented them for the display."



"It isn't that I mind talking to myself, Doctor, but lately I can't seem to think of anything to say."

LADY WITH A LAMP

MISS ROBBINS awoke and, glancing at her watch, saw that the time was twenty minutes to seven. She was stiff from sleeping in the big, upholstered chair, and her nurse's cap had slipped to one side of her head. She lifted her short, heavy arms and pinned the cap back in place, and then, throwing aside the blanket she had used to cover her feet, she stood up and yawned. She had turned off the lamp before she went to sleep, and the room looked gray and chilly in the early-morning light. She glanced at the woman who lay on the couch. The couch stood with its back to the two windows of the apartment living room, so the woman's body lay in shadow. Miss Robbins walked over and stood looking down at her. She lay fully dressed, except for one shoe, which had fallen to the floor, and as Miss Robbins watched, her own mouth tightened and set. The woman's dress was pulled up above her knees, and her stockings, which were twisted on her slender legs, were soiled and had runs in them. She slept heavily, her mouth open slightly. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

Miss Robbins bent down and lifted the woman's arm to take her pulse. Her blunt fingers felt the racing, uncertain throb of the heart and she noticed with distaste that the hand was dirty and that one nail was cracked and broken. She dropped the arm and it fell heavily across the woman's breast. The woman did not stir.

Miss Robbins walked over and picked up the blanket from the floor and, going back to the couch, threw it across the woman's legs. Then she began to walk about the room, her arms folded, so that there would be no possible chance of touching anything. There was dust everywhere, even on the leaves of the ivy, curled and dry, on the mantel. A clock in the center of the mantel had stopped, and next to it stood an empty glass that smelled of whiskey, and there were rings on the paint where other glasses had been set. On one corner, stood a picture of a little girl, her hair hanging straight to her shoulders, her small mouth fixed in a smile. Miss Robbins stared at the picture a moment and then moved on, but there was not much to be seen in the room; a small bookcase, half-filled with books, was painted a shiny black and lined with Chinese red, and on top of it were a small ivory elephant and a lamp made from a Chinese vase, as though at one time their owner had had some idea of an Oriental motif; there were three tables, stained and charred by cigarettes, and on one of them lay the woman's handbag. Miss Robbins unfolded her arms deliberately, picked it up, and opened it. She took the contents out item by item and put them on the table—a powder compact with a mother-of-pearl cover that did not shut tight, a lipstick holder with no top, some pennies, a stained, flattened pack of cigarettes, a crumpled piece of Kleenex, a key ring with a rabbit's foot and four keys, a folding checkbook, and a soiled red suède wallet.

Miss Robbins opened the checkbook and noted that there was a satisfying balance as of a few days before, but then, there were several stubs that hadn't been filled in. And then she opened the wallet. There were five one-dollar bills in it and a small envelope which enclosed a card. On the outside of the envelope, "Madge" was written. Miss Robbins took out the card and read it. "Been wondering all day if you were taking care of yourself, and bought these flowers hoping you'd feel all right to enjoy them. Love, Bob." She put the card, wallet, and checkbook back into the bag, and then, holding the open mouth of the bag level with the tabletop, she pushed the rest of the things into it and set it back on the table.

Without looking again at the woman who lay on the couch, Miss Robbins walked into the small kitchen and got out the percolator in which she had made herself coffee the night before. She filled it and lighted the stove. On the floor near the sink were two empty whiskey bottles, and she pushed them under the sink with her foot. She opened the breadbox and saw that there was a half loaf of bread in it. The bread was slightly moldy on the underside, and, cutting the mold away, she sliced a piece. She held it to her nose and sniffed at it, and, finding that it still had a faint sour smell, she decided against toasting it. As she put it down on the table, the doorbell sounded with a short, quick ring, and she hurried to answer it. Although she was small and heavy, she moved quickly and silently.

ANOTHER nurse stood at the door. "Miss Robbins?" she said. "I'm Miss Gates."

"I was expecting you," Miss Robbins said. "I put some coffee on for us." She nodded toward the door of the room. "She's in there, so we'll just make ourselves comfy in the kitchen."

Miss Gates stepped to the door of the living room and peered in. She was younger than Miss Robbins, and her face was soft and stupid. "She's on the couch," she said.

"It opens out into a bed," Miss Robbins told her. "But I didn't bother last night." She walked into the living room and, picking up a straight chair, carried it into the kitchen. "You take this," she said, "and I'll sit on the stool."

The coffee had started to percolate.

Miss Gates sat down and threw back her coat. "The agency called me last night," she said. "And I didn't want to come at all, but they asked me as a special favor, so I told them I would. Just for today, though. 'You'll have to get somebody else for tomorrow,' I said."

"I just came on last night myself," Miss Robbins said. "Half past twelve when I got here. She got scared and called the agency herself."

"She couldn't have been so bad, then," Miss Gates said hopefully. "I mean, if she called herself."

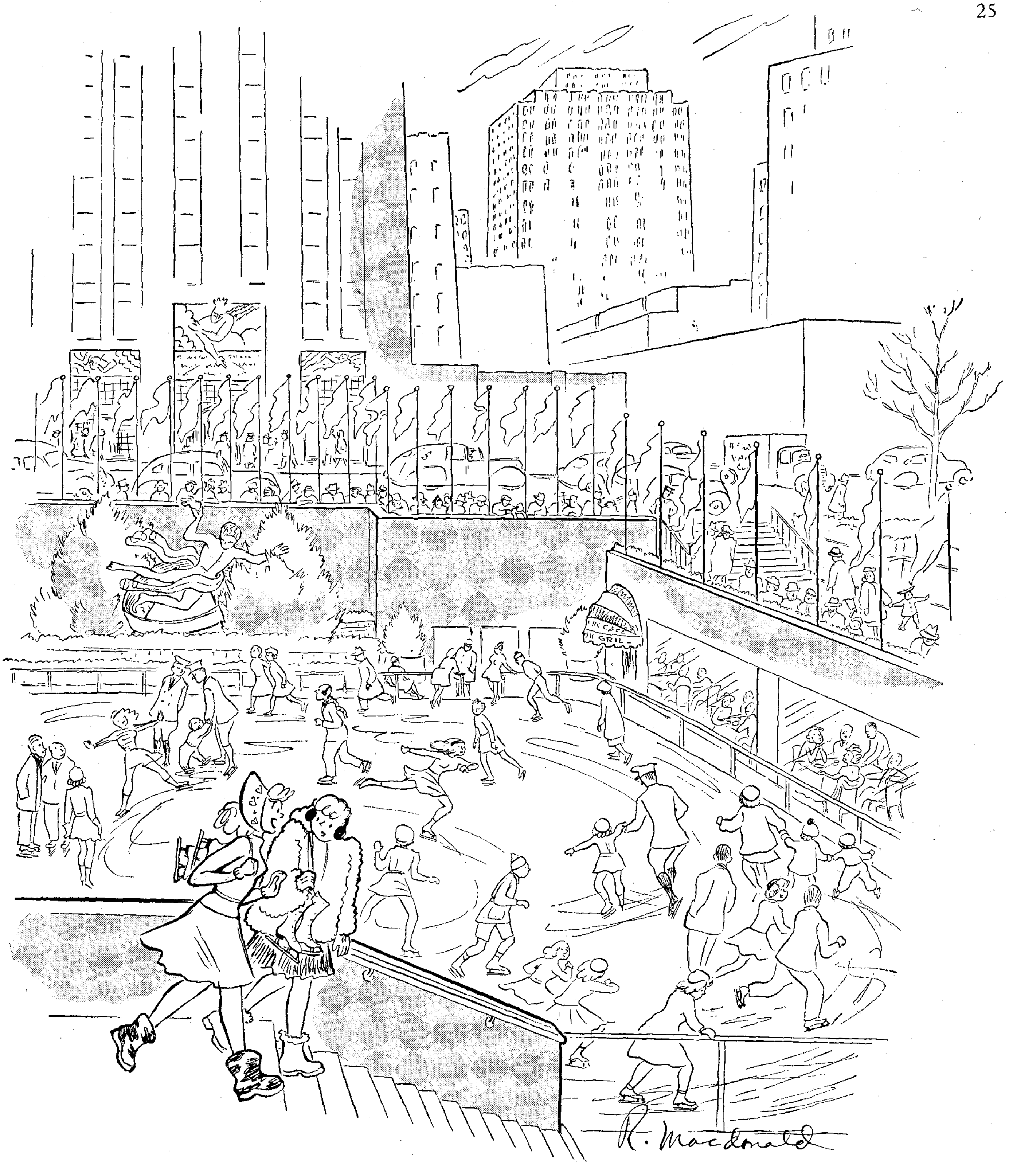
"I don't know what she was like when she telephoned," Miss Robbins said. "But when I got here . . ."

"What was she doing?" Miss Gates asked with a show of interest.

"Lying on the floor," Miss Robbins said. "Lying on the floor right in front of the door, and the door open so that anybody could walk in."

"Honestly, can you tie that?" Miss Gates said. "They just don't seem to care or have any pride, do they?"

"They do not," Miss Robbins said firmly. "There she lay, and I could just about get the door open wide enough to get in. I could hardly push her aside. She was a dead weight." She took two cups and saucers from the closet and began to wash one of



"I was skating in the craziest place in Connecticut Sunday—no lights, no music, no restaurant. It was simply fantastic."

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them. "I washed one for myself last night," she explained. "But I'll have to wash one for you. Everything in the place is a sight."

"I'm afraid of them," Miss Gates said. "It's why I didn't want to come."

"Well, I'm not afraid of them," Miss Robbins said. "And I always ask for them. They're no trouble when they're as bad as she is. There's nothing you can do, so I just bring along the *Mirror*, and some nice little sandwiches, and make myself as comfy as I can."

"What made her go and lie on the floor like that, I wonder?" Miss Gates said. "Maybe she fainted."

Miss Robbins laughed. "She hadn't fainted. She was just trying to get the door open and fell down. Oh, she knew what she was doing all right. They always do."

"Oh, dear," Miss Gates said, sighing.

"Now, don't you worry about her,"

Miss Robbins said. "She won't come to for a long time yet. And by that time her doctor will probably be here. His name's Purdy. She was asking for him last night. She's got his name on a pad by the telephone." She turned off the flame under the percolator and poured the coffee. There was a warm, comforting smell in the dreary little kitchen.

Miss Gates sipped the hot coffee appreciatively. "This is nice," she said.

"I'm not worth a thing till I've had my coffee," Miss Robbins said. "I was going to make toast, but the bread's no good. I always stop on my way home and have breakfast anyway. I usually meet my friend at Schrafft's. She does night duty, too. We have a nice little breakfast and then we go to a morning movie or something."

"Goodness!" Miss Gates said. "Aren't you sleepy?"

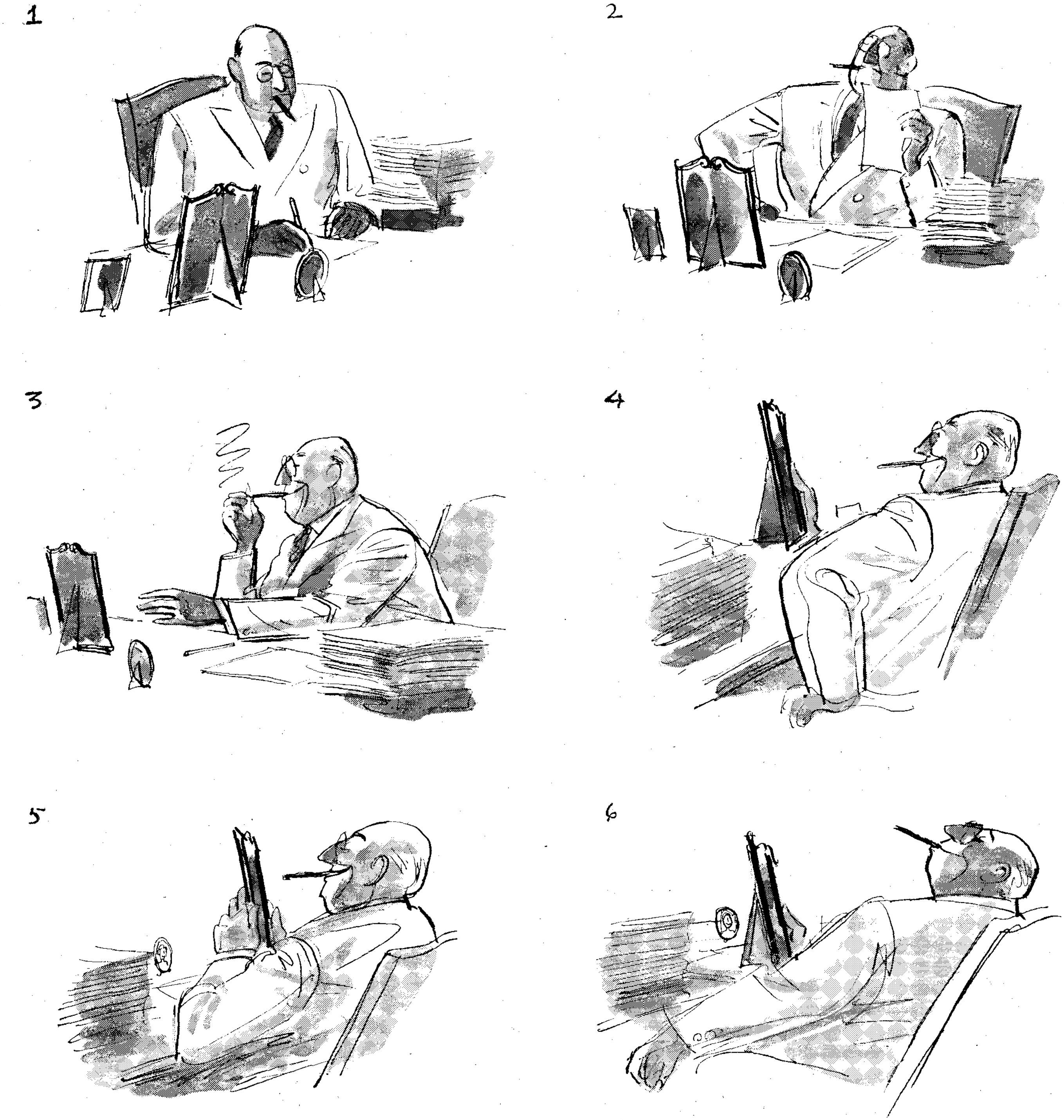
"Oh, on these cases you usually have a chance for a good nap," Miss Robbins said confidentially. "When they're as far gone as she was, they usually quiet down. And when they're not that far gone, sometimes they're kind of funny. Especially the men."

Miss Gates gave a ladylike shudder. "I wouldn't have come if it had been a *man*," she said.

"I'm not afraid of them, man or woman," Miss Robbins said. She clenched her fist and bent her arm, and the muscle stood out under her blue-white skin.

"My!" Miss Gates exclaimed. "I wish I had your muscle. I have a weak back. There's nothing the matter with it, it's just weak. I can't lift very well. I hope she won't expect me to lift her."

"*Don't* lift her," Miss Robbins said. "She can manage all right. I wish you



could have seen her last night. It would have given you a laugh."

"What did she do?" Miss Gates asked.

"Well," Miss Robbins told her, "there she was on the floor, with her stockings all full of runs. Nylons, too. *I* haven't any nylons."

"I have two pair," Miss Gates said. "I have a pair on now."

Miss Robbins glanced down at her own legs, which looked thick in their gun-metal stockings. "There are other things I'd rather have than nylons," she said. "But if I did have them, I wouldn't wear them full of runs. One of hers is in shreds. And her hair! I'll bet it hasn't been combed in a week."

"Oh, dear," Miss Gates sighed again. "Maybe that'll be my job!"

"I didn't touch it," Miss Robbins said. "If they can hold a glass, they can hold a comb, I say. No, sir! I just got that door open and took off my hat and coat and read my paper. You have to get used to these cases."

"I thought the door was open," Miss Gates said.

"It was," Miss Robbins told her, a little impatiently, "but she was blocking the way. I had to push hard on the door to get her out of the way. She was kind of crying, but you couldn't make any sense out of her, so I thought to myself there's no use trying, and I put my things away and put my sandwiches in the icebox, so they'd stay nice and moist. I always bring my own sandwiches. You never can tell what you'll find to eat. They never eat."

"Hasn't she had anything?" Miss Gates asked.

"How should I know?" Miss Robbins answered. "She was in no shape to eat last night. She couldn't move for a while. She lay there all the time I was reading my paper. 'Don't you want to get up from that floor?' I asked her. But she didn't know what I was talking about. It took me over an hour to read my paper, and she just lay there and rolled around a little."

"Honestly, what some people do!" Miss Gates said.

"About twenty to two, I got hungry," Miss Robbins went on, "so I came out here and made some coffee, and took my sandwiches to the living room and had my little snack. She must have noticed my moving around, because she began to try to get up off the floor. You should have seen her! I watched her the whole time I was eating."

"What did she *do?*" Miss Gates asked.

"Well, she'd get halfway up and fall back. Halfway up and fall back. She must have done it two dozen times. And pretty soon she got herself kind of around on her hands and knees and she started to crawl. And then back she'd go again!"

"Crawl!" Miss Gates exclaimed. "Really, it makes me ashamed to be a woman when you hear things like that."

"Well, you'd have been ashamed to be a woman if you could have seen *her,*" Miss Robbins said. "Crawling along a few inches, and falling over. I think she was putting a lot of it on in the hopes I'd call the doctor. She had sense enough to ask for him all right. Oh, she knew I was here, I can tell you. But why should I wake a man up in the middle of the night for a thing like you, I thought to myself. She didn't look human."

Miss Gates' breath came out in an audible puff. "Just like an animal," she said, her eyes alive with interest.

"Exactly," Miss Robbins said. "Well, she crawled all the way from the door to the couch, and I sat there and I thought to myself, look at you!"

"Imagine that!" Miss Gates said. "Crawling from the door to the couch!"

"And do you know how long it took her?" Miss Robbins asked. "Two hours!"

"Two hours!" Miss Gates breathed.

"Two hours," Miss Robbins repeated. "I timed her." She went over to the sink and rinsed out her coffee cup. "I'll be running along now," she said.

"Well, I want to thank you for making the coffee," Miss Gates said.

"Oh, that's all right," Miss Robbins said. "I wanted a cup myself. And now I'll just get my things. I left them in the other room."

The two nurses walked into the living room. Miss Robbins got her hat and coat and put them on. She looked over at the figure of the woman lying on the couch. "She hasn't moved once since she crawled up there," she said.

Miss Gates opened her eyes wide in alarm, and Miss Robbins, seeing the expression on her face, laughed. "Oh, don't worry. She isn't dead. I took her pulse, and she isn't dead." She shook her head and smiled, as though she were deeply amused. "I ought to know," she said. "*Nothing* ever kills them."

—Sally Benson

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

Eighteen members of the Class of 1916 of Baltimore City College will be awarded citations of merit at its reunion dinner this evening in the Belvedere Hotel.

Clarence W. Miles, who had charge of reparations for damages caused by the Normandy invasion.

Dean J. Edward Hoffmeister, of the University of Rochester, who was sent by the United States Geological Survey to observe effects of the atomic bomb explosion at Bikini atoll.

Chadleigh R. Long, whose daughter recently became a Powers model and was featured as cover girl of the October edition of Coronet magazine.

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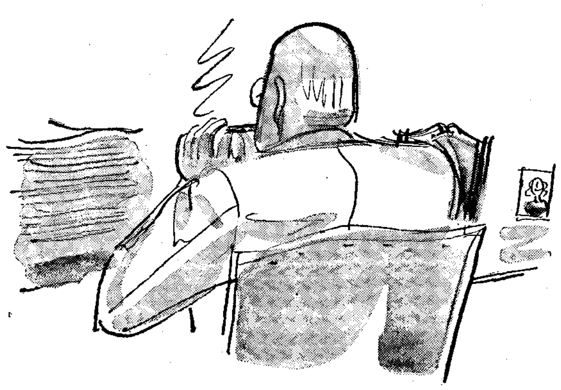

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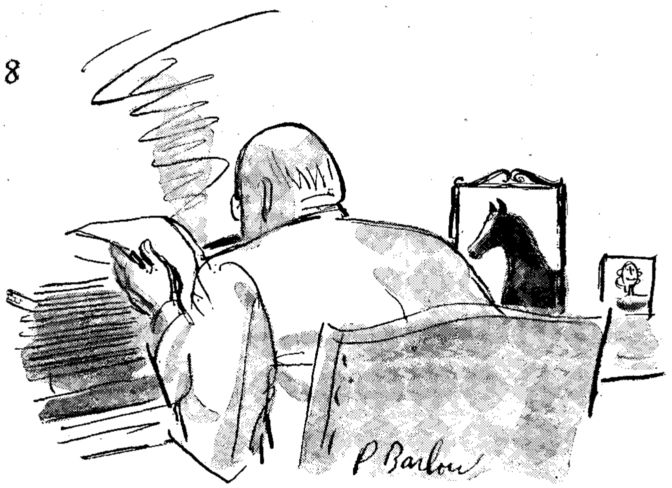


MY ROMANCE WITH ELEONORA SEARS

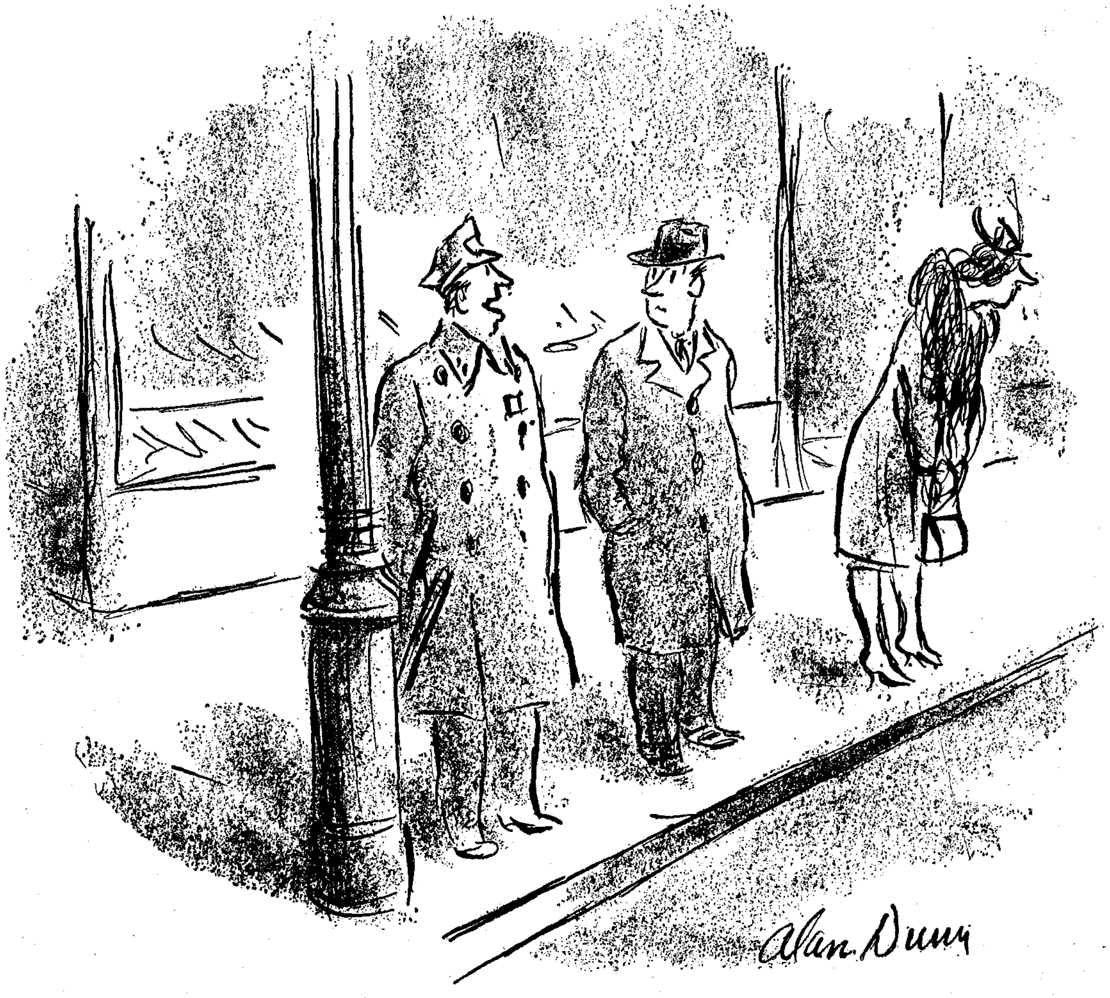
ONE day not long ago, when I was in Boston for a brief stay, a friend called me at my hotel and asked me if I would go with her that afternoon to have tea with Miss Eleonora Sears. I demurred. My friend misunderstood my hesitation and began to bolster her invitation with a host of facts about Miss Sears: she was the most spectacular daughter of a long line of Boston Searses, famous in her youth for feats of strength and skill and endurance; a débutante of the early nineteen-hundreds who had kept on going for years after she came out; one of the first well-known American girl athletes and, in a way, the first of the outdoor girls; ex-tennis champion, equestrienne, athlete at large, friend of man and beast—Boston at its briskest, Boston at its most emancipated. As my hesitation nevertheless continued, the encomiums came faster and finally gathered into an avalanche of satiric invective. It was high time for me to abandon this pose of shyness. Miss Sears was friendly and simple and nobody to be afraid of, and, in any case, my friend would be right over to fetch me.

Had she but known it, she did not have to tell me about Miss Sears. My hesitation had been due to amazement; I was stunned by this sudden and unexpected intrusion of the actual into the legendary. For I had suffered over Miss Eleonora. Because of my youthful preoccupation with her, I had endured the taunts of my companions when I was a boy in Worcester, Massachusetts. For many years, I was not only in love with Miss Sears but, as I shall later explain, I had made with her an identification of which she was unaware. Thus when my friend tossed this astonishing invitation into my lap, it was as startling to me as if I had been an art-struck youth asked casually to go to a tea dance with Venus de Milo or to drop in for lunch with Mona Lisa. I knew, of course, that Miss Sears still existed and that she was in all probability almost as active a lady as she had been when, in my adolescence, I had cut her pictures out of the Boston papers. I had known then that she existed, but I had not thought that it was in a world where one could go and see her. She might just as well have been living on Mars.

Actually, I owed Miss Sears for more than serving as the unwitting object of my affections. Through her, I got my first glimpse into the mysterious and rather frightening world that I sensed must be spinning outside the close confines of Providence Street, Worcester. The revelation came one summer morning when I was making my daily trudge to Lake Quinsigamond. It was an illumination, not, perhaps, as profound or disturbing or epochal as those described in the memoirs of the saints and prophets, but cozier.

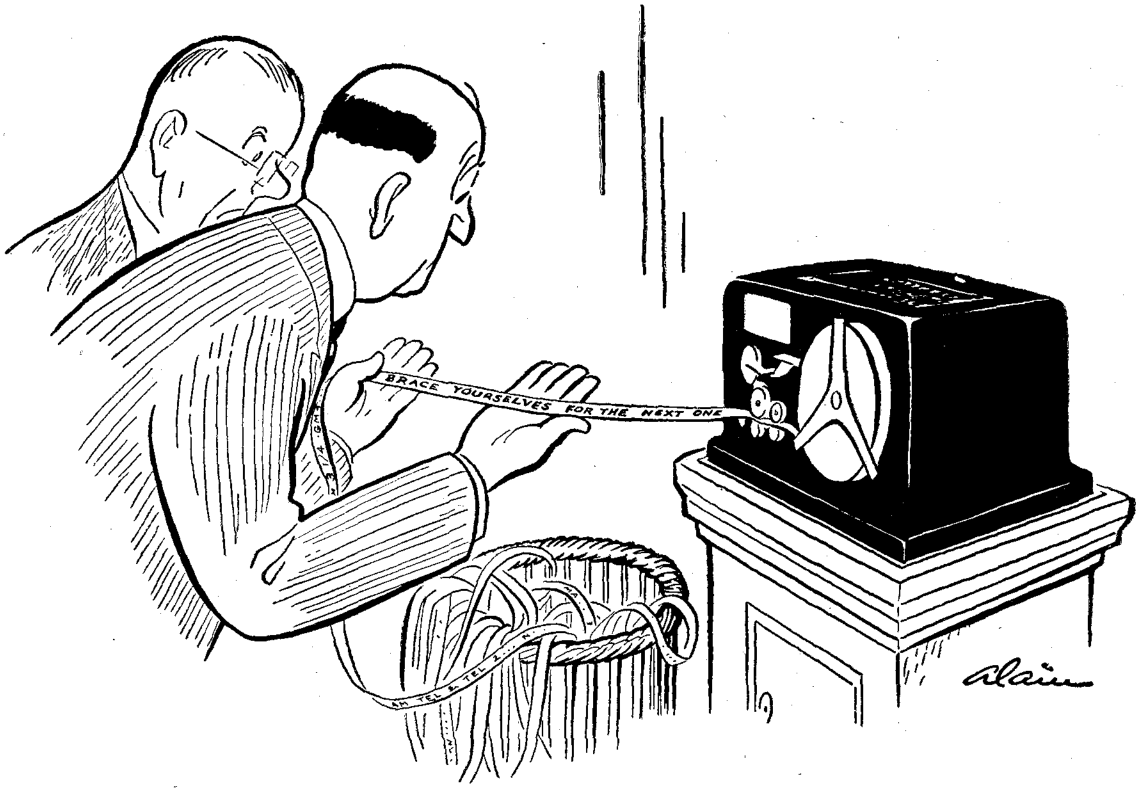
MISS SEARS first attracted me by wearing a derby hat. I had thought that this was a form of headgear reserved especially for men; my uncles, who were peddlers and small tradesmen, wore derbies. When I came upon a news picture of Miss Sears in hers, I saw at once that she did it with more chic. The photograph—from the Sunday-magazine section of the Boston *Herald*, I believe—also showed her getting on a horse. There was something about her that appealed to me so strongly that I cut the picture out and tucked it into the frame of the mirror over the bureau in my bedroom. This was a mistake. One of my best friends saw the picture when he dropped in the next morning to pick me up for our walk to Lake Quinsigamond. He was contemptuous; in *his* bedroom, he pointed out disdainfully, he had William McKinley.

In the summer, the lives of the boys of the Providence Street School centered around Lake Quinsigamond. This was a lovely lake—or so it seemed to us then—four miles long, dotted with islands, about four miles distant from the double-decker tenement houses of Providence Street. We went to sleep at night dreaming of the Lake and of the moment when we would arrive the next morning at what we called "the tank"—a swimming pool built at the edge of the water and presided over by a wizened deity in trunks named



"They've simplified it. All you've got to remember is that north-bound buses stop at the south corners of odd-numbered streets and southbound buses stop at the north corners of even-numbered streets."

Jerry Daly. Non-swimmers and weak swimmers were confined to the tank. The great day was when Jerry considered you an able enough swimmer to be allowed to dive from the platform outside and swim in the lake itself. And the feat for which, as we grew older, we lived and labored was to swim from Jerry Daly's to an island about a mile and a half distant. The day I accomplished this, I felt an ecstasy of achievement I have not known since.


BRACE YOURSELVES FOR THE NEXT ONE
GM 3 1/4
AM TEL & TEL
Alain

There was a trolley to the Lake, but for us boys from Providence Street the five-cent fare was prohibitive. Every day of our summer vacation, we would roll our bathing trunks into towels and walk to the Lake for a blissful hour or two with Jerry Daly, and then walk home again. There was a tradition among us that swimming in the rain had a special excitement, so storms did not deter us. We would walk down the steep decline of Providence Street—past the mercifully shut winter prison of the school, past the dingy small shops of Grafton Street, with their proprietors lounging skeptically in the doorways, waiting for customers—until we came to the old Union Station, with its tall clock tower, where we were sometimes held up for twenty minutes by the slow crawl of interminable freight trains. This station was very familiar to me, principally because, to satisfy an itch for travel, I had often boarded the incoming trains from Springfield or Boston and sat on the plush seats while the train stopped to take on Worcester passengers. I would get off at the last minute before departure, with the worldly air of one who has just completed a fatiguing journey. Beyond the station began the upgrade of Shrewsbury Street, which was almost as steep as Providence. It climbed into Belmont Street, and Belmont led to the Lake. We would settle down to the long climb like passengers settling down for a transcontinental tour, and pass the time by discussing technical questions about the breast stroke and the Australian crawl. On lower Shrewsbury lived the Italian colony, and the women were usually out on summer days, hanging up their washing. On the Fourth of July, the fireworks display furnished by this group of citizens was the most flamboyant in town. Almost at the end of the long trek, we would pass the State Insane Asylum. That was always a landmark we were glad to see ahead, for when we got to it, we knew the promised water was tantalizingly near. We would cross the street to get closer to the fence around the great enclosure of the Asylum, because in that way we could sometimes catch glimpses of the inmates, who would glower and scream at us or laugh obscenely, and this was both terrifying and diverting. Many years later, when I was at Harvard and taking a course in abnormal psychology, my class made a trip to inspect this very institution. I remember a horrid demonstration of a disease of immobility; a patient's arm, pushed up into the air by an attendant, remained fixed where the attendant put it and the sufferer's position would not change, although it was grotesquely uncomfortable, until the attendant moved the arm down again. I remember, too, that I looked away from this spectacle for a moment and realized suddenly that from here I could easily get to Jerry Daly's. But it was December, and we were summoned peremptorily to inspect some paretics.

FOR our mothers, the Lake was a terror and a menace, and it made the summer holidays hateful to them. There were occasional drownings, and scandals that were even darker events than sudden death. The Lake took you right through the various stages of adolescence; it was the focus of a mass libido. At first, your god was Jerry Daly. When you got a little older, it was Mr. Coburn, the proprietor of Coburn's Boat House, at whose establishment, for twenty-five cents an hour, you might rent a rowboat or a canoe. When we young stalwarts took to rowing, four or five of us would chip in to hire a boat for an hour. Canoeing was considered effeminate, and we made fun of the older boys who took girls out in canoes. But a day came when we did it ourselves, and from then on the reign of Jerry Daly receded. Graceful manipulation of the canoe became the ideal, rather than feats of endurance and strength in the water. One summer, there was a revolution, when we all abandoned ordinary paddling and took up the "Indian stroke." This meant that you never took your paddle out of the water but instead right-angled it swiftly at the end of each stroke and cut the water, as if with a blade, for the next push. Once we had mastered the stroke, we felt very swan-like.

The Providence Street mothers had a special hatred for canoeing. Canoes were volatile and dangerous. Jerry Daly used to boast that he had never lost a boy, and I'm sure he never did. But every once in a while the Worcester *Gazette* reported drownings from canoes, especially at night. For us boys, a yearning to paddle the Lake at night succeeded our earlier longing to swim in it in the daytime. But for our mothers, the physical hazard of canoeing was almost eclipsed by their sense of its threat to chastity. One day, the whole street buzzed with scandal. Because of an evening in a canoe, one of our best-known young ladies had hastily to announce her engagement to a young man far below her in the Providence Street social scale. (The outsider might have thought that all Providence Street was fairly homogeneous as far as class distinction went, but he would have been wrong. Socially, it was as stratified as a geologic formation.) There was sufficient reason that the statement "He took her canoeing" had a knowing overtone of the illicit.

It was, therefore, a tremulous moment when you handed your girl off Coburn's rather rickety dock and she settled herself against the cushions while you masterfully seized the paddle in the back seat and shoved off. Across the lake, the water mirrored resplendently the dazzling lights of White City, an amusement park with ferris wheel, chute-the-chutes, and penny peep shows. You paddled past the merry-go-round on the near side as it churned out the "Poet and Peasant Overture," and presently von Suppé's rhythms competed with those of the dance-hall orchestra just beyond, which was probably playing a popular tune of the time, a song extolling the delights of travel on "The Old Fall River Line," the lyric of which conveyed the impression that for general indulgence the Fall River boats were no more than enlarged canoes. By the time you went under the Old Aqueduct, the sounds of the merry-go-round and the dance band had become faint and, ahead, the Lake opened out into darkness, mystery, and that unknown danger of which the Providence Street mothers were afraid.

At the time of my involvement with Miss Sears, these hazards were still well ahead of me. After my friend had made fun of me for having Miss Sears' photograph in my bedroom, my affair with her went underground. I went on gathering photographs and clippings of my heroine, but in secret. I had photographs of Miss Sears getting on and off horses, sitting securely on them, and leaping fences. That there existed people who used horses merely for riding was in itself extraordinary, and it added greatly to the aura surrounding Miss Sears. Once, I am sure, she not only rode a horse but wore simultaneously a glittering silk hat of the kind we called "stovepipes." Stovepipes, as we knew them, were the hats rented by bridegrooms for public weddings in Horticultural Hall, on Front Street, an auditorium that was considered the last word for elegant Providence Street weddings. It had a highly polished floor, and before the ceremony we boys would skate madly about on it till we were stopped by our elders. An uncle of mine was married there, and I remember him in a long, rented frock coat and a stovepipe hat as he stood in position, enduring the protracted, rather sad service conducted in Hebrew.

ONE day, Miss Sears' life took on a new direction that brought her, in a moment of ecstatic amalgamation, close to me. She developed a new and unexpected talent, a potentiality of which she herself, perhaps, had only recently become aware. She had always ridden horses and played tennis and danced, but now she began to walk. The newspapers started to apply to her a strange, new word. She became what they reverently called a pedestrian. I carefully spelled the odd word out to myself and kept repeating it wonderingly on my walks to the Lake. I hadn't the faintest idea what it meant. I thought it must be the noun to describe some obscurely fashionable habit that could be familiar only to those who lived in the realms inhabited by Miss Sears. For a long time, I did not connect the word in the newspaper headlines and under the photographs with the activities described in the articles that accompanied them.

In these articles, I read with amazement that Miss Sears, when she wanted to go to New York from Boston, disdained the Merchants' Limited and simply walked. She thought nothing, it appeared, of strolling from Newport to Montreal. The records of these extended walks filled columns in the Boston papers, and I took an intense pride in her mileage. And then, one day, as I was passing the Insane Asylum, there happened in my mind one of those instantaneous collocations which, I suppose, in loftier spheres have by quick mutation advanced the frontiers of philosophy and science. When the sportswriters or social-column reporters said that Miss Sears was a pedestrian, they merely meant that she was a walker. Miss Sears and I were pedestrians together!

I began to multiply feverishly in my mind. Every day in summer, I walked eight miles—four miles to the Lake and four miles back. In two weeks, that made a hundred and twelve miles. That must be as far as from Boston to New York. Of course, Miss Sears did it all in a day or two, but after all, I consoled myself, she devoted her entire time to it. As soon as I discovered this community of interest between Miss Sears and myself, I no longer kept my infatuation for her a secret. I became quite brazen about her and flaunted our relationship. I carried my clippings in my pocket on the way to the Lake, showed them to the other boys, and compared my tallies with hers. At first, my companions were amused, and then scornful. One day, one of them taunted me. "Why don't you quit Worcester and walk to Boston and marry Miss Sears?" he asked.

"I don't intend to marry," I said with dignity, "but I think we can be friends."

SO odd is the course of destiny that this ambition was actually realized, at least for a few hours, on the occasion that I met Miss Sears for the first and last time. For within an hour after my Boston friend rang me up, I found myself in Miss Sears' drawing room, and there she was coming toward me to greet me. Her pedestrianism, as she crossed the room, met all my expectations; it was still elastic and lively. She was slim, tweedy, and, although her hair was gray, the whole impression she conveyed was youthful. Her eyes were very blue and very clear. She said that she was glad to see me. I told her at once that during my childhood in Worcester I had been, like her, a pedestrian. Miss Sears mistook, somehow, a past avocation for a present one.

"What was your last walk?" she asked, without beating about the bush.

I had just come from the Pacific Coast. I don't know what made me say it, unless I thought it would make Miss Sears smile. "Los Angeles to San Francisco," I told her.

"I've done it," said Miss Sears crisply. "How long did it take you?"

—S. N. BEHRMAN

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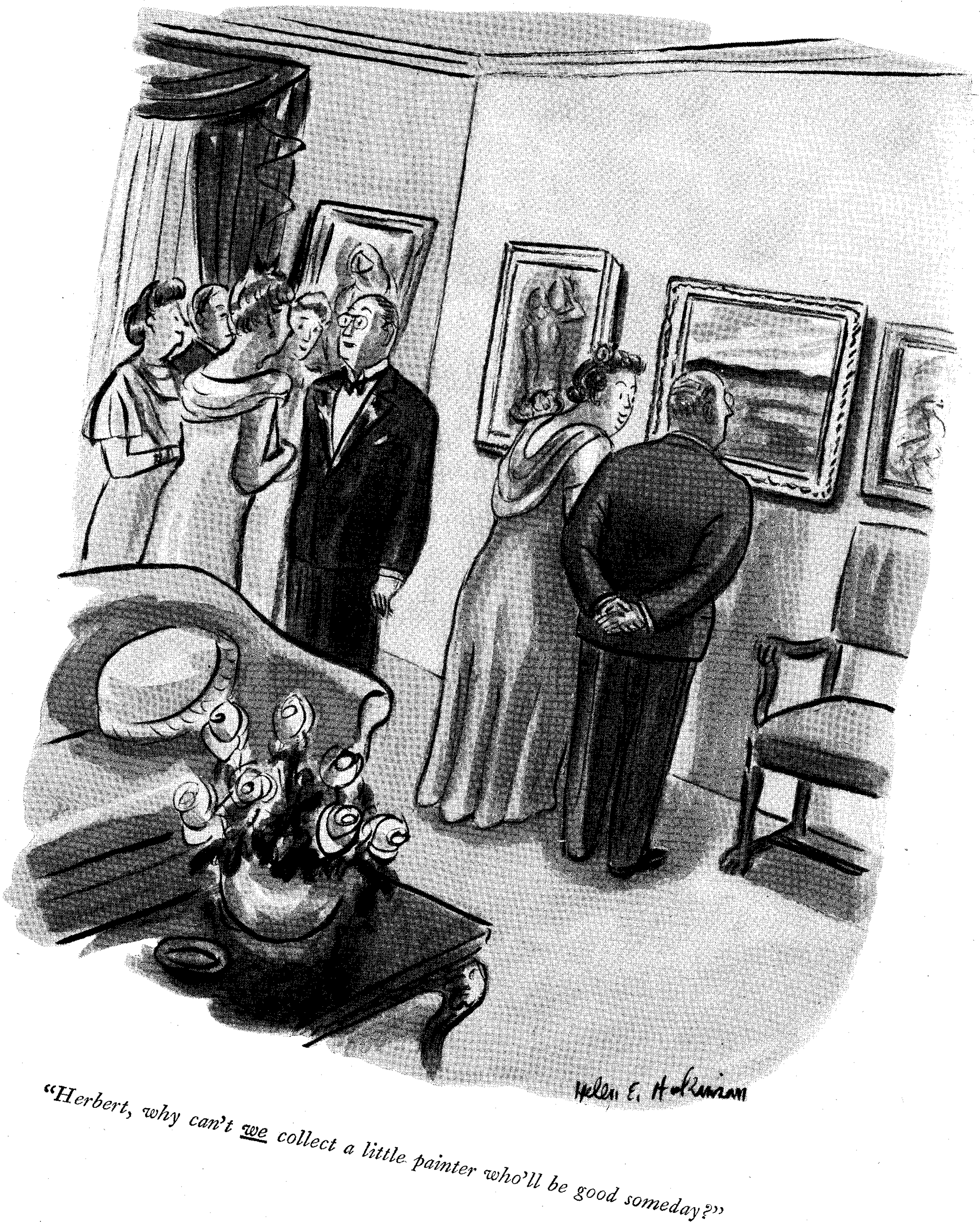
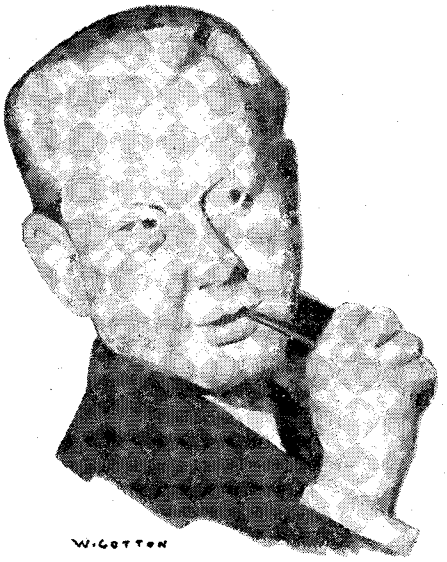
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[Caption for an A.P. wirephoto]

"BLIZZARD BABY"—Teri-Ann, Cleveland's "blizzard baby," shown above with her mother, Mrs. Harry Zellman, will be two years old Sunday. The child was born in the snow in a hospital parking lot unnoticed by her father and mother, who collapsed as she stepped from an automobile.


Helen E. Hokinson

"Herbert, why can't we collect a little painter who'll be good someday?"



PROFILES

LET'S FIND OUT—I

THE rise of Frank Stanton to the presidency of the Columbia Broadcasting System represents a triumph of perseverance over education. Stanton is one of the few men in the history of business to achieve success despite the handicap of a Ph.D. During the several years he spent in the cloisters of higher learning, he always had an uneasy curiosity about what was going on outside. This is unusual. Doctors of Philosophy are chiefly interested in turning out new Doctors of Philosophy. On the whole, this is an incestuous and rather unproductive operation, because their best secrets, like those of Ubangi witch doctors, seldom leak out for general consumption. In 1935, Stanton, who had just acquired his doctorate at Ohio State University, was set for a life of academic ease, but his curiosity got the better of him. He turned his back on education and struck out into the world.

Stanton's case is particularly interesting because he left Ohio State firmly mounted on his academic specialty and, without changing saddles, is today running comfortably in the money. Today, at thirty-nine, he is commonly described, in print and vocally, as the boy wonder of the networks. Stanton did his undergraduate work at Ohio Wesleyan University, a small, God-fearing institution near Dayton, and took his graduate degrees at Ohio State. He started out to be a physician, but midway through a pre-medical course at Wesleyan he became involved with radio. Of an inventive turn of mind, he built a crystal set in a cigar box and began studying the arresting sounds which came out of it. His manner in the classroom grew abstracted and his work suffered. During a lecture on compound fractures of the femur, he was likely to be recalling something Amos had said to Andy. He soon realized that this condition would produce an indifferent, not to say dangerous, physician, so he switched to psychology. Presently, because of his new psychological approach, his interest in radio became centered on when and why people tuned in, a channel of thought of manifest concern to advertisers but then regrettably unexplored. Stanton's decision to lay down the scalpel and pick up the earphones was one of the great milestones of radio, for it marked the beginning of the frenzy, now at its height, of radio-audience research. All the networks are currently measuring, polling, quizzing, surveying, studying, testing, sounding out, analyzing, and otherwise probing the public in an effort to find out where radio stands. Even before this monster checkup began, there were indications that it stood fairly low. Lucius Beebe, a man of unimpeachable refinement, had described it as a medium "debased beyond the dreams of vulgarity." As is natural with any new medium, radio has come in for a lot of unfavorable comment, and on a comparative basis Mr. Beebe's statement ranks as an important tribute, the general feeling being that the average program would outrage the aesthetic sense of an educated chimpanzee. To correct whatever flaws radio may have, the industry is engaged in measuring everything susceptible of measurement and tabulating the results. The Columbia Broadcasting System, with Stanton at its helm, is showing the way in this admirable movement.

STANTON's initial exploration, which he made during his junior year at Ohio Wesleyan and which started him on his career, was painful but dogged. To begin with, he had difficulty persuading the university that radio, which it had theretofore regarded with dismay, was a subject for psychological experiment. When he had finally accomplished that, he set about the tricky business of gathering statistics on the new cultural enterprise. He discarded the idea of knocking on doors and asking people about their listening habits; also, he ruled out the mailed questionnaire. He felt that both methods were scientifically impure. After a series of false starts numerically comparable to Ehrlich's assaults on syphilis, he worked out a boxlike contrivance to fit inside radio sets. It consisted mainly of a small motor, a moving tape, and a stylus, and in some manner understood clearly by Stanton took note over a period of time of which stations a set was tuned to and at what hours. His system was to pick out representative families and talk them into harboring one of the devices for a few weeks. The instrument looked all right, but it had weaknesses. It was given to growlings, whirrings, clickings, and grindings, and, while a number of the listeners seemed to prefer these to the programs, the majority viewed them as a prelude to disaster. Stanton was frequently routed from bed in the early hours by agitated telephone calls. "Come and get this goddam bomb out of our house!" his clients would yell, and he would hurry over to check his statistics.

After laborious effort, Stanton got rid of the noises, and the results began to roll in. He would uncoil and read his tapes, then quiz his clients to find out what they remembered of the programs. Afterward, he would make elaborate notes of his findings. He pursued this sort of research from 1931 until 1935, when he got his Ph.D. That year, he attracted the notice of C.B.S. through some monographs he had written on the listening habits of radio audiences. To suggest, in a sedate way, that he might be a useful man to have around, he had sent copies of his papers to the company officials, who studied them and concluded that he was the only man in America who really knew what people listened to. They hired him without delay to take over their research department. The new employee rewarded their common sense by developing into a boy wonder soon after his arrival in New York, and he has been making progress ever since. While there are many things to consider in running a radio network, Stanton, who became the president of his company in 1946, is placing his emphasis on research. Seated in his new office, he tries to boil the large questions of management down to research problems. If a distraught subordinate rushes in and cries, "For God's sake, sir, how do the Navajo Indians in western New Mexico stand on Dander-Off Hair

Tonic?," the president quietly replies, "Let's find out," and the wheels of research begin to turn. Before long, the Navajos find weird, paleface devices attached to their radios, their hands filled with questionnaires, and their telephones jingling hideously. Stanton is now famous for his "Let's find out." In the Columbia offices, the words have come to mean the bursting of a dam of information, most of it profoundly significant to advertisers.

All his life, Stanton has had a leaning toward art, among other avocations too numerous to list, and he attempts to make his surroundings as artistic as possible. Around Columbia, his office, which he decorated himself, is considered a model of originality and elegance. Its *pièce de résistance* is a huge, L-shaped oak desk with a black-and-white pickled finish. He himself developed this particular finish long ago, on a dull weekend in college. The chairs are bright green, the carpet is brownish beige, the walls are blue, and the ceiling is white celotex installed according to an especially effective insulating plan worked out by Stanton. The composition of the room is neatly pulled together by a large, pale cactus plant, which he found after exhaustive research among the city's higher-class flower shops.

The president of Columbia is no less striking than his office. He is a large man, standing just under six feet and weighing around two hundred pounds. Although he looks like an athlete, he has never gone very far with sports. He went out for track in high school, but nothing much came of it. Owing to an error, he was entered twice, at his first meet, under the names of Frank Stanton and F. N. Stanton, in the 220-yard dash, and finished in a tie with himself for last place. Later he made a few attempts at what was charitably described as high jumping, but he twisted an ankle, then turned in his suit, much relieved. His hair is yellow and luxuriant, and he combs it straight back. Since he wears it rather long, it frequently becomes disarranged, and he is obliged to take a few swipes at it with a large yellow comb he carries in a jacket pocket. He dresses thoughtfully, building his color scheme around his hair. One of his favorite ensembles includes an écru shirt, a tie of robin's-egg blue with splashes of saffron, and a slate-blue suit with pin stripes. Several of the other C.B.S. officials are pretty sharp dressers, and the wrestle for sartorial prëeminence, though friendly, is vigorous. Stanton has, of course, the edge because of his hair. One of the vice-presidents recently said moodily, "Stanton sitting in that office he designed is the greatest argument we have for colored television." Now and then, Stanton admires a tie some especially alert member of his staff has run across, and the owner nearly always insists on giving it to him.

Although Stanton urges his juniors to feel free to use his first name, most of them call him Doc, which, when he stops to think about it, makes him mildly uncomfortable, because he wants to soft-pedal the time he served in institutions of learning. He has tried to remove the educated phrases of psychology from his speech and replace them with slang and profanity suitable to the radio world, but words like "indices" and "coefficients" crop up despite his best efforts. Actually, his colleagues are rather impressed by the tonnage of his academic triumphs, and he has been accorded considerable deference ever since he appeared on the scene. When he first walked into C.B.S., having arrived in town in a Model A Ford and spent the night in a Y.M.C.A., the company's research department was ready for some new blood. The majority of the employees then ostensibly carrying the ball were occupied mainly in listening to soap operas and finding new places to eat lunch. Their intentions were

"*Why, this appears to be the same thing in a cheap papyrus edition.*"

good, but they were vague about what they were supposed to listen for. Stanton was able to set them right in a short time.

Not long ago, Columbia issued a fairly modest handout its publicity staff had prepared on the new president's career. "For the first few years in New York," it read, " 'Doc' was somewhat bewildered by his surroundings. Nobody, as he admits, could have looked or acted more Buckeye. But gradually he began to see that things in New York were just about the same as they were back in Ohio—only in New York they made more fuss over them." His associates of the period do not recall any such bewilderment. What they do remember is that he established himself as being practically indispensable within a few weeks. The handout went on to say that "his colleagues got into the habit of using him as an 'Ask Mr. Foster.' And being an amiable as well as able fellow, 'Doc' got into the habit of turning up with the right answer." Once, less than a year after he joined C.B.S., the company became involved in a series of important discussions with the Federal Communications Commission in the course of some open hearings on the allocation of frequencies. The F.C.C. presented a number of statistics, which Columbia was prepared to accept at face value. At the crucial moment, Stanton drifted into the hearings from the research department to say that he had been doing a little measuring of his own on that subject and would be happy to explain it to any interested parties. His work turned out to be fairly detailed; he had several armloads of charts, graphs, maps, diagrams, tables, and other displays, many of them in color. He suggested that it might be advisable to formulate a plan to check the F.C.C. findings, and that, as a matter of fact, he had already formulated just such a plan and his material was the first fruit of it. The report of the proceedings in the trade journal *Broadcasting* caught the spirit of his testimony. "The balance of the charts submitted by the witness," it said toward the end of a two-column eulogy, "covered urban and rural radio set ownership as of Jan. 1, 1935, and April, 1930, which showed that 69.4% of all U.S. families had radios as of Jan. 1, 1935, as against 40.3% on the April, 1930, date; that 47.5% of the farm families had radios on the 1935 date as against 26.9% with radios in 1930, and that 89.2% of all urban families had radios in 1935 as against 50% in 1930. . . . Dr. Stanton concluded his presentation with six suggested research studies. . . ."

Since childhood, Stanton has exhibited a knack for making himself indispensable. A few people are born to indispensability; they serve on committees, spring to the fore in emergencies, establish liaisons, and act as catalysts whenever catalysis is in order. Stanton is one of these. In his youth, in Dayton, ice-cream suppers would hang fire until he came forward with the spoons, and other social events were similarly dependent on him. But it was at C.B.S. that his faculty burst into full bloom. As soon as he had the company's research in hand, he studied up on some of its other departments. The upshot of this was that eventually he took over advertising, sales promotion, press information, the department of building construction, maintenance, and operations, and the supervision of the seven stations Columbia owns and operates. The expansion of his duties was the result, in about equal parts, of his indispensability and his love of research, which became interdependent. In the department of buildings, for example, the question might have arisen whether to expand the facilities of Station KMOX, in St. Louis. The C.B.S. executives would have begun their meeting on the subject by agreeing that there were several points to be borne in mind. "Indeed there are, gentlemen!" Stanton would cry, coming in through a side door without an invitation. "We have only six floors there—twenty-three rooms—with an over-all space of a hundred and thirty-two thousand cubic feet. The adjacent buildings, erected in 1904 and 1926, respectively, are owned by the Hokenson Brass Works and Abrams & Sons, Pants. Abrams won't sell, but Hokenson would like to move

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ON A PHOTO OF SGT. CIARDI, A YEAR LATER

The Sgt. stands so fluently in leather,
So poster-holstered and so newsreel-jawed
As death's costumed and fashionable brother,
My civil memory is overawed.

Behind him, see the circuses of doom
Dance a finale chorus on the sun.
He leans on gun sights, doesn't give a damn
For dice or stripes, and waits to see the fun.

The cameraman whose ornate public eye
Invented that fine bravura look of calm
At murderous clocks hung ticking in the sky
Palmed the deception off without a qualm.

Even the camera, focussed and exact
To a two-dimensional conclusion,
Uttered its formula of physical fact
Only to lend data to illusion.

The camera always lies. By a law of perception,
The obvious surface is always an optical ruse.
The leather was living tissue in its own dimension,
The holsters held benzedrine tablets, the guns were no use.

The careful slouch and dangling cigarette
Were always superstitious as Amen.
The shadow under the shadow is never caught—
The camera photographs the cameraman.

—John Ciardi

THE OLDEN TIME

The Voice of the Questing Beast

• •

over to Market Street and wants a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars for his five-story building and ninety-two-foot lot. I have private information, however, that he would sell for seventy-three thousand, four hundred." The executives' reply to an outburst of this kind was generally "O.K., Stanton, you handle it."

MOST men would have considered the progress Stanton was making at Columbia orderly and satisfying, but in 1937 he became troubled by an itch to do outside research as well. This urge resulted in the Program Analyzer, easily the most monumental development in radio research to date and Stanton's mightiest contribution to the industry. In that same year, the Rockefeller Foundation, expressing understandable puzzlement, indicated a willingness to set aside $67,000 to find out why people listened to the radio. Stanton and Dr. Hadley Cantril, of Princeton's School of Public and International Affairs, were invited to head the project, but, since they felt that they could devote only part of their time to it, they asked to be allowed to call in a third co-director. The two men agreed that there was only one plausible choice for the honor—Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld, of the University of Vienna. Lazarsfeld had been doing a good deal of measuring around Vienna, some of it bearing on radio, and had written up his observations, deeply impressing both Cantril and Stanton. They dispatched a cable offering him the job, and he caught the next ship out. Headquarters for the project was set up in Princeton and the work began. Stanton commuted there three times a week. Lazarsfeld proved to be an excellent choice, but he was purely a man of science and had only the haziest notion of lay matters like meetings and appointments. When the project workers would assemble to hear a report, Lazarsfeld was likely to be heavily involved in a thought of his own and arrive three hours late. At length, for reasons that bore no relation to Lazarsfeld's habits, Princeton, with a singular lack of foresight, began to mutter about putting its housing to better use. The project was shifted to Columbia University, as the Office of Radio Research, and Cantril again devoted himself exclusively to the School of Public and International Affairs.

Stanton and Lazarsfeld fought on, still determined to find out, in the name of all the Rockefellers, why people listen to the radio. Their enthusiasm was sustained by the knowledge that they were after something big. Most of the radio polls, like Hooper and Crossley, left an enormous gap. They indicated with reasonable accuracy how many people listened to a given program, but they offered no clues as to whether the people liked it or not. On April 26, 1940, Stanton and Lazarsfeld announced to a cheering radio world the completion of a foolproof machine to test audience reaction. After a brief search for a suitably dramatic name, they called it the Program Analyzer. The Analyzer was hailed rapturously by the press of several nations. *Time* carried a long account of it, together with three pictures cleverly captioned "Dinguseers, Dingus, Dingus' Inventors." The advertising journal *Tide* declared that it was "by far the biggest news the Office [of Radio Research at Columbia University] has made." The *Scroll* of Phi Delta Theta, Stanton's fraternity at Ohio Wesleyan, proclaimed that Stanton "has become a leading authority in the whole field of public opinion and attitude measurement," and the *Listener*, a British radio weekly, warned that Stanton and America were forging ahead of Britain in this important new study. The Program Analyzer, unlike the steamboat and the telephone, was accepted from the start.

In the short time that has passed since the Analyzer was invented, it has made radio history, though it may be a little early to expect any fundamental change in the programs. *Billboard* summed up the situation a while ago in the banner headline "Pre-Testing Pegs the Pay-Off." The Analyzer is now used in the preparation of the most important C.B.S. sustaining programs, by advertising agencies handling programs broadcast by C.B.S., and by the seven stations the network owns. The operation of the Analyzer is fairly simple. When a program is to be tested, a group of ten people, chosen from a panel of radio listeners who have responded to a call for volunteers, are assembled and seated comfortably around a table in a small room at C.B.S. headquarters. At each seat is a pair of push buttons, a green one for the right hand and a red one for the left. The buttons are connected by wires to the Analyzer, which looks like a cross between a vintage typewriter and a cash register. Inside the machine, which operates in another room, is a series of slowly moving rolls of paper, one for each pair of push buttons. Each pair of buttons controls a pen poised over a roll, and a subject on whom a program is being tried out can thus record his approval or disapproval or disinterest from moment to moment. If a subject likes what he is hearing, he presses the green button. If he dislikes it, he presses the red button. If he is apathetic, he leaves the buttons alone. When the program is finished, the Analyzer has produced a graph showing exactly how each of the ten subjects responded all along the way. In a program containing a dissertation on women's hats and an anecdote about an errant husband, for example, the men subjects would probably use the red buttons freely on the hats, and the women would come out strong against male infidelity. Then, the chances are, both sexes would get together for a rousing mechanical boo on the commercial. In a discussion period afterward, C.B.S. staff psychologists quiz the subjects about their reactions, drawing forth amplifications of their likes and dislikes as shown by the machine.

C.B.S. maintains a staff of four full-time psychologists to extract the reasons for each subject's reactions. In the case of one commercial, which paid a number of impassioned compliments to some canned vegetables, the oral expressions of disapproval ranged from a simple "It stinks" to that of a man who had spent considerable time in jail and to whom the word "can" was *per se* odious. The Analyzer and the psychologists have disclosed many things to the radio industry, among them the fact that commercials somehow lack artistry. Hence, many advertisers are making an effort to improve them. Fitch Shampoo, whose program is on N.B.C., worked out a sort of onomatopoeic singing commercial. Midway through the lyric, the music stopped and there was the sound of two pieces of sandpaper being rubbed together; then came the words "Don't itch it, Fitch it." Nobody knows yet whether or not this is the answer to the problem. Singing commercials are suspected of having a peculiar effect on the public. The people seem undecided whether to accept them with a good-natured "Well, I'll be damned!" or scramble rapidly out of earshot. While the Program Analyzer and the subsequent interviews provide an accurate idea of why an audience likes or dislikes nearly everything, they also turn up many irrelevant prejudices like the one against the word "can." A man applauded a skit endorsing the fight against infantile paralysis because it described the fog at Campobello and he had always been especially interested in weather. A woman preferred a soap-opera villain to the hero because the villain closed doors more quietly.

McCann-Erickson, one of the biggest of the advertising agencies that have

Chas Addams

No moisture can seep through the seams of these raincoats—thanks to the electronic sewing machine developed at RCA Laboratories.

A sewing machine...without a needle or thread!

Since mankind first began to sew, say 15,000 years ago, seams have always meant "needle and thread."

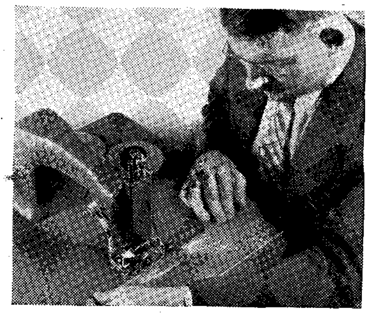
But when new thermoplastic materials came along—specially developed for waterproof coverings such as raincoats—ordinary "needle and thread" seams wouldn't do because of their tiny holes.

Now—thanks to research at RCA Laboratories—goods made of thermoplastics are "sewn" by electrons and the seams are as strong as the material itself!

This will make possible dozens of brand-new uses for these inexpensive and durable thermoplastic materials. Even today they provide perfect packages for foods, meats and drugs because they are completely watertight, airtight and transparent. You've probably seen thermoplastic raincoats, tobacco pouches, shower curtains . . .

Research, such as resulted in the electronic sewing machine, is reflected in all RCA products. When you buy an RCA Victor radio or television receiver or anything bearing the name RCA, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership in knowing that you possess one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has yet achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20 . . . Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 2:00 P. M., Eastern Time, over the NBC Network.



The electronic sewing machine "welds" seams in thermoplastic materials. Anyone interested in manufacturing this instrument can obtain information by simply writing to RCA, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S
"THE ICEMAN COMETH"
JAMES BARTON • DUDLEY DIGGES
CARL BENTON REID • NICHOLAS JOY
Directed by EDDIE DOWLING
Production designed and lighted by
ROBERT EDMOND JONES
Evgs. only at 7:30 Tuesday through Sunday
MARTIN BECK Thea., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
$5.40, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80.

INA CLAIRE
in a Gay Comedy by GEORGE KELLY
THE FATAL WEAKNESS
with MARGARET DOUGLASS—HOWARD ST. JOHN
Directed by MR. KELLY
Designed and Lighted by DONALD OENSLAGER
ROYALE Thea., W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling,
Eric Mattson, John Conte, Jean Casto, Alice Tobin
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $6, $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • Mary Hatcher • David Burns • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. $4.80, $3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Thurs.—$3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.
Mat. Sat.—$3.60, $3, $2.40, $1.80, $1.20.

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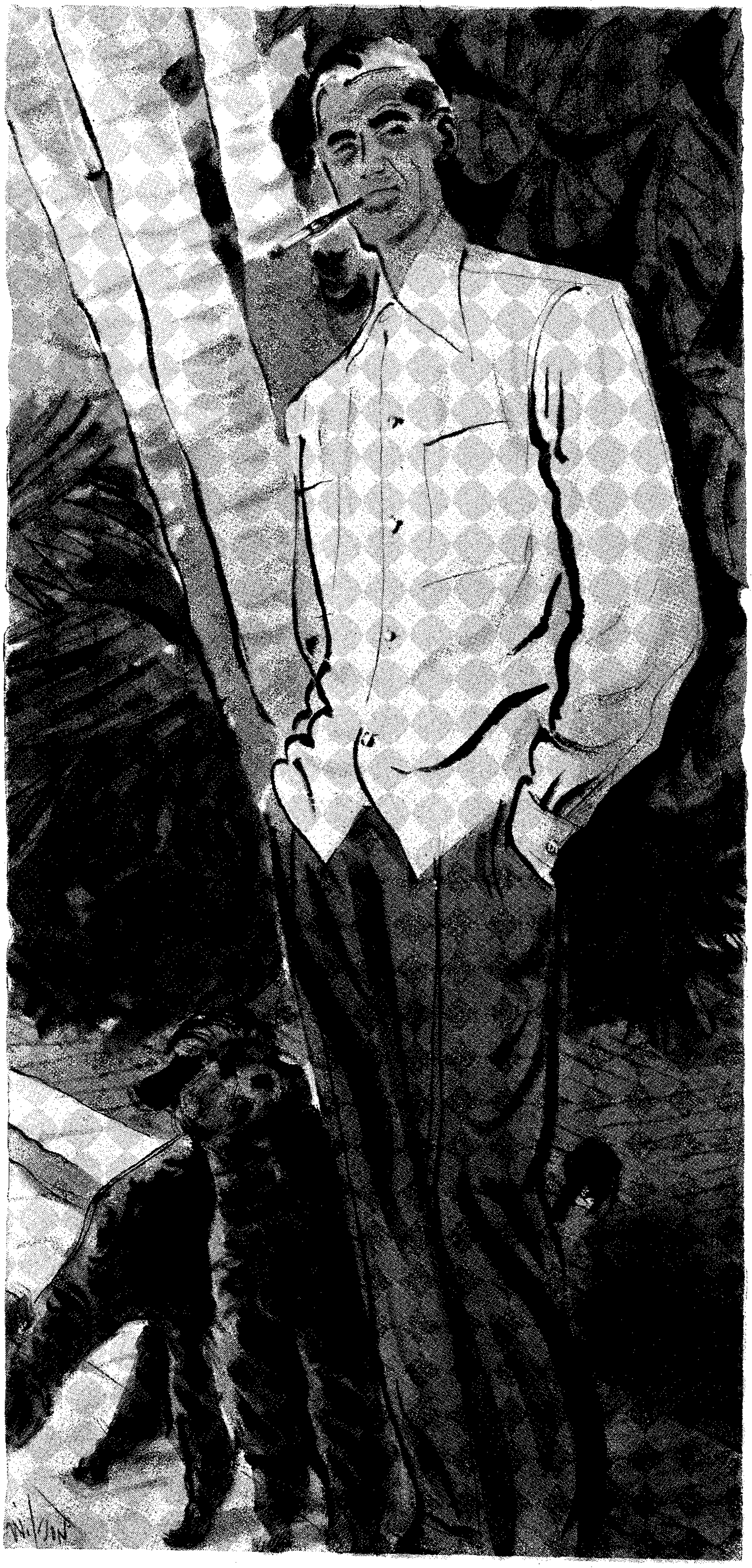
been pre-testing programs broadcast by C.B.S., recently reported a very substantial rise in its programs' ratings as a result of finding out in advance what will go over and what will not. The agency also said that the improvement in the quality of its broadcasts had accounted for the acquisition of several new clients. So far, the Analyzer, in Columbia's judgment, has bettered every program it has been applied to. Some cases are, of course, more difficult than others. If a morning program revolves around a mezzo-soprano and an Irish comedian, and audiences indicate that they find both of these commodities nauseating at any time of day, the problem is simple. A subtler case is the program that is getting into trouble because one of the characters on it has a slight adenoidal twang. During the war, a program that had an unexplained thirty-second introduction in German, for dramatic effect, was frowned out of existence by the test listeners. "It sounded like a bunch of Nazis," one man told the psychologists. "I pressed the red button out of patriotism." Another program offered, among other things, an entertaining talk by a well-known refugee. His English was faulty and the reaction was that he had got into the program by mistake. "I thought it was a mechanical error," one woman remarked to an examining psychologist. "It sounded like he had got on at the wrong hour or something." More recently, a program that the sponsors thought was particularly ingenious presented highlights in the life of Adolf Hitler, with the Devil, his tutor, acting as narrator. The Analyzer revealed that the message wasn't getting across as planned. The trouble was that the Devil had such an ingratiating voice that the listeners grew quite fond of him and envied his pupil. Stanton's wonder machine continues to keep current with shifting prejudices. Only lately it has detected a strong bias against mentions of John L. Lewis in the news programs; also, somewhat more mysteriously, it has just come out against the English butler as a comedy type. Several months ago, the Analyzer untangled a difficult situation for the Army and C.B.S., which were jointly putting on a dramatic series entitled "Assignment Home." The first broadcast dealt with the vicissitudes of a young optical worker who had been wounded in the hand. He was discharged from the Army, which the audience found agreeable, but after he got home, he was in a bad humor and started knocking his wife around. The women in the listening group took exception to this, while the men registered comparative apathy. Then the wife got fed up and began a counter-offensive, which was going nicely, because of her husband's hand, and the men in the group protested. As a matter of course, both sexes protested the plug that concluded the entertainment, even though it was a plea for sympathy for disabled veterans. Apparently, all plugs, even for good causes, are resented by radio listeners. The problem of the Army program was solved, except for the plug, by having the veterans on future broadcasts quickly get a grip on their tempers.

BY and large, the news that all was not well with radio came as a shock to the networks. Through the years since sound was made ubiquitous, radio entertainment had gradually fallen into rigid and somewhat peculiar patterns. The radio people were amazed to learn, by means of the Analyzer, that housewives don't like to be preached to about food. The paper tapes for one program that revolved around a lofty tirade on eating habits came out of the machine like ground meat. Some of the women enjoy the news programs, but most of them want to stick to soap operas. The Analyzer has done perhaps its most sensitive testing on soap operas. Stanton and his associates have concluded to their own satisfaction that twenty million American women, or slightly under half the adult female population, listen regularly to these dramas. The Analyzer has established that what the housewives like best to hear about is human misery. The success of a soap opera can be measured by the grief it arouses in its listeners. The best ones rest solidly on frustration. According to one C.B.S. study, "The Romance of Helen Trent," a C.B.S. daytime serial that has been running for fourteen years, assays very high in popular agony. The central character, who has been on the brim of nervous exhaustion since the opening program, is a thirty-five-year-old woman in search of wedlock. Occasionally she seems to get something good started, but the listeners are always relieved to note that many horrible obstacles arise to knock it on the head. At one time she managed to become engaged to Drew Sinclair, the popular motion-picture executive. This looked promising, and the audience reaction dipped sharply, but he came through by going batty from overwork and contracting a loathsome disease. The day he was removed to an institution was one of the high-water marks in soap-opera history. Matters



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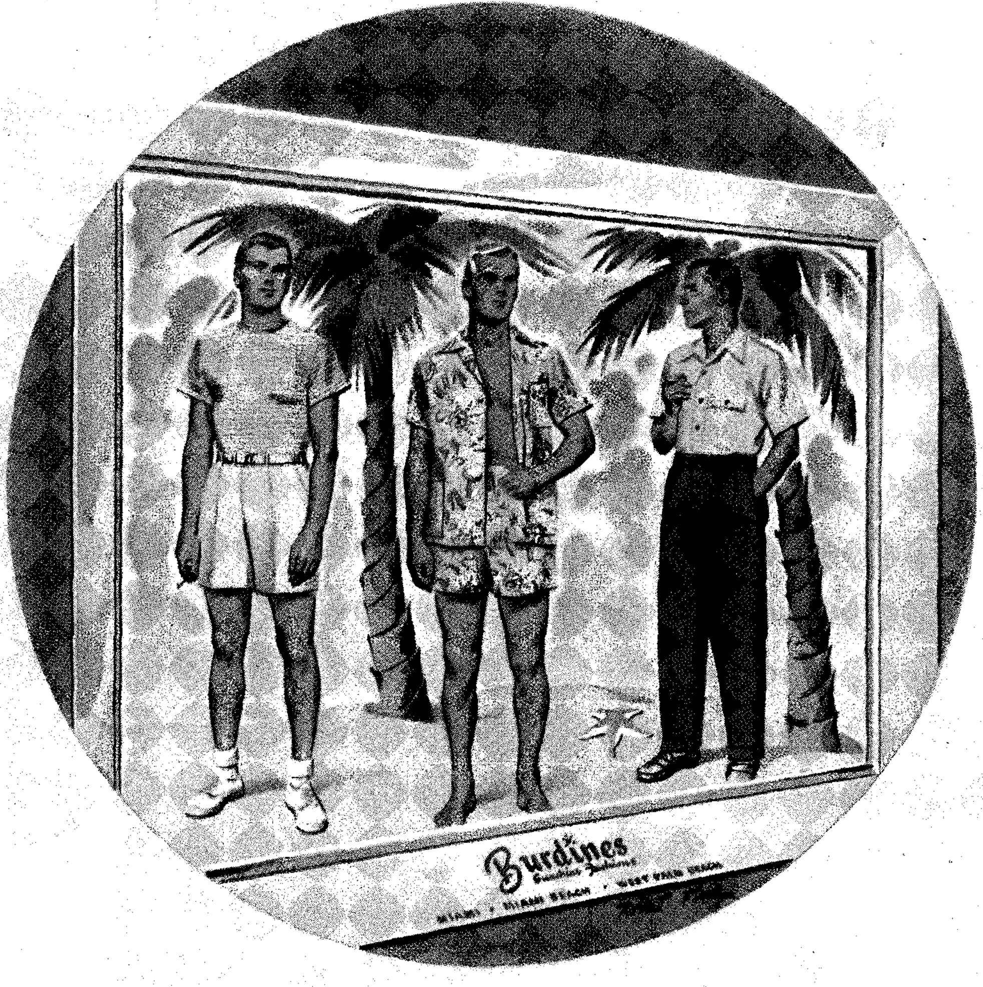

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took a turn for the worse again when Miss Trent became engaged to a lawyer named Gill Whitney, but he was fortunately given to melancholia and later turned into an even sounder character by indulging in unsavory dalliance with a female collaborator on a government project. If C.B.S. is any judge, "The Romance of Helen Trent" looks good for twenty or thirty years yet. Radio tries to maintain a certain purity, but a sportive libido is not altogether ruled out of soap opera. An interesting and highly acceptable situation arose recently. The heroine of a serial learned that her fiancé had got another girl with child, but everything came out all right because the other girl, to save face when the young man jilted her, expressed a willingness to marry the heroine's brother, a half-wit. The Analyzer has turned up no serious faults in the field of soap opera; it has led to only a few minor corrections here and there.

The next objective of the Analyzer will be radio humor, which, according to a few preliminary returns, is in an advanced stage of oxidation. The machine has lately suggested that gag comedy, in particular—the backbone of most funny programs—has grown rusty. Stanton and his associates are determined to get to the bottom of this. They plan to approach the problem with the same kind of research they did on the soap operas. "If there is something wrong," the president of C.B.S. has said, "my feeling is simply this—let's find it out."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Stanton.)

•

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE DEPARTMENT
(MYSELF AND FAMILY DIVISION)

[*From the Portland (Maine) Press Herald*]

Editor of The Press Herald:

This past week I had the pleasure of going through Portland's "Fairyland." This may not be the proper name for it, but this is the impression that the ride from Monument Square to Longfellow Square made on me.

My first impression of the view up Congress Street was of riding through a canopy of colored lights and forest greens.

All credit is due Harry Curran and his men who designed and put up the gorgeous display. I do not want to take one star from Mr. Curran's crown. But I do think that just a little praise should go to Mr. and Mrs. Heber Bailey of Freeport who made the roping or garlands; also to myself and family who made the wreaths.

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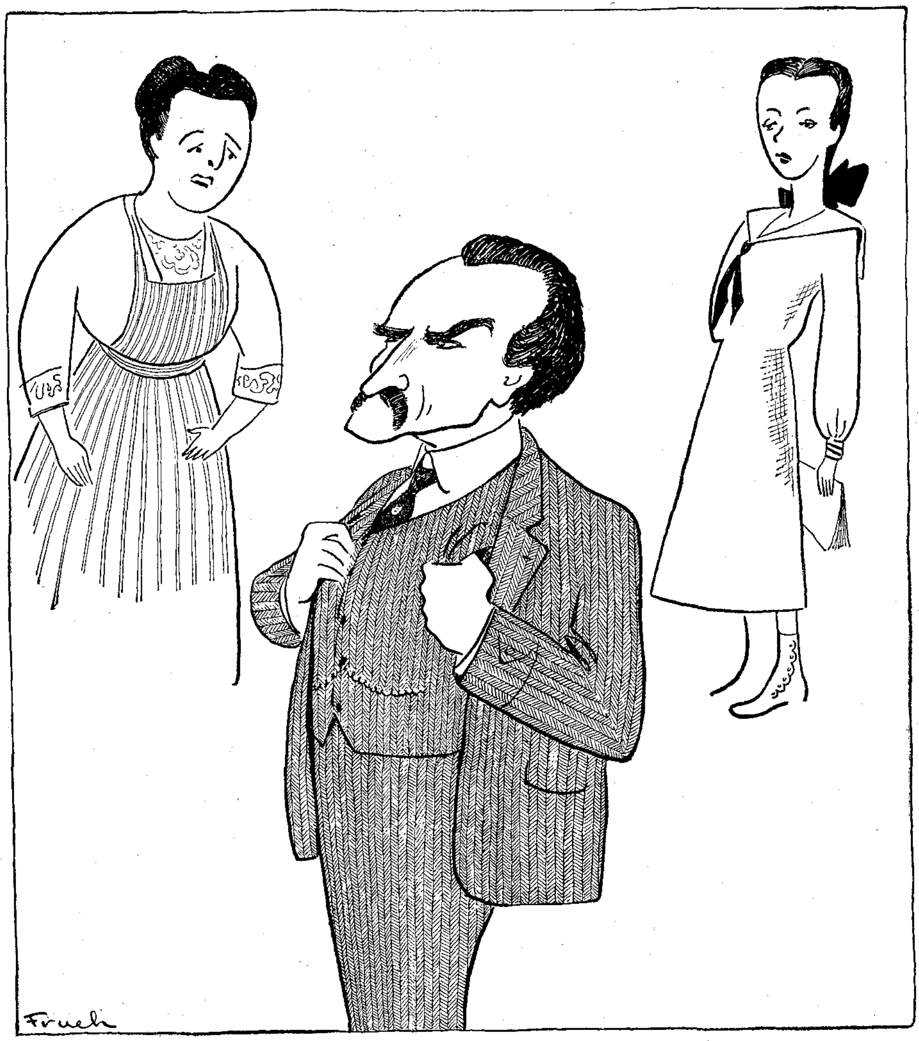
TWO BIG ONES, AND "THE BIG TWO"

Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," when first produced in the nineteen-twenties, was about as effective, well-knit, and satisfying a native play as you could hope to see on Broadway, where I guess you can hope for as much as you can anywhere else. Just now, when a spectacular economy of effort will still get you a nice piece of the so-called sellers' market, and "Burlesque," "The Red Mill," and "Lady Windermere's Fan" are in a state of resurrection, and Bing Crosby's film-producing unit in Hollywood has the brass to put out a remake of "Abie's Irish Rose," there certainly would have been no very grave objection if Mr. Rice and his fellow-members of the Playwrights' Company had decided to help the buyers and themselves to another round of the old, reliable "Street Scene." This is the heyday of rusty-fingered grave snatchers in art and literature, of collectors, revivers, and quick anthologists. The old "Street Scene" would have done all right; it was a better piece of work than any of the others I have mentioned above. But Mr. Rice and the Playwrights' Company have chosen to reincarnate it, rather than repeat it, which automatically preserves their standing as authors and artists in an editor's age. As it was presented last week at the Adelphi, "Street Scene" is what the producers call a "dramatic musical"—what I would call an opera—with a large, ambitious score by the Company's vice-president in charge of music, Kurt Weill; lyrics by Langston Hughes; a book by Mr. Rice that is faithful to its source but obedient to the new form; and an abundant cast whose members are singers first and actors second.



"YEARS AGO"

The fashions portrayed here are those of Boston in 1912, and the wearers—Florence Eldridge, Fredric March, and Patricia Kirkland—are intended to represent Miss Ruth Gordon, who wrote the autobiographical comedy at the Mansfield, and her fascinating parents.

The drama critics of the town, some of whom I know by sight and others by instinct, went out of the playhouse shouting hosannas. One of these cries bounced off a portico on the north side of West Fifty-fourth Street and grazed my chin on the ricochet, causing me to realize with a start that I was drowsy from the effects of the second act, stiff-jointed from sitting through both acts, and glad to be out in the open air, where people sing octets and use recitative only on the strongest provocation. I don't know just what it is about the new and gaudier "Street Scene" that depressed and partly anesthetized me, but I could make a guess: the original "Street Scene" was good enough for me. I like a lot of different kinds of music very much, including Mr. Weill's, and no one can object on principle to the transferring of prose classics to the musical stage. Moreover, some of the new Weill music is lovely to hear, the rest of it seems to me very interesting (which is a left-handed reaction), and the singers who sing it range from good to wonderful, the best being Polyna Stoska, as Anna Maurrant, the guilty wife of the story; Anne Jeffreys, as her daughter; Brian Sullivan, as the latter's tortured admirer; and Creighton Thompson, as the colored handyman of the tenement building, which looks just the way it did when Mr. Rice first wrote this tight tale of love, crime, squalor, and humidity. Mr. Hughes' lyrics are so packed with narrative that the performers have trouble making you understand all of them, but those I heard sounded fine. There are some good tunes of the popular order, like "Moon-Faced, Starry-Eyed" and "A Boy Like You," along with the interesting music I spoke of. The old "Street Scene" atmosphere of impending tragedy is still there, and the old play's sure sense of type and of general truth, as opposed to sense of character. At the Adelphi the other night, a lot of people were speaking of "Porgy and Bess" in connection with the new "Street Scene." I suppose the associa-

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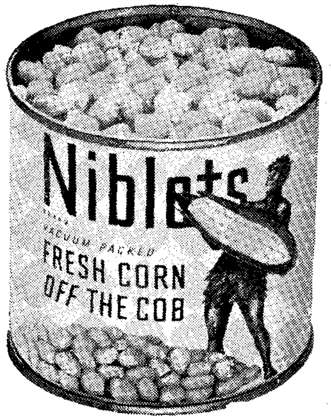

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tion is natural, and it is surely an honorable and praiseworthy thing to build new American operas with solid old materials. But there is this to be said of the play "Porgy," from which "Porgy and Bess" was adapted: there was nothing about it that a change to opera could hurt. The "Street Scene" of 1929 was something else again. I think you will enjoy the operatic "Street Scene" more if you are not haunted by that particular ghost. On the other hand, perhaps it will make no difference; you may find the new job pretentious and heavy on the eyelids anyway.

IN the musical comedy that opened the night after "Street Scene," name of "Finian's Rainbow," you can understand all the words. You will not necessarily understand why all of them were written. There is a point in the second act of the proceedings at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre at which a leprechaun of the cutest variety—right out of Ireland, with curly green coattails and all—makes three fast jokes in a row about privies. Maybe that is the logical reaction of an Irish leprechaun who finds himself in the Tobacco Road country of the U.S.A. I believe the question has never been put to a test before. At any rate, the wee fellow's audience, when he strikes the Chic Sale vein, consists of three little children who are looking up into his twinkling eyes with awe and tenderness. To show them that his outhouse gags were nothing but a change of pace, he then sings a song called "Something Sort of Grandish," which is much more leprechaunish, and for the rest of the night he is conservatively elfish, until at the final curtain he turns into a humanish being.

The most noteworthy thing about "Finian's Rainbow" is the superimposing of Irish fantasy on Southern-hillbilly, poll-tax country, which must have required quite a wrench of the mind to conceive. Once they conceived it, the authors—E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy for the book, Mr. Harburg for the lyrics, Burton Lane for the music—put a pretty nice musical show around it, with excellent dancing, a gay and

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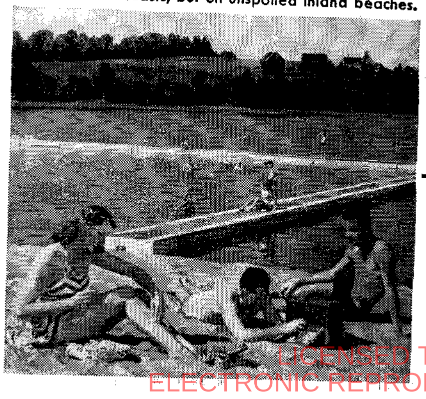

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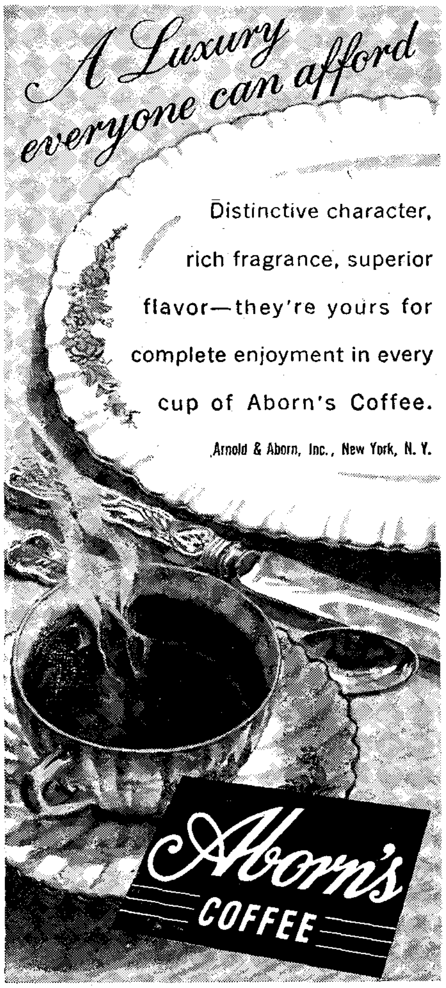

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gifted cast, tunes that will not surprise you (it's a long time between Gershwins and a fair spell between Kerns) but won't hurt your feelings, either, and bright scenery and costumes, the last-named being the work, respectively, of Jo Mielziner and Eleanor Goldsmith. It is a good show, not because of the Hiberno-pixie-cornpone plot but very much in spite of it. The incidental stuff is what you enjoy—all the dancing, some of the songs, some of the more sensible comedy. The ingredients of the plot include one aged Irishman, touched in the head, who is looking for a place to plant a crock of gold; one crock of gold, with interior lighting, which he has stolen from his home-town leprechauns; his daughter, who acts touched but proves not to be; one leprechaun; one Southern senator; one valleyful of happy Southern peasants; a real-estate deal; a tobacco deal; a radio deal; and the federal gold cache at Fort Knox. I have not put these items in the proper order of their appearance. Neither, as far as I can make out, have the authors. It would take a pack of beagles to follow them through the ins and outs of their four- or five-fold harangue. The fantasy of the leprechaun and the crock of gold, which I think is meant to be their ace card, is far less fantastic than the fantasy of their Southern valley, where whites and blacks mingle in perfect and noble fraternity and the only man within miles with a speck of racial bias is the frock-coated Senator Billboard Rawkins of Missitucky. There is an allegory about the rainbow, which I could not pin down and fingerprint; there is a lot of talk that gets nobody anywhere; and there is a quantity of high spirits and good performers. The best of the last, maybe because he has the hardest and most whimsical job to do and comes through it with just a few scratches, is David Wayne, as the leprechaun. The only better leprechaun I know—there must be many worse—is the invisible one with the Brooklyn accent in the comic strip "Barnaby." Anita Alvarez, as a barefooted deaf-mute who dances; Robert Pitkin, as Senator Rawkins; and the hymn-singing trio of Jerry Laws, Lorenzo Fuller, and Louis Sharp do very well by "Finian's Rainbow."

I said a little way back that you can understand all the words, but that is not strictly true when the star and heroine, Ella Logan, is in action. This will not surprise you if you know Miss Logan's past work, for she has always been given to sudden spurts of song that are not decodable by the naked ear. Her brogue

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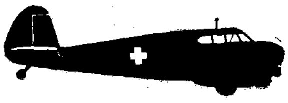

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as an Irish girl in "Finian's Rainbow" sounds to me exactly like her brogue for Scotch songs in night clubs and the brogue in which she once sang the "Whiffenpoof Song," which I guess was a Yale brogue. She also tends to go pigeon-toed in moments of deep emotion. But she is bonny and energetic, and I love the takin' ways of her.

SLIGHTLY ahead of the week's two big musical offerings came a play called "The Big Two," by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay. The big two of this waking dream of theirs are an American woman war correspondent and a Red Army captain, who meet in a hotel in Baden, in the Russian-occupied zone of Austria, in November, 1945. They meet, they love, they fight, they forgive. They show how Americans and Russians can get along when they have to, in peace as well as in war. The first couple of acts of the play would be fair enough entertainment of a corny nature if it were not for the high purpose and topical urgency of the theme, which call for something a little less like the "Torchy Blane" newspaper-girl series in the movies. Claire Trevor and Philip Dorn are the handsomest pair of lovers I have seen in some time; their love-making is pictorial and highly charged. However, the story they work in is both silly and superficial, and early in the third act all three go down together on the stage of the Booth Theatre without leaving any trace that is worth investigating.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

Enough lumber is used in the United States in one year to build a boardwalk, 30 feet wide and one inch thick, from Boston to the moon (30 billion board feet).—*Old Farmer's Almanac, 1947.*

Back Bay or South Station?

•

WANTED: Ride to Baltimore, New York or Pittsburgh. Leaving Saturday. Rider will share conversation. Phone The Notam, Ext. 294.—*Adv. in the Daniel Field (Ga.) Notam.*

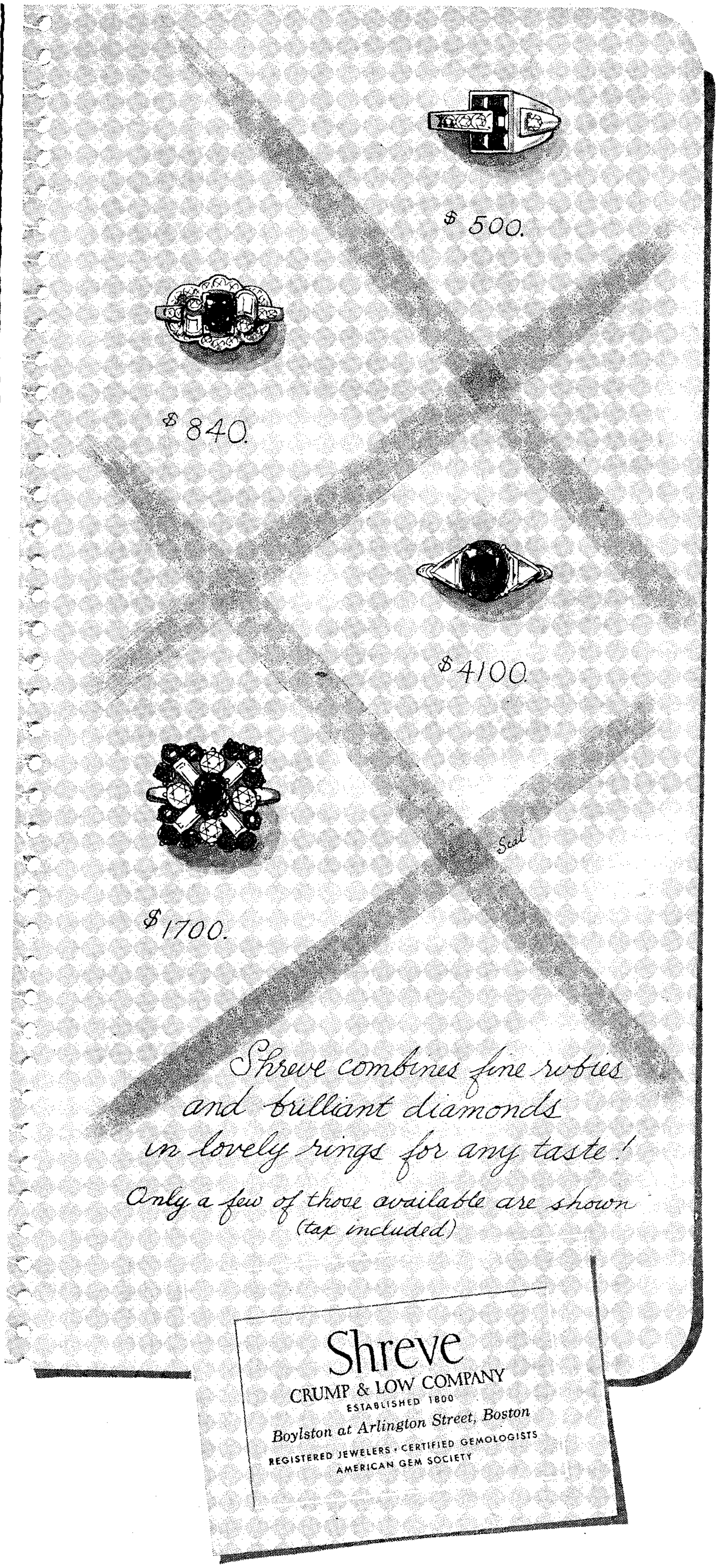
A golden chance for *some* lucky motorist.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Peterborough (Ont.) Examiner*]

The cellar of the new home of Mr. and Mrs. William Babb was excavated by a bull dozer this week. Mr. and Mrs. Babb are also receiving congratulations on the birth of a son in Cobourg General Hospital.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OF ALL THINGS

WHEN Mr. Truman sent his budget to the Capitol, his honeymoon with the Republican Congress came to an end. The newlyweds fell to squabbling over money matters, as is so often the case.

●

There are G.O.P. congressmen who believe that the best way to save money is to fire about a million officeholders. One would think that Republicans would be more sympathetic toward the unemployed after their own long and bitter experience.

●

It is assumed that General Marshall, as Secretary of State, will cease to be a soldier. No doubt there is some bureau in the State Department where a man can store a brass hat and five stars.

●

President Truman asks business to lower prices and labor not to demand any more raises in pay. This wise advice will be heeded by all parties, if this is a better world than it seems to be.

●

The United Nations has voted to take over the management of Trieste and has started looking around for a good governor. As is customary whenever a search of this kind is on, the ten-gallon hat of Fiorello LaGuardia has been cheerfully tossed into the ring.

●

The National Collegiate Athletic Association at its meeting in New York adopted a splendid "purity code." The colleges are all heartily in favor of strictly amateur football, as they usually are at this time of year.

●

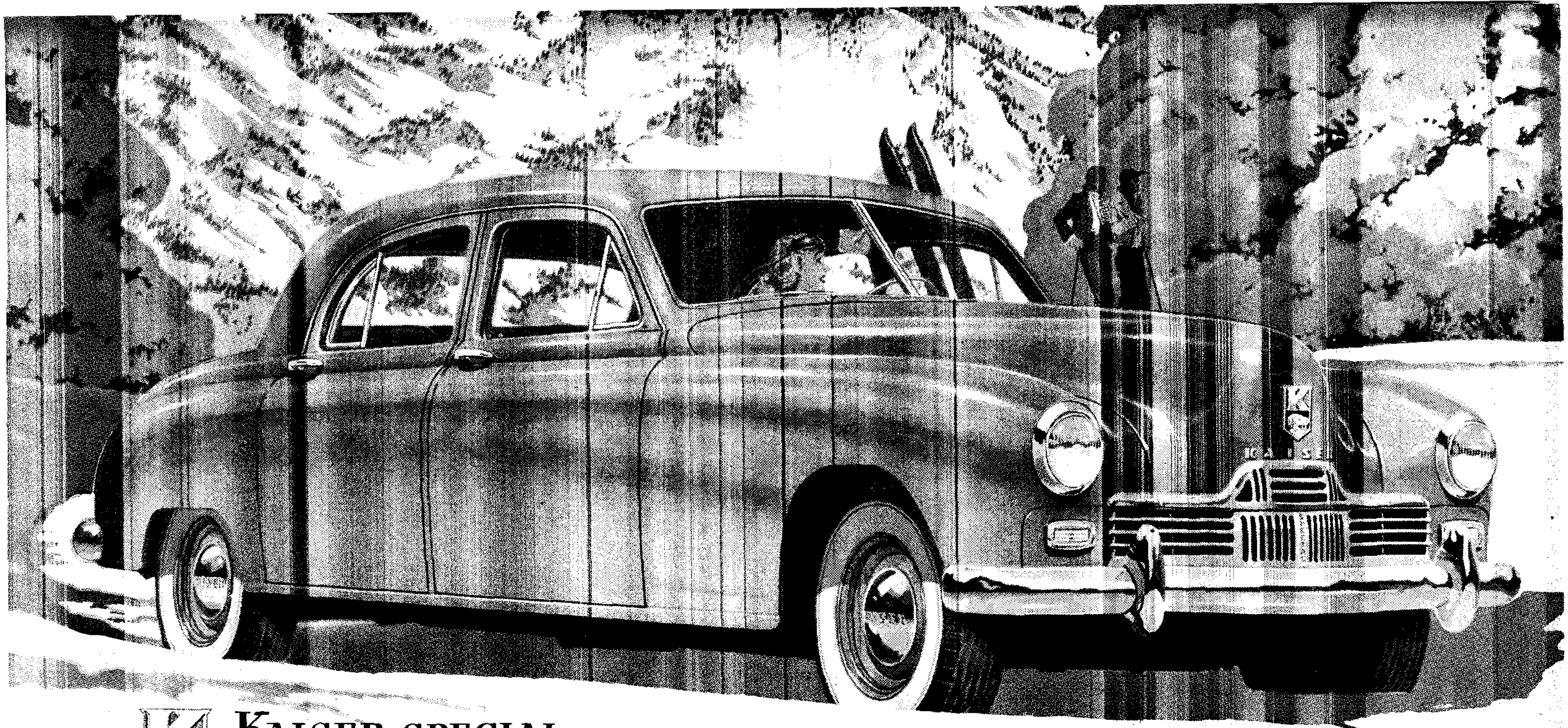
Some hotheads in Staten Island are demanding that the Borough of Richmond secede from Greater New York. At any moment, the rebels may start firing on Fort Hamilton.

●

New York has made the painful discovery that the service in the city's prisons is not good. In recent weeks, quite a number of customers have walked out in search of better accommodations.

●

One hears complaints these days that radio sponsors' commercials intrude too much upon news and comment programs. The commentators themselves object to being forced to park too close to a plug. —HOWARD BRUBAKER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BODY STYLING BY Darrin

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PRODUCT OF KAISER-FRAZER

All Over America

IT'S A KAISER AND FRAZER YEAR!

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PRODUCT OF
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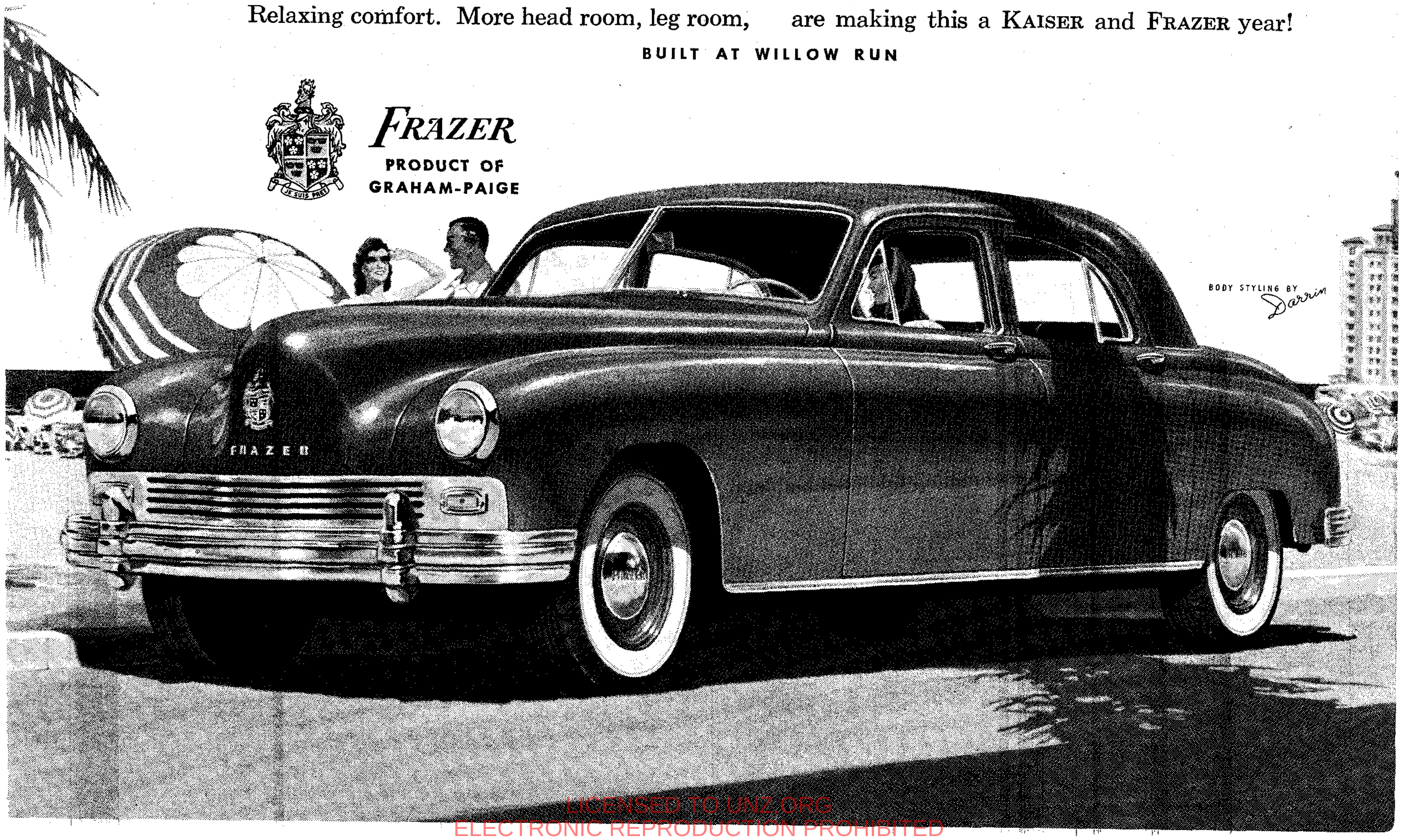
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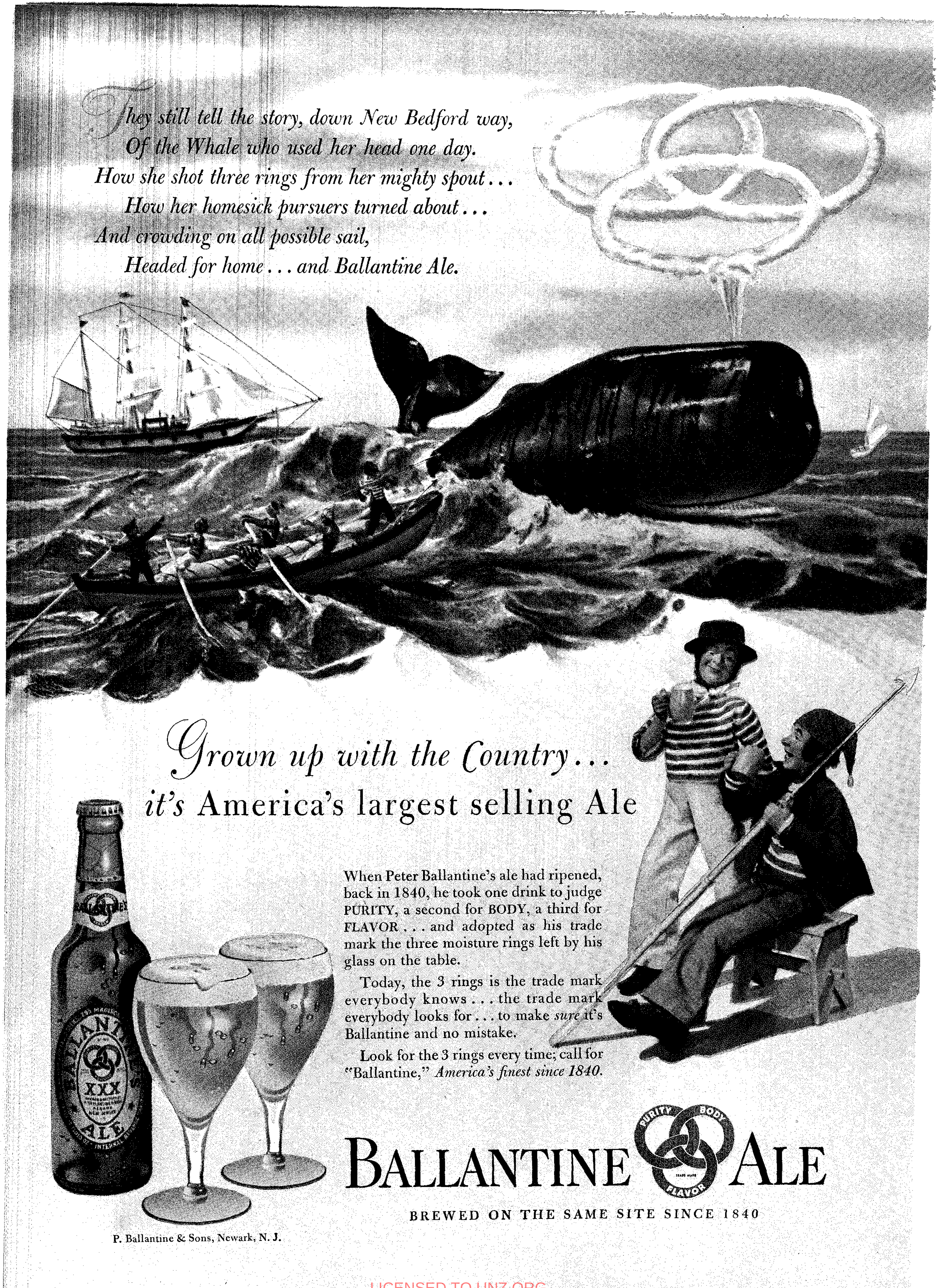

They still tell the story, down New Bedford way,
Of the Whale who used her head one day.
How she shot three rings from her mighty spout...
How her homesick pursuers turned about...
And crowding on all possible sail,
Headed for home... and Ballantine Ale.

Grown up with the Country...
it's America's largest selling Ale

When Peter Ballantine's ale had ripened, back in 1840, he took one drink to judge PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR . . . and adopted as his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Today, the 3 rings is the trade mark everybody knows . . . the trade mark everybody looks for . . . to make *sure* it's Ballantine and no mistake.

Look for the 3 rings every time; call for "Ballantine," *America's finest since 1840.*

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 8

IN spite of the fact that the new year does not look much brighter than the old one, 1947, for many Englishmen, came in on a wave of something that has been missing from the scene for a long time—genuine gaiety. Suddenly, after all the years of sitting glumly at home, people felt an urge to get their evening clothes pressed and go out to parties or, cocking a snook at rationing, to give them. The most important of London's public New Year's festivities was the revived Chelsea Arts Club Ball. Albert Hall would have needed to double itself to accommodate everybody who wanted to go. Chelsea Arts veterans who had thought they were blasé about these balls found themselves carried away by the beauty and fun of the evening. The theme of the handsome décor was, appropriately, the Renaissance. The most popular item in the pageant was a group of comely and scantily clad young women, sardonically labelled with the Englishman's sourest slogan, "For Export Only," whose chariot was accidentally overturned among the delighted spectators. The most surprising item was an unprecedented tableau of nudes, in some way sneaked past the censors, which was received with a startled hush. Altogether, the evening was a most un-English carnival, attended by people who were out to forget everything except that they were having a perfectly wonderful time.

In the country, the sudden spurt of private parties over New Year's was both astonishing and gallant. Throughout England, young people were dancing again, sitting out on the staircases of houses that had somehow been made warm and gay for the occasion, and happily gobbling buffet suppers that were triumphs of parental ingenuity and, in nine cases out of ten, owed their existence to food parcels from America and Canada. Hosts who had no parcels to help out their hospitality managed to get along by borrowing bread units from their friends, remorselessly killing off their old hens, and making their families go hungry, or at any rate peckish, for a week before the party. Everybody's sudden determination to hold or attend some sort of jolly affair despite the restrictions was the brightest change of outlook in the past year.

LOTS of English families added a German prisoner to their circle for a holiday meal when the authorities relaxed the rule against inviting P.W.s into homes. Most of the prisoners asked their hosts a question that no official so far has been able to answer: "When shall we be allowed to go home?" A factor in the Government's indecision as to when this useful labor market is to be finally closed down is the bitterness of many prisoners who, on leaving prison camps in Canada and the United States, were told that they were being sent back to Germany and were instead sent here. They are now a familiar part of the English country scene, and in London groups of the dark-uniformed figures move about the wintry parks working on the paths and fences. A number of Britons are doubtful that these Germans are picking up proper ideas about the superiority of our way of life. The liberal press has been printing letters from P.W.s remonstrating against their treatment. However the farmers may feel about this source of labor, plenty of other citizens will certainly be relieved if by next New Year's there are no bits of bad conscience still around.

THE recent snowy weather has pleased the children, who have been snowballing one another in the empty, bomb-flattened areas, but it has been distinctly bad news for shivering householders. Actually, the rate of coal production for the last weeks of December was 4.4 per cent greater than it was for the same period a year ago, but the demand has risen more than proportionately and it appears certain that even severer hardships will have to be imposed on nonessential users to relieve the alarming industrial shortage. Electric power is being cut more stringently every day. Street lighting has been reduced, and the Northwest Regional Board for Industry has sent a telegram to the Minister of Fuel urging a further fifty-per-cent cut all over England. Long journeys by train are apt to deaden the feet. Well-to-do women stump around in their

The Smash COMEDY Hit by...
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
STATE OF THE UNION
1946 Pulitzer Prize Play
Produced by LELAND HAYWARD
★ New York — Hudson Theatre
Starring Ralph Bellamy • Kay Francis
Myron McCormick • Minor Watson • Margalo Gillmore
★ National Company
Touring Middle West. Starring
Neil Hamilton • Erin O'Brien-Moore • James Rennie
★ International Company
Touring South West. Starring
Conrad Nagel • Irene Hervey • Henry O'Neill

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
BEATRICE PEARSON • ALAN BAXTER • VICKI CUMMINGS
BUFFALO—Erlanger Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • FRANCES TANNEHILL

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MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
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Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NEW YORK—NATIONAL THEATRE with JANE KEAN
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"Broadway's Biggest Revue Hit!"—LIFE MAG.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
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"WOWS THE HOUSE DOWN"—Newsweek
Bert Lahr
with Jean Parker in
BURLESQUE
BELASCO, 43 St. E. of By. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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ALWAYS BETTER . . . BETTER ALL WAYS

shabby, lamb-lined Glastonbury boots both outdoors and in their cold houses. The less warmly provided have been quietly fainting away in the food queues. At the theatres and the fully packed Promenade Concerts, which have just begun again, the audiences tuck up with knee rugs and even an occasional unsmart but comforting hot-water bottle. At Burlington House, where the Royal Academy is sponsoring an exhibition of pictures from the King's palace collection, there was so little heat in some of the galleries the other day that blue-nosed crowds stared enviously at canvases of rosy Italianate goddesses lolling luxuriously, and without a hint of gooseflesh, on warm-looking clouds.

Mr. Shinwell, the Minister responsible, has become the butt of most of the many anti-Government anecdotes that are going around, some of them funny and some of them obvious Tory propaganda. One bitter jest, circulated by householders who are vexed over the flinty rocks that their coal merchants assure them are fuel, is that Shinwell is leaving no stone unturned to fill the ration. The cold weather has been no jesting matter, however, for anyone who did not have a small stock of fuel laid in, by luck or foresight. Country dwellers are at a slight advantage because they are able to burn their own wood, while townsfolk have to pay high prices for it. Even so, one country lady was recently seen trying to buy up all the candles in her village store in order to warm the air of her drafty, totally heatless Tudor house. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Three transports from Bremerhaven, the only troopships scheduled for arrival today in the U. S., are due in New York with 5,491 troops, war brides and children.

They are: the General Richardson with 2,981 troops; the Marine Robin with 2,364, and the George W. Goethals with 146 war brides and children.

No transports arrived in the U. S. Sunday.

A pair of mice, beginning at the age of six months, will bear an average litter of nine young three to 12 times a year.

—*Portland (Maine) Press Herald.*

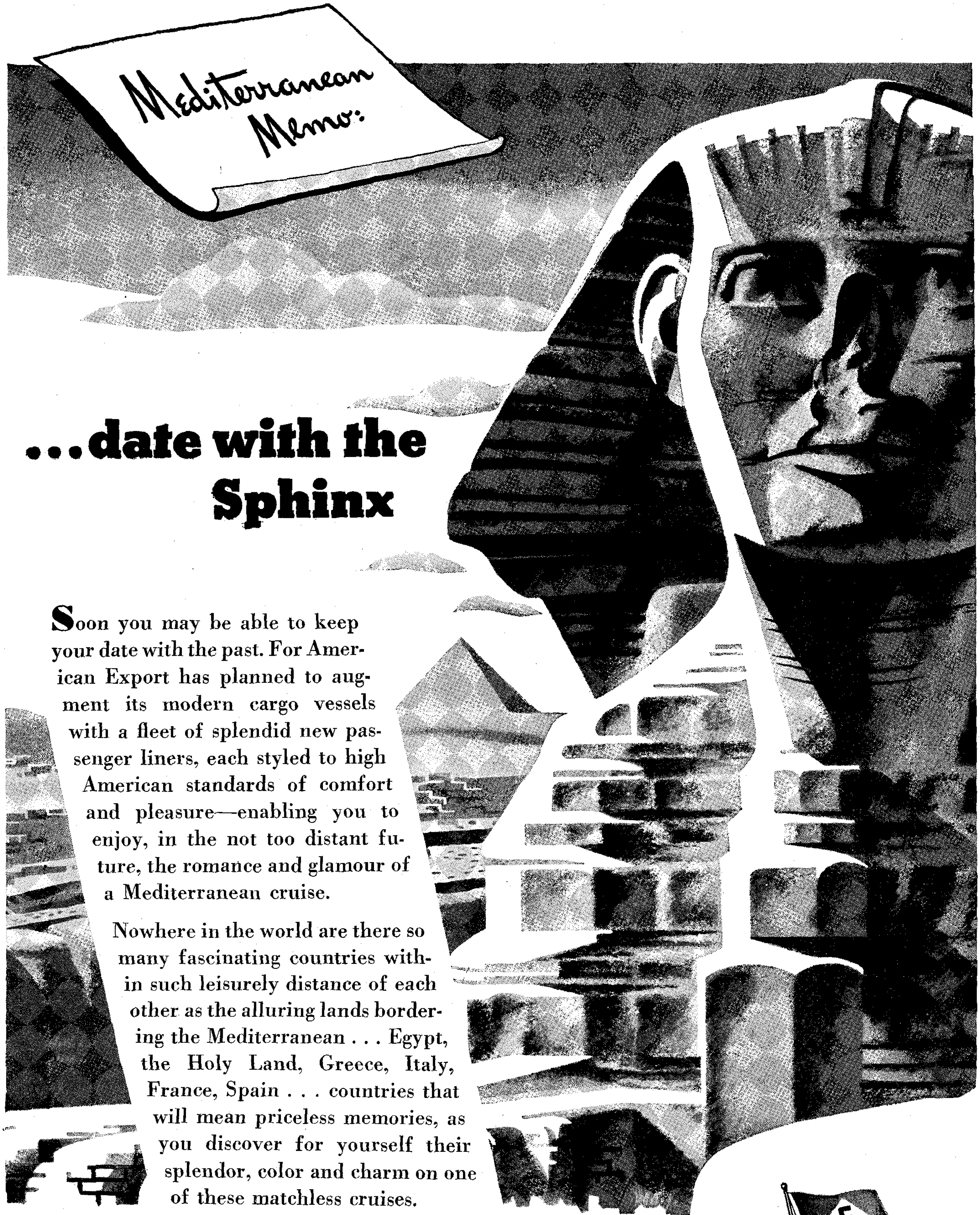
Thank you very much.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Ballard v. The United States of America, December 9, 1946*]

The truth is that the two sexes are not fungible; a community made up exclusively of one is different from a community composed of both; the subtle interplay of influence one on the other is among the imponderables.



...date with the Sphinx

Soon you may be able to keep your date with the past. For American Export has planned to augment its modern cargo vessels with a fleet of splendid new passenger liners, each styled to high American standards of comfort and pleasure—enabling you to enjoy, in the not too distant future, the romance and glamour of a Mediterranean cruise.

Nowhere in the world are there so many fascinating countries within such leisurely distance of each other as the alluring lands bordering the Mediterranean . . . Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy, France, Spain . . . countries that will mean priceless memories, as you discover for yourself their splendor, color and charm on one of these matchless cruises.

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4th week in Philadelphia, Pix Theatre
3rd week in Kansas City, Mo., Kimo Theatre
2nd week in New Haven, Lincoln Theatre
2nd week in Providence, Avon Theatre
1st week in St. Louis, Shady Oak Theatre

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ASTOR B'WAY & 45th ST.

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USO
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It still means a lot to them

THE DEATH OF MATTHEW WHITE

MISS HOPKINS had seen some queer people come into the office, but in all the years she had been working for the passenger claim department of the railroad, in northern Florida, never anyone like the small, narrow woman who was standing in the doorway with a baby in her arms and a cluster of thin children behind her.

"Is there something I can do for you?" Miss Hopkins asked briskly.

"Yes, Ma'am," the woman said. She had on a light summer dress and she spoke with a soft drawl.

"Come over here. I'll see if I can help you," Miss Hopkins said as she moved aside the stack of papers before her.

The woman walked carefully across the green office carpet to a chair and sat down, and the children, like silent little gnomes, formed a circle around the desk. The boys wore blue denim overalls and the girls limp cotton dresses. Only the oldest, a pale girl, wore shoes. Miss Hopkins counted the children, her eyes starting with the tallest girl, whose head almost reached her mother's shoulder, and passing along to the two smallest boys—twins, obviously—who were just even with the top of the desk. Five boys and three girls, Miss Hopkins thought—that is, if the baby with the pink bonnet sliding over one eye is a girl.

The woman pushed a wisp of brown hair back from her forehead and shifted the small, silent baby in her arms. "Well, now, I'll tell you," she began, and the baby interrupted with a wail. The clacking of Mr. Henshaw's typewriter ceased. Miss Hopkins could tell from the sudden silence that he had stopped to gaze at the delegation. Mr. O'Neill, the file clerk, with his nearsighted eyes and furious pride in his work, would not let himself be distracted, she was sure. The woman looked down at the baby and began to rock it back and forth, raising her voice as she spoke. "It's about Matt White, my husband," she said. "I come to see what's the railrud goin' to do about it."

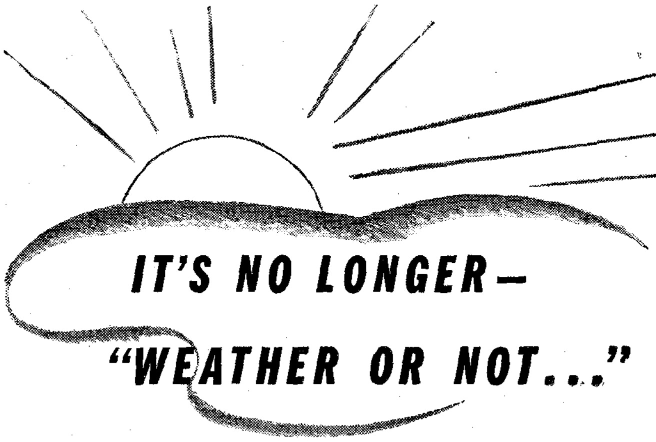
The baby was squirming now, and its cries, one coming with each small breath, were shrill and piercing. Mrs. White handed her pocketbook to the eldest girl. "This here one knows the time no matter what," she said to Miss Hopkins as she joggled the baby gently. "She ain't goin' to let me fergit her." Her free fingers were busy unbuttoning the top of her flowered cotton dress. "My husband Matt was hit by yore train, and it seems like there's somethin' should be done about it."

Surely not here, Miss Hopkins thought—not in the passenger claim department, where a constant stream of men pass through to chat with Mr. Waters or to draw water from the cooler humming in the corner next to the file cases. But the baby cried on, and the two top buttons were undone.

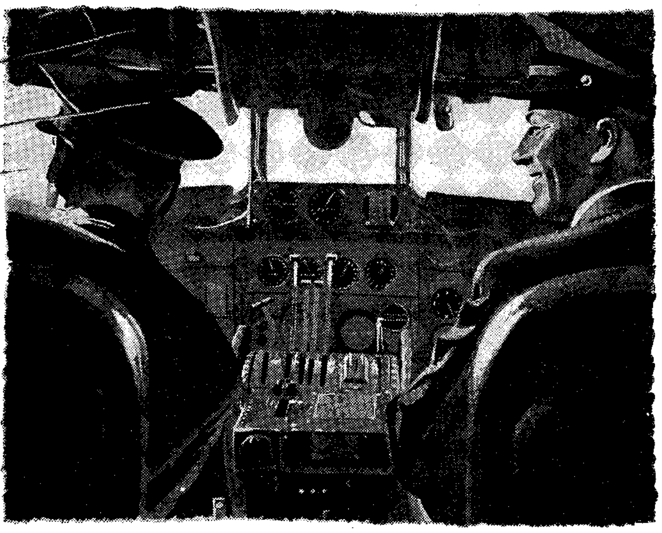
"You see," Mrs. White went on, "it's like this. Matt took a short cut. He always did, comin' home from the mill. He worked over at the turpentine place just outside Hastings—"

Miss Hopkins stood up hurriedly. "Let's go in the other room," she said. "I'm sure you'll feel better, and the baby will be better off if there aren't any people to bother you." Mrs. White nodded apathetically and she and her family followed Miss Hopkins into the conference room. The air in there was still slightly heavy with yesterday's cigar smoke, and the chairs had not yet been replaced in their ordered ring around the table.

MISS HOPKINS closed the door of the conference room behind her, filled a paper cup with water at the cooler, drank it, and returned to her desk. Nervously, she pushed into an even line five books that had been leaning sloppily against each other. She forgot to prop them, and the books fell over. Mr. Henshaw had resumed his noisy typewriting. While the door of the conference room remained closed, Miss Hopkins had time to think. Undoubtedly, the Whites lived in one of the small, unpainted three- or possibly four-roomed gray shacks on the road between St. Augustine and Green Cove Springs. They did not—though she knew many people preferred to say and think so—all belong to Negroes. Weathered by the rain and sunshine of Florida, most of these shacks stood back from the highway, on wooden piles, in a patch of sickly, sandy soil at the edge of a marsh. A few pigs usually rooted along the edge of the road, oblivious to the swish of traffic. There was almost always a



IT'S NO LONGER— "WEATHER OR NOT..."



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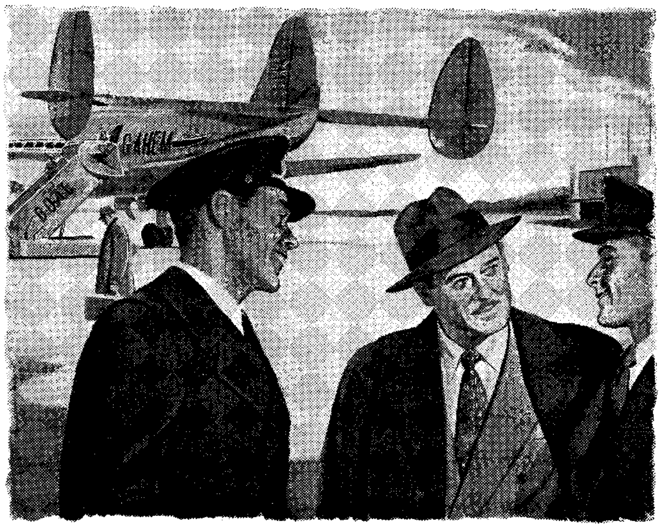

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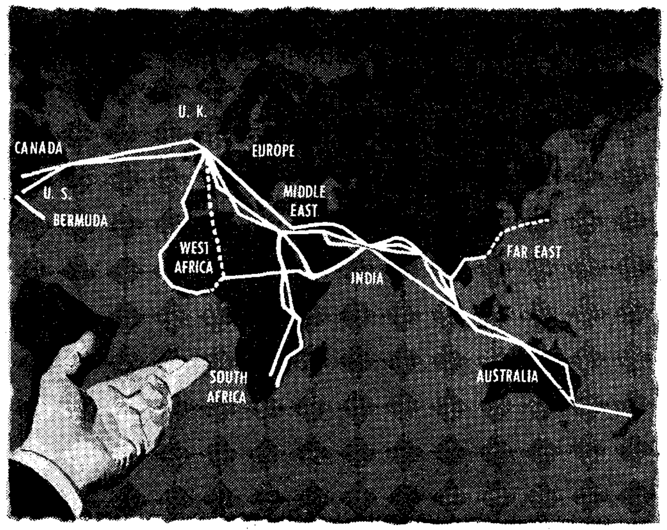

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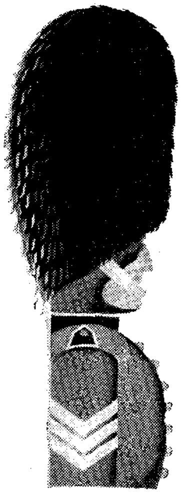

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persian lamb and broadtail

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1897 1947
World's Oldest and Largest Processors of Persian Lamb and Broadtail

clothesline running from a corner of the shack to a corner of the outhouse, and hanging from it an assortment of colorless garments. In back, there was usually some sort of garden and an immovable piece of rusted machinery.

The door to the conference room opened and Mrs. White, now buttoned up, and the seven smaller Whites trailed out. Smiling, Miss Hopkins gave the twins her paperweight, a heavy metal train, with a puff of metal smoke rounded out from the smokestack. The twins sat down on the floor and began to play with it. The wheels of the train did not move, but they made lovely marks in the thick nap of the rug.

Mrs. White settled herself and went on with the story. "My brother Herb, it just happened he was ridin' on thet train, goin' over to Jax to see his daughter who's livin' over there now that her house burnt down, and when the train hit my Matt, Herb he gets out to see what's up. Matt had been drinkin', you see, and instead of crossin' right straight over he walked the tracks a ways. Matt did drink; he drank terrible. The minute I see Herb comin' up the porch steps, I knew. 'Somethin's happened to Matt,' I says. 'He's dead.' "

The baby, tucked casually between Mrs. White's arm and her chest, slept soundly, its lips slightly apart, like a small fish. The oldest girl had gone silently to sit on the window sill, with her face pressed against the pane. She looked out at the river and the freight yards and the roundhouse and other buildings. Three of the other children leaned against Miss Hopkins' desk. A tentative hand moved toward the letter opener, and drew back.

"All these years," Mrs. White said, "I've expected it like that—with him so roarin' crazy half the time I'd never know when he'd be around home or what to count on. And these ones here, frettin' and frummin' around enough to drive a body wild."

The engineer of the train, it appeared, had seen Matt staggering between the rails, had pulled on the whistle cord, and had tried to stop. Herb had got off the train with other curious men and had recognized a cap, a belt buckle, preserved while the body they belonged to was torn and scattered. Herb had realized whose body it was and had set off with his awful news.

Against the typewriter, against the loud tones of Mr. Waters talking on the long-distance phone in his private office, laughing heartily at someone's joke, against the distant sound of a switch engine shunting a load of freight, Mrs. White's voice droned on. The baby was settled now in the hollow between her mother's knees, and Mrs. White used both hands for gestures and emphasis. She had forced her way out of the rigid circle of her life—she had risen above the three or possibly four rooms, the eternal struggle and drabness, and perhaps another baby to wear the pink bonnet—and now she was here at half past three in the afternoon, when Miss Hopkins usually had a coke and a cigarette.

"Ferdy, here"—Mrs. White indicated one of the older boys—"found his daddy's penknife." Ferdy's eyes gleamed, and a faint flush stole up into his pale, freckled cheeks. He and his brother Mattie, their thin bodies jerking with excitement, had run across the highway and through the brush to the tracks, where the train still stood. By that time, an ambulance, a state-highway patrol car, and officials from the railroad had arrived.

The water cooler stopped humming for a fifteen-minute interval, and Mrs. White's voice sounded louder. "After everybody else'd left, those two little devils went rootin' around all over the place, like kids would, y'know. There wasn't much. The ambulance and railrud men picked up most all of it. But the kids searched around for what there was, y'know, and come runnin' up to the house with it, and I made them take everything but the knife out to the back yard and bury it before they had supper. Evaline was the only one that took on much, but then she's older and that's expected. She and Matt always got on better than some of the rest—better than Mattie, for instance, who never'd do a thing like his daddy said, even for a whuppin'. Now, Herb says the railrud always pays somethin' when someone like Matt gets killed by it. Because they's nine of us, and just that little place and maybe what extra I had left from the week before."

One of the boys began to swing his bare foot against the desk. "Mama, le's go home," he said plaintively.

"Now, jes' be quiet there, boy. We'll go as soon as we get fixed up."

Fixed up, Miss Hopkins thought with horror. Blindly, Mrs. White had come into town to get some money from the railroad, had walked into the sprawling concrete mass of office buildings, and, mentioning death and money, had been directed to the passenger claim department, straight to Miss Hopkins.

"Now, I'll tell you what you do," Miss Hopkins said, reaching for a pencil and pad. "Mr. Gerald Flynn—here, I'll write down his name and address. He's a lawyer."

She knew that no lawyer would take a suit like this to trial—a drunken man reeling along the tracks in the late afternoon and being struck by a train. But possibly Mr. Flynn would arrange a settlement out of court—a few hundred dollars just for good will, although Matthew White's widow had no valid claim against the railroad.

"You see," she said carefully, "I—that is, the railroad doesn't handle things like this except through lawyers. People like Mr. Flynn. You go up and talk with him. Tell him what you've told me." At the back of Miss Hopkins' mind, a futile voice was denying the back-yard burial, the picture of the little Whites roaming excitedly back and forth among the bushes beside the railroad tracks, and she wanted it confirmed by repetition to someone else.

"That's all, then, now, is it, Miss?" Mrs. White said as Miss Hopkins rose.

"Yes, Mrs. White. I'm sure Mr. Flynn will do whatever he can for you."

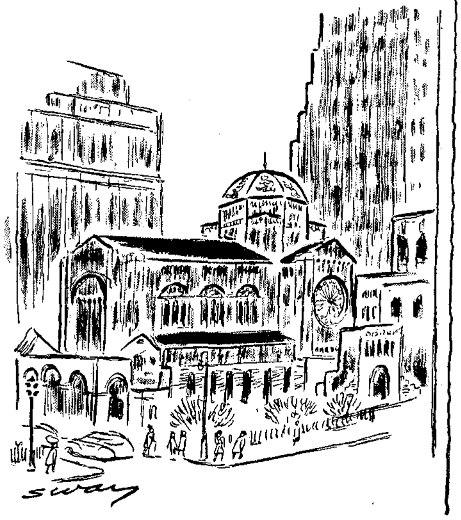
Mrs. White placed the baby against her shoulder and looked about the room for her children. "Evaline," she called sharply to the girl at the window.

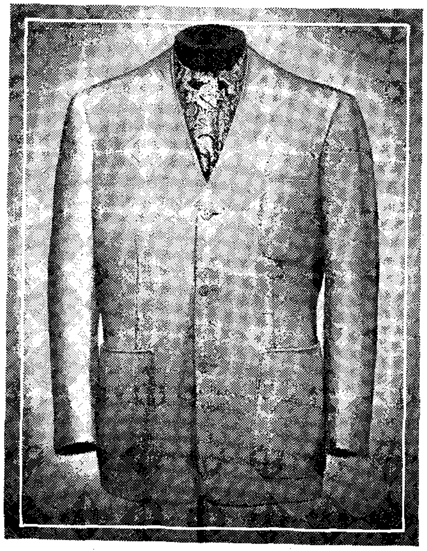
The twins got up off the floor. The wheels of the lead train had gone many miles over the tracks they had marked in the rug. One of the twins held the train tightly, knowing the time had come to give it up.

"Give the lady back her thing now, Foster," his mother said.

Before the boy could force himself to do the impossible, Miss Hopkins said, "You keep it, Foster. You and your brother can have it to play with. They've been so good," she added earnestly to their mother.

"I know," Mrs. White said. "I never seen 'em so quiet in my life." She took her pocketbook from Evaline. The





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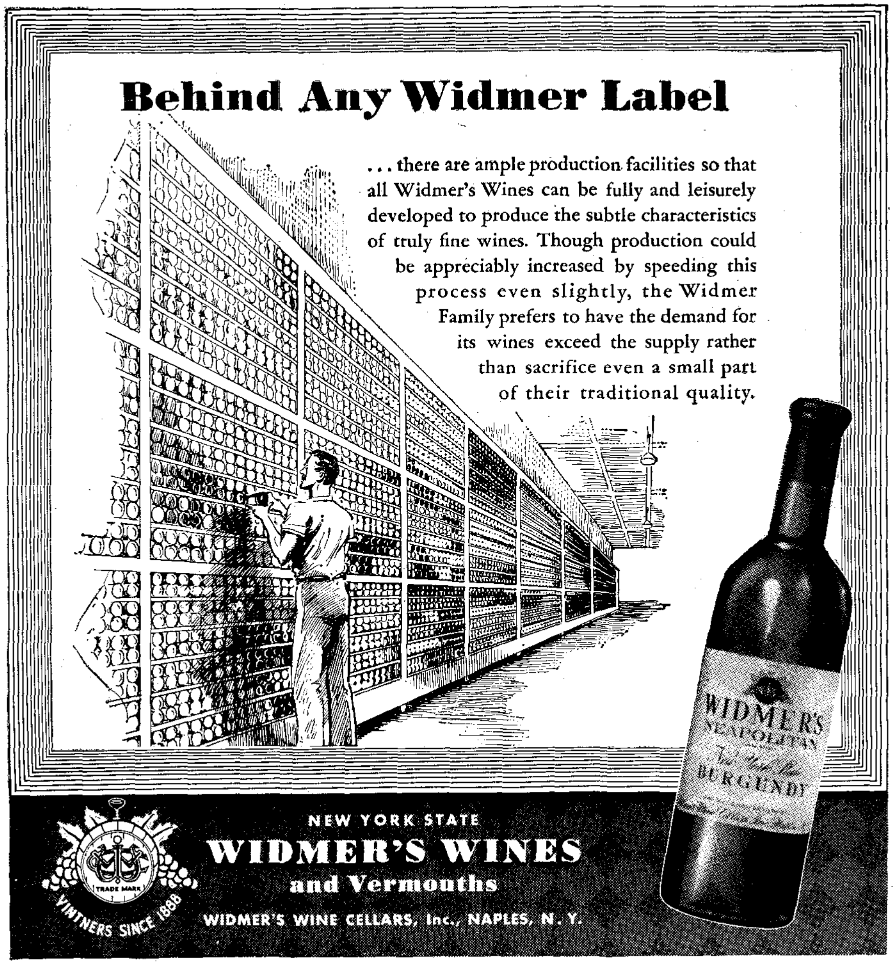

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group had closed up. Mattie was feeling one last time the delicious touch of the thick rug between his toes. "You been real kind," Mrs. White said.

Mr. O'Neill looked up from his desk, peering through his thick-lensed glasses at the little boy rubbing his feet so hard against the rug.

"Not at all, not at all," Miss Hopkins murmured. She walked as far as the door with them, as though her kindness were actual and might extend beyond the room and out along the highway between St. Augustine and Green Cove Springs.

Mr. Henshaw had one finger poised over a key as she turned back to her desk. "What was that cock-and-bull story?" he asked. "I didn't hear all of it, but it certainly sounded wild."

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," Miss Hopkins said confusedly. She sat down at her desk and put her head between her hands. "It probably wasn't true. At least, not all of it. Those things don't happen."

But she knew that they did. She felt sure it was all true as she sat rubbing her temples, pretending she was trying to decide whether to get a drink of water—the cooler was humming again—or to go out for a coke.

—GERTRUDE THOMSON BRYANT

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HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
CHANCERY DIVISION
REGISTRATION OF "OOMPHIES" AS A TRADE MARK

IN RE APPLICATION BY LA MARQUISE FOOTWEAR INCORPORATED

Before Mr. Justice Evershed

His LORDSHIP allowed the appeal, by way of originating motion, by La Marquise Footwear Incorporated, an American company, against the decision of the Registrar-General of Trade Mark refusing to register the word "Oomphies" in respect of footwear, and asked that the application be allowed to proceed to registration. The application was opposed by the Registrar.

Mr. G. H. Lloyd-Jacob appeared for the company; Mr. H. O. Danckwerts for the Registrar.

Mr. LLOYD-JACOB said that the company carried on an extensive business in America and the Dominions. He thought that the Registrar's decision was to some extent due to a letter sent by the company's trade mark agents in New York. He (counsel) suggested that the letter, sent in 1944, was one of the lighter contributions to the lease-lend programme. The letter stated that the consensus of opinion was that the word was originally coined in Hollywood as particularly descriptive of Ann Sheridan, being to her what "It" was to Clara Bow, both "Oomph" and "It" being what older generations called "an indefinable *je ne sais quoi*." The letter said also that "Oomph" might be defined as "positive personality, animation, spirit, enthusiasm, sex appeal."

Counsel said that the Registrar's decision was too wide. Words could have a descriptive or emotive significance. The view that a trade mark might be lacking in good taste was not in itself a ground for the exercise of the Registrar's discretion.

Mr. JUSTICE EVERSHED said that it was not a bad thing that officers of State should insist on some degree of propriety, ethical and aesthetic.

Mr. LLOYD-JACOB said that he agreed, but it might not be desirable that such officers should determine standards of public taste. It was almost intolerable that it should be said that the mark had a significance which could be said to be contrary to public morality and should not be used in connexion with the articles in question. Fifty years ago the word "Oomph" would have been interpreted as a grunt.

"Oomph" was part of what was known as "slanguage." There was no evidence to show that it was part of the English language. It was an "inventive" word, and still more was "Oomphies" suitable for registration as an inventive word. There was no over-riding reason for the exercise of the Registrar's discretion against it.

Mr. DANCKWERTS said that "Oomph" was not an inventive word, and the addition of the letters "ies" did not make it one. Assuming that "Oomph" meant "allure," it was a laudatory epithet; and, generally speaking, such epithets were not registered. The Registrar had to act in protection of the public at large. If a trade mark satisfied the requirements of the section under which registration was sought—and "Oomphies" did not—he had to see that it did not go on the register if, for some other reason, it might be undesirable. He had to bear in mind not only the mass of the ordinary people but also the smaller number whose susceptibilities might be more easily offended. The Registrar's discretion had been properly exercised.

JUDGMENT

Mr. JUSTICE EVERSHED, in giving judgment, said that he had come to the conclusion that the case was one in which the appeal should succeed. In speaking of "Oomphies" as a word he was paying it a compliment, for it barely deserved an appellation which made it part of articulate speech, which was said to be the only distinguishing feature between the human race and brute beasts.—*London Times.*

Unless you want to include footwear, or Oomphies.

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MIND OVER . . . ONCE LIGHTLY

My curiosity reacts
Complacently to unknown facts;
I won't unscrew a clock to see
Why it strikes one at half-past three;
A closed door never tempts my mind
To wonder what goes on behind;
I haven't any yen to know
Where people go to when they go;
The things I like to think about
Are almost always inside out.

—ROSYRIE SCHULMAN

A&F

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Colors for all: red, green, blue or brown stripes

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THE ART GALLERIES

Arthur Dove, Walter Murch, Peter Blume

ARTHUR DOVE, who died only a month or two ago, and whose works are now on view in a memorial show at the Downtown Gallery, had a curious position in contemporary American art, for although he was one of the deans of the modernist movement in this country, he never enjoyed a financial reward that was at all commensurate with his standing. His career should do a good deal to disprove that snide assertion, sometimes made by academicians, that the main reason painters turn to abstraction is to get rich quick at the expense of a gullible public.

Dove, like Alfred Maurer and Max Weber, was among the first of the American abstractionists. He took up abstractionism around 1910, a couple of years after a visit to Paris, where he had run across some works by the Fauvists and early Cubists—Matisse, Derain, Braque, Vlaminck—and once he had made the shift to abstraction, or to his own peculiar brand of it, he continued to practice it to the end. But he didn't make much money out of it. He had achieved considerable success as an illustrator in his younger, non-abstract days, and he later returned to that field now and then to make a living. He tried farming and then lobster fishing, and for a while, in the late nineteen-thirties, to save rent, he lived on a small boat in various Long Island harbors. When he died, at sixty-six, he was living on dry land again, in Centerport, but still quite frugally, for his pictures were only just beginning to sell in any quantity.

All this argues a singleness of aim and a basic sincerity of purpose that are wholly admirable, and the exhibition, which, in some fifty pictures, covers his career from 1908 to his death, is almost certain to increase one's respect for a man who could show such continued devotion to his art. It reveals him, too, as an artist of considerable inventiveness and ingenuity. Long before anyone else I know of in this country, he was experimenting with collages. (See his "Goin' A-Fishing," of 1925, and the rather more delicately conceived "Rhapsody in Blue," of a few years later.) And even in his borrowings—from the Japanese, as in his "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise" and "Flour Mill," and from the early Kandinsky, as in his "Cow #1," "The Park," and "Thunder Shower"—he showed alertness, for both these influences went well with his own lightly imaginative, highly coloristic approach.

Unfortunately, the show also reveals a few weaknesses in Dove's work which are likely to impair his permanent rank as an artist. His first contact with modern artistic theory as it developed in France came, as I've said, around 1910, and at that time the Fauvists were dominant. But the Fauvists had no real cohesiveness as a group, and they shortly split into two opposed trends, one leading to the capricious and emotional distortions of Expressionism and the other to the planned, unemotional distortions of analytical Cubism. In the end, nearly every modern artist but Dove made his choice between the two trends. Dove remained where he had been at the outset, straddling the two, and as a result there is a static quality about his painting, as of a man working hard but not getting anywhere. There are fine pieces here and there in the show, of course. He had a true gift for conveying the buoyancy and gaiety of nature, and such things as his "Fog Horns," with their purple blasts of color, "Thunder Shower," "Deep Greens," and the rather cabalistic "A Cross in the Tree" have a happy evocativeness that is remarkable. He was as likely, however, to fall into mere banality at the end as at the beginning; intellectually, there was no development, and as far as real content goes, his "Abstraction" of 1914, done with bold strokes in sombre browns and greens, is as good as anything later in the exhibit.

WE have shows by a couple of precisionists on this week's program—one of oils by Walter Tandy Murch, at the Betty Parsons, and the other of drawings by Peter Blume, at Durlacher. This is, I believe, only Murch's second exhibition, but he has a miniaturistic dexterity and a finished technique which are quite remarkable and which come, indeed, close to the *trompe-l'œil.* I'm afraid, though, that so far his value lies mostly on the surface, and, hard and sharp and realistic as his images are, there is little meaning beneath them. I liked him best in what might be called his Pierre Roy Surrealist mood—in such canvases as "The Metronome," "The Web of Time," and the study of one of those folding clothes driers, called, quite justly as he presents it, "Medieval Shape."

Peter Blume, though he has much the same miniaturistic approach, is a much maturer artist. One of the most deeply introspective and thoughtful painters we have today, he has for the past ten years or so specialized in large, encyclopedic paintings—"The Eternal City," "South of Scranton," "Light of the World," and so on—each slowly compiled and each representing the summation in paint of a lot of philosophic experience. He is now working on another big picture, to be called "Quarry," and the current exhibition is a kind of interim performance, with some twenty studies for various sections of "Quarry," done in charcoal and pencil, and nearly eighty others, ranging from really beautifully finished pieces (see his "Head," "Twisted Wood," and "Edge of Ravine") to a group of what the artist himself describes as "doodles," which are basically much like anybody else's, though raised to a far higher level by the artist's expressiveness and imagination. The main interest of the show, however, is the "Quarry" studies. These are done in a sweeping, rather baroque style, which is quite unlike Blume's previous work and which, with the turbulence of their themes, gives them great power. I liked especially his "Limestone Kilns," "Clearing Wreckage," and "Digging in Cavity." —ROBERT M. COATES

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As a variation of the chicken-egg controversy, which came first—The New Yorker or its thin, snobbish, skillfully written sketches about people without passion or money troubles? And if The New Yorker should disappear what would happen to these charming folks with their pleasant manners and rococo family mansions back in Omaha and Chicago?—*Book review in the Post.*

They'd go underground and turn up in Cedar Rapids.

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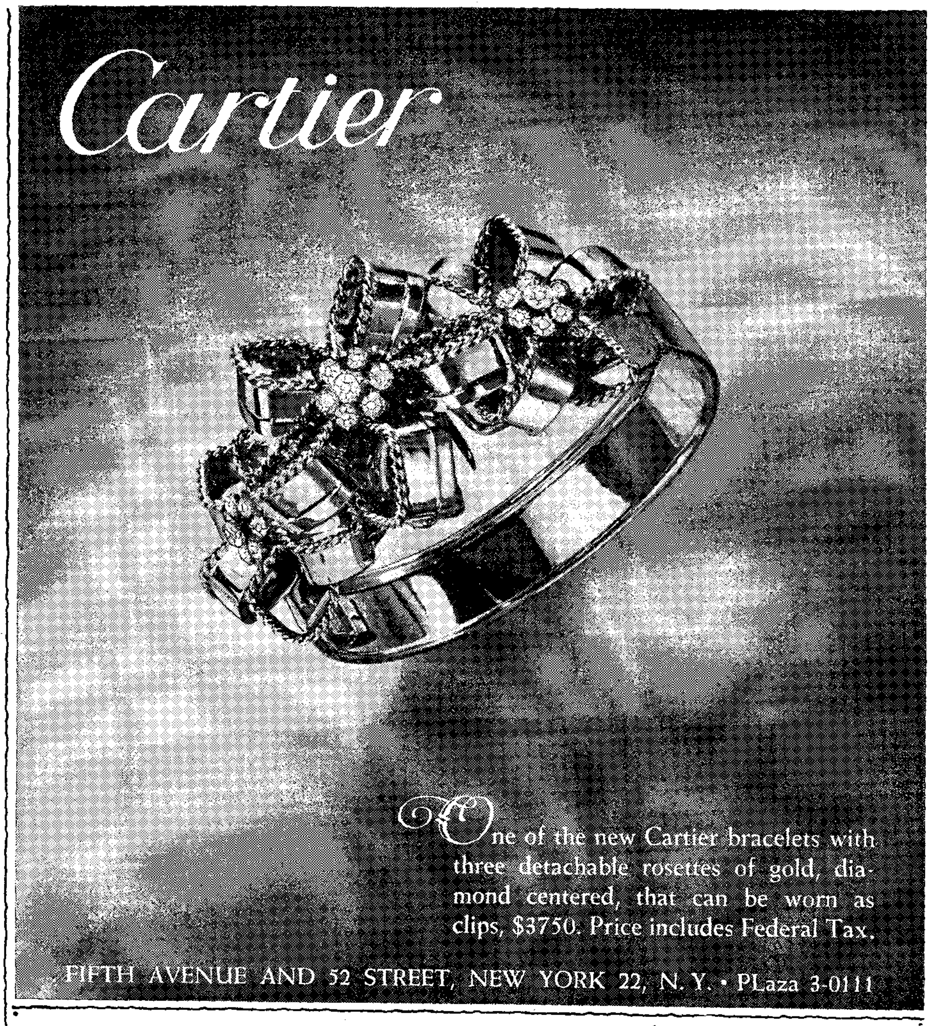
THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Times*]

Studies have been started, he said, for revisions in the Japanese Diet, in which starches are too prominent.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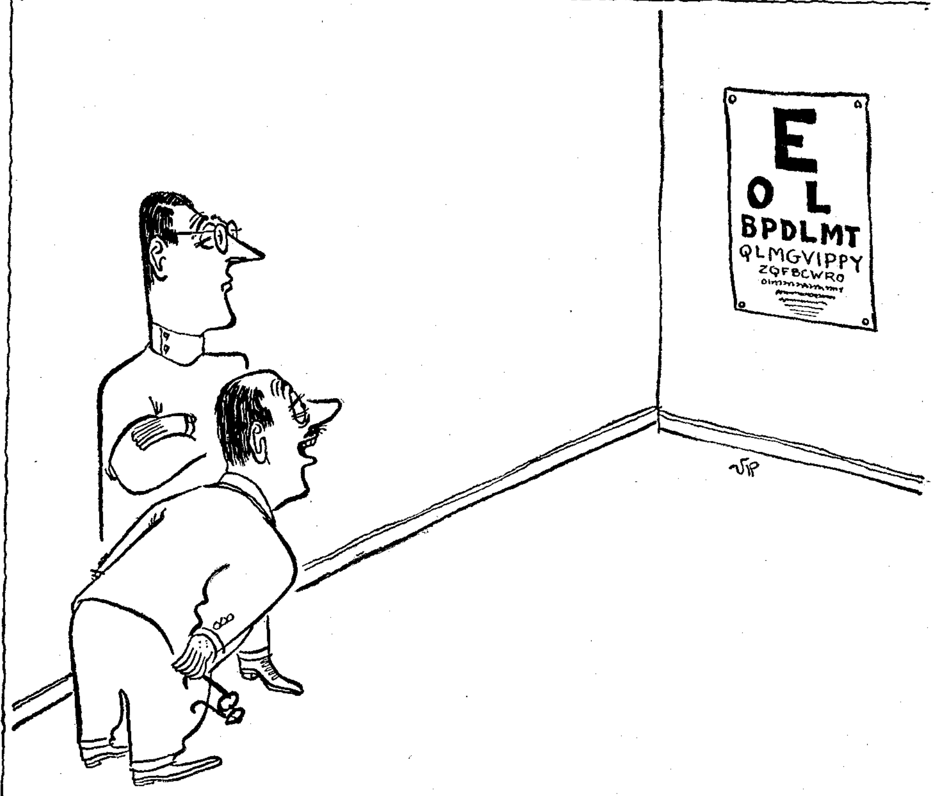


"I can't make out the others, but the bottom line says 'Wheaties.'"

Advertisement: For men of perception—Wheaties. *Signed,* General Mills, Inc.

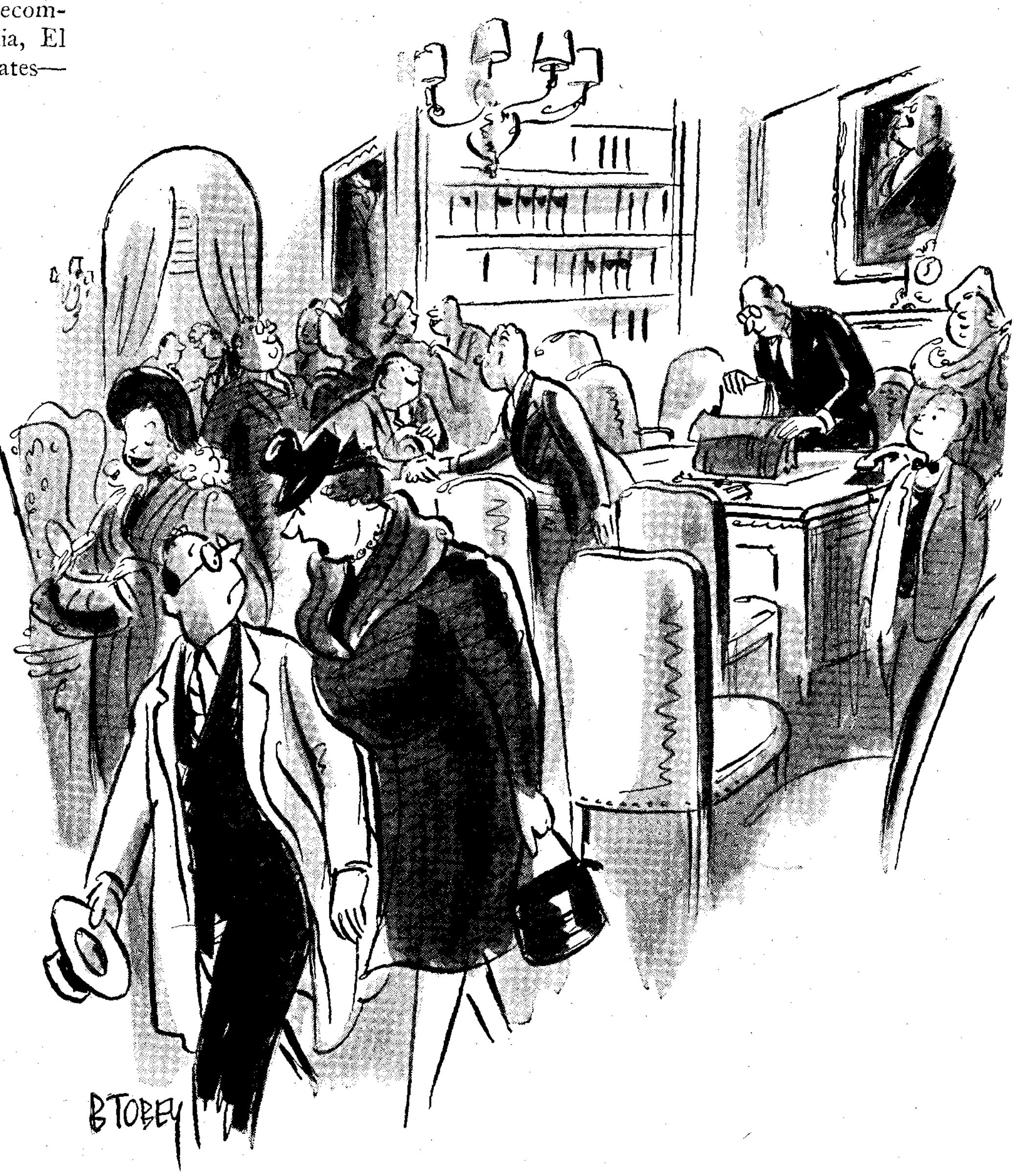
THE WAYWARD PRESS

WHO KILLED THE MONKEY?

THE alacrity with which the delegates of the United Nations accepted John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, offer of a site in Manhattan caused only slight manifestations of emotion here. Perhaps that was because New Yorkers are used to people arriving from out of town and saying they wouldn't live here if you gave them the place and then, if they can find an apartment, settling in for life. This complacency, plus a rooted New York habit of not reading Philadelphia papers, prevented us from grasping the tragic import of what happened when, on December 12th, the General Assembly Headquarters Committee voted to recommend housing the United Nations headquarters in a group of skyscrapers to be erected on the East Side. A couple of days later, the Assembly voted to accept the committee's recommendation, 46–7; only Australia, El Salvador, and the *shish kebab* states—Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, and Saudi Arabia—held out against the New York charm. The Saudi Arabian delegate furnished a light touch by demanding a guarantee against smoke and odors in the proposed area. The humor was especially clear to anyone who had ever smelled an Arab city.

Most of the New York press treated the news with polite and restrained enthusiasm, directed principally toward Mr. Rockefeller's generosity. The *Daily News*, however, ran a couple of editorials putting the blast on the whole business. "If you ask us, Mr. Rockefeller has now done something completely cockeyed, at the urging of his eldest son, Nelson," the *News* said. "The voters of New York City have not been asked whether they want the U.N. to be located here forever or until the next war. . . . We are surprised, though, at the way the city authorities are at this writing falling all over themselves to snap up this alleged bargain. . . . All in all, this is one gift horse which should be looked carefully in the mouth; and it is the city authorities' duty to do that looking." It complained again, a few days later: "The world capital is simply being crammed down their [New Yorkers'] throats—and incidentally, the city loses a potential $3,000,000 a year in real estate taxes. . . . All in all [evidently this editorial writer's favorite windup before he throws his fast one], it looks to us as if New York has been better off with the meat-packing houses now on the world capital site." It would be rude, and probably useless, to inquire whether the editorials reflected the *News* ownership's nostalgic Chicagoan predilection for abattoirs or its pique because the United Nations had not located in the Chicago Board of Trade Building, which was the old headquarters of the America First Committee.

While Colonel McCormick's and Mrs. Patterson's paper was being mad because the United Nations had decided to live in New York, all the newspapers in Philadelphia were being still madder because that body had decided *not* to live there. For months, I have learned from a retrospective perusal of the Philadelphia press, that city had had its cap set for the United Nations with the single-mindedness of a homely woman who sees a chance of making a creditable marriage at last. While Westchester thumbed its nose at the delegates and New York tolerated their tenancy—first of a girls'-college gymnasium and then of a skating rink—Philadelphia's hopes had risen. The city fathers had offered to the United Nations, as her dower, twelve hundred and eighty suburban acres, which, according to *la presse indigène*, are a cross between the Vale of Kashmir and an American-born



"Well, Mr. Favorite Nephew!"

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHRACH

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Jane engel
Madison at 79th, New York 21

Irishman's dream of Killarney. She was determined to prove to the handsome stranger from overseas that understanding and home cooking are better than a dashing manner.

"CITY FIRST IN LINE FOR HOME OF U.N.," a headline in the Philadelphia *Daily News*, a placid tabloid not to be confused with the New York one, announced on December 7th. The story below it said, "Philadelphia, by the process of elimination, seemed today to be the logical site for the capital of the world." But even then there was a certain foreboding, which was implicit in a sentence on the editorial page of the same issue of the paper: "There is no real reason why the U.N. should not decide to locate in the City of Brotherly Love." This is the sort of reassuring thing a woman says to herself when she has been too often a bridesmaid. On December 9th, the *News* ran a New York dispatch under the disquieting headline "FICKLE N.Y. IS BACK IN U.N. HOME SITE FIGHT." On the same day, the panicky editorialist headed his contribution "Skulduggery at U.N. Crossroads." I was reminded of the emotional reaction of the wholesome Marjorie Jones in "Penrod" when she saw advancing across the floor at Penrod's birthday party the slim little girl from the East who always got all the boys. "What Goes On?," the heading over the editorial demanded on the next day, and the editorialist cried, "What is going on behind the scenes? . . . Let there be no more manipulation! . . . The man on the street [which street? Chestnut? Walnut? Filbert?] is aroused!" Three days later, a United Nations story, by a correspondent named Harry Glover, began with the grim sentence "New York got it and Philadelphia didn't." New York had got it.

The villain of the story, in the opinion of the *News* and all the other Philadelphia papers, was Warren R. Austin, the chief United States delegate to the United Nations. The *News* ran two pictures of Mr. Austin the day before the United Nations finally decided for New York. The caption under the first said, "Appears Unfriendly to Philadelphia," and the second said, "Warren Austin Shies U.N. from Philadelphia." Ivan H. Peterman, of the *Inquirer* staff, called the chief delegate "that magic mandarin of Turtle Bay, the Right Honorable ex-Senator from Vermont, Warren R. (for Railroading) Austin, who can claim distinction for the session's slickest legerdemain. As chairman of the U.S. delegation, Austin got fifty-three visiting nations to accept eight and one-half million Rockefeller dollars as better than Philadelphia's twenty millions, seventeen and one-half dead-end acres rather than the twelve hundred and eighty prescribed in the Permanent Headquarters Committee orders." Peterman is a man given to vigorous expression of his moods. (While he was a correspondent in North Africa, he jumped into a ditch so hard that he broke his arm, and that is the way he denounces.) "It is time we learned," he wrote, winding up his account of the United Nations session at which the decision was ratified, "and got rid of the Austin-type windbags now speaking for the U.S.A."

THE angriest writer in the City of Brotherly Love, as far as I could see, was a man named John M. Cummings, who writes a column on the editorial page of the same *Inquirer*, a paper which, I discovered, had absorbed the old *Public Ledger*, which was supposed to have some connection with Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Cummings headed an explosion of his "Hot Spots or Country?—U.N. Should Think Twice." "Austin was up until the unseemly (for a Vermonter) hour, scheming with others (the old smoke-filled-room business) to keep the committee on the site from selecting Philadelphia as the world capital," he wrote. "These delegates were sent to the area of the 'dead-end kids' because the State Department was playing its last card. It was the rolling countryside of Philadelphia, a few miles removed from the center of the city, against the night spots of New York. If the State Department could have its way, the gilded saloons of the metropolis would win over the quiet of Philadelphia's suburban countryside because the spats and the striped pants just doted, don'tcha know, on the glamorous drunks, the hot gossip, the latest stuff from the bedrooms and the men's rooms. . . . Apparently there is something about getting drunk in New York that has it all over getting drunk in Philadelphia. . . . From the start, the lads of the State Department, with head delegate Austin as their spearhead and spokesman, have been fighting the case of New York against the country."

That day's editorial cartoon in the *Inquirer*, by a man named Hutton, showed a forlorn female wearing a slip and sandals and labelled "World Peace" sitting on the stringpiece of a pier, dangling her legs over the water. A coal pile, a gas works, and the Chrysler

Building in the background indicated where the pier was, in case you couldn't read the legend on the stringpiece, which said, "New York's East Side." The female held a briefcase marked "U.N." in one hand and was apparently trying to decide whether to throw it into the water or jump in herself. The editorial alongside it said, "Compare . . . the cultural background, the historic traditions, the true American spirit, the quiet friendliness that Philadelphia has to offer the visitors from abroad with the blatant commercialism that pervades New York. . . . Aside from Philadelphia's wishes in the matter, it should be evident that the United Nations would be making a colossal mistake to submerge itself and its hopes of success in the welter and bedlam of New York's masses."

Melvin K. Whiteleather, another returned war correspondent, wrote, in the *Evening Bulletin*: "Under the whiplash of the United States Government, the U.N. has made its choice of a headquarters. . . . When he [Austin] manipulated the offer of a sewer exit site along New York's East River, he worked like a demon to put it over before anyone could stop to ponder. . . . Gone are the dreams of a sylvan world capital. . . . For sylvan beauty there is to be a hot-house geranium on a thirty-story window sill bravely trying to hold up its head." (Dr. Zuleta Angel, of Colombia, the chairman of the committee that decided on the site, said, "The skyscrapers and chimneys of Manhattan will not hinder our work. . . . On the contrary, they will constantly recall us to reality and life.") The *Bulletin* found consolation in the possibility that New York would have a nasty traffic problem. "Philadelphia would have had a problem in congestion handed it if U.N. had located here," it observed, not without pleasure, "but it would not have been comparable to the one New York has been given."

The *Record*, whose staff has been on strike for two months, was at a disadvantage in the controversy; apparently its first-string denouncers, as well as Jerry Doyle, its editorial cartoonist, were on the picket line with the rest of the boys. It seemingly had no correspondent of its own covering the United Nations meetings in New York, for it was running the New York *Times* stories written by George Barrett, who of course favored the acceptance. It was like the *Daily Princetonian's* having to run the Harvard *Crimson* account of a Princeton-Harvard game. J. David Stern, the *Record's* publisher, did write

The little man who's always there

People who insist two plus two always equals four aren't ever going to see the friendly little fellow under the red cap.

But he's there for those with a song in the heart, imagination in the brainpan and a zest for living.

To them we say:

Down with dullness,
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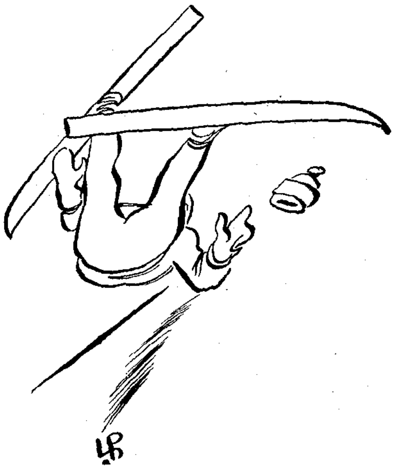
a first-page editorial in the guise of a telegram to President Truman, under the heading "Why Sabotage Philadelphia?" "Why is America's chief delegate to the United Nations, Warren R. Austin, opposed to Philadelphia as the permanent site of the United Nations Headquarters?" Mr. Stern asked. "It is useless to pretend he is neutral. . . . Mr. President, you ought to have a heart-to-heart talk with Chief Delegate Austin and put him back on the track." But there was no scorch in Mr. Stern's invective. It sounded as if he had his mind on the strike.

THE man who got deepest under the skin of the Philadelphia journalists was not, however, Mr. Austin but James Watson Gerard, an old New Yorker who was Woodrow Wilson's Ambassador to Germany. Mr. Gerard, who was born in 1867 and has a long memory, made a speech to some United Nations delegates at an unofficial luncheon given by Thomas B. Watson, of the International Business Machines Company. In it, he served up the old wheeze about Philadelphia people walking in their sleep. "Above all, don't go to Philadelphia," the venerable gentleman advised the delegates. "When you're not dreaming your time away in that somnambulant city, you'll spend half your time going back to New York." Somebody should do an exhaustive book on the endemic insult, or wounding local allusion, a form of taunt that evidently retains its sting for centuries. On the coast of Durham, there is a town called West Hartlepool, near which, during the Napoleonic wars, a brig was wrecked. The only survivor to make his way ashore was a pet monkey, whom his master had dressed in a military jacket. The local militia, encountering this uniformed invader who couldn't speak English, either shot or hanged him, according to how the story is told, and if you walk



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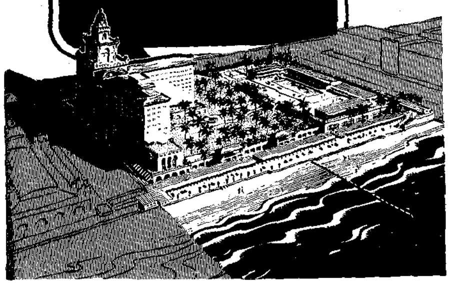

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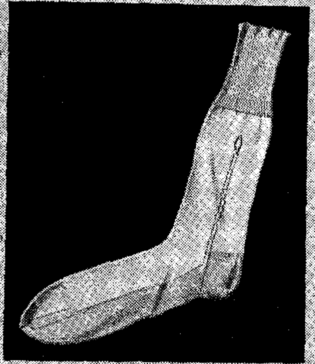

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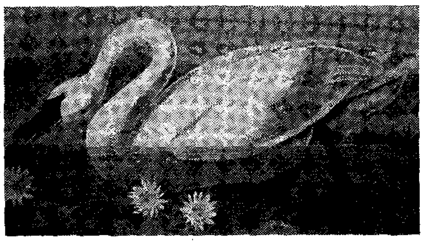

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in the streets of West Hartlepool today and yell, "Who killed the monkey?," people will come running and throw rocks at you. The sleepwalking gag is apparently Philadelphia's monkey story.

"Until an ignoramus called James W. Gerard poked his snout into the proceedings, the friendly rivalry among American cities for the honor of being known as world capital was carried on without rancor and without resort to the low drivel of the ham actor of another day," the *Inquirer's* Mr. Cummings mildly remonstrated. "No one ever questioned the right of New York to do everything decently within its power to have the permanent headquarters of the United Nations established in or near that city. . . . It was precisely because Philadelphia seemed on the verge of making a sale on the merits of the goods exposed to view that something in the nature of panic seized the burghers of the city on the Hudson. . . . Gerard's contribution to the intercity competition . . . was . . . a silly, stupid, nonsensical warning to shun Philadelphia. . . . Neither Ed Hopkinson nor any other member of the Philadelphia committee urged the delegates to shun New York because the subways stink or because, among the natives, the height of ambition is to have a keyholer like Winchell report that, helplessly drunk, you were rolled by a blonde in the Boob Room. [Winchell's Philadelphia outlet is the *Inquirer* itself.] Rudeness, crudeness (one delegate was shot in a delicatessen), insolence, and highway robbery in the form of excessive prices, these were the hallmarks of hospitality in New York and vicinity. The thing to do was to revive the trick of the old-fashioned travelling salesman—run down the goods of your competitor. And use the bottom-of-the-bag joke of the ham actor—'Spent two weeks in Philadelphia last Sunday.' "

A slightly thicker-skinned columnist named Paul Jones, of the *Bulletin*, wrote, "We don't deny it's a durable joke, but we believe everybody's had enough wear out of it to justify throwing it away or giving it to the radio comedians in fee simple. Still, let us be honest and aboveboard about this thing. New York has certain attractions which Philadelphia cannot match. . . . Take Forty-second Street, famous in song and story. What have you got? A row of burlesque palaces [Mr. Jones evidently has not been here since the O'Brien administration], grind houses, inferior gin mills, and sucker traps, most of which would be run out of any small

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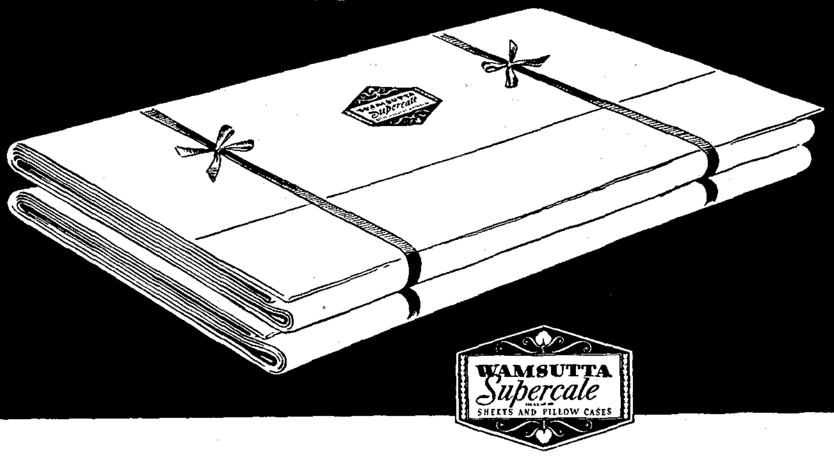
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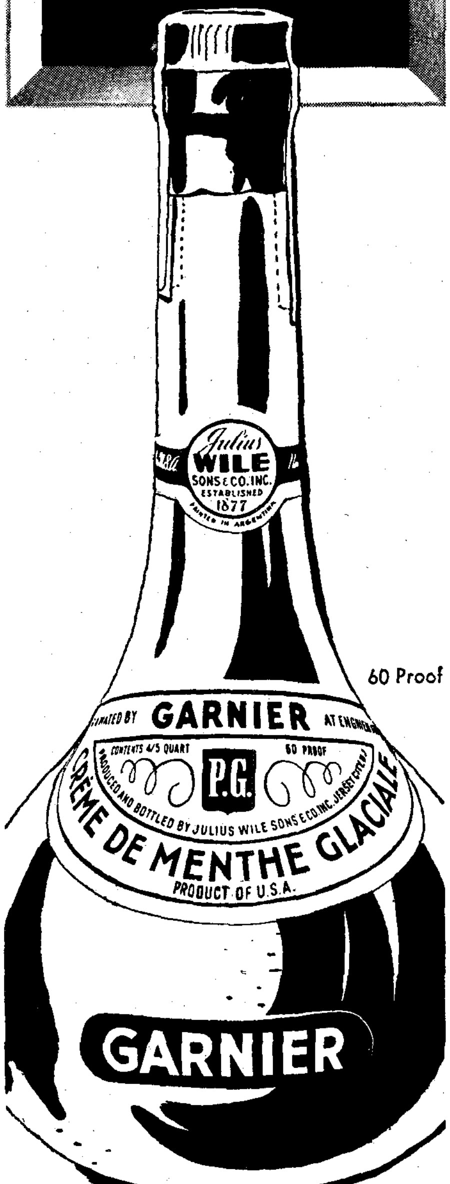
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town by even a moderately honest chief of police. It gives you pause to reflect that the most elevated and ethical form of entertainment to be found in the vicinity of Times Square is a flea museum. . . . Gentlemen of the U.N., let us face the facts. We can offer you no flea museum. . . . Apart from a small tract on the east side of Fifth, and two sections of the Avenue itself, one uptown and one downtown, as well as part of Greenwich Village, New York is strictly a low-budget B production."

Then Mr. Jones displayed that unwilling objectivity which marks the Philadelphian as an American of a distinct species, doomed to failure because he is capable of self-appraisal. "The question may arise," he wrote, "if New York is a B production outside its glittering center, what is Philadelphia? The answer is easy. It is nothing . . . nothing but a collection of houses in which people live and mind their own business." That is the kind of honesty that would cost a columnist his job in Chicago or Los Angeles or Santa Barbara or Des Moines. It made me sorry that poor old Philadelphia had to be left waiting at the church again. I'd rather it had been one of those other places.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*Description of a painting in the catalogue of the Gertrude Barrer exhibition, at the Galerie Neuf*]

In this vast concert hall no thunder—not even a sonatina for trench mortar and violin—or junk heap and flute can disturb this serenity, classic and quiet music of Gertrude Barrer, a tiny revelation, a sudden violet in a Gothic forest. She sang years ago but now her voice is silent, only the tantalizing tremor of pigment remains. Then there is a red inundation over a vast canvas which will never obliterate her white tremor, her ancient femaleness, orientalisms from the sun-baked banks of the Oxus. These are Arabian, these are Persian, these are fiercely Tartar these cries, so moonlit, during forgotten migrations, cold bivouacs.

Crushed and dying flowers, always fresh and suffering delicately, and whimsical tragedy emanates from her little canvases—dear oases. She is a desert and has her little sand-flowers—buried fragments of forgotten cities so beautifully archaic and corroded. She is an island, a point on a vast sea where new ferns and new blossoms can be found for us to press in a gilt volume of ancient travel lore. Tiny bickering people, little boats sailing the wide unchartednesses of an illuminated map are her threatening, peeking journeys.

Here are the notes and voices for the chants still ringing in the great dome of Santa Sophia. The dear ladies of Ravenna worship at a shrine where Gertrude has painted a flowered and jewelled predella.

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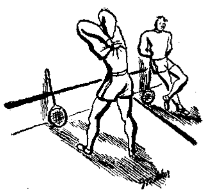
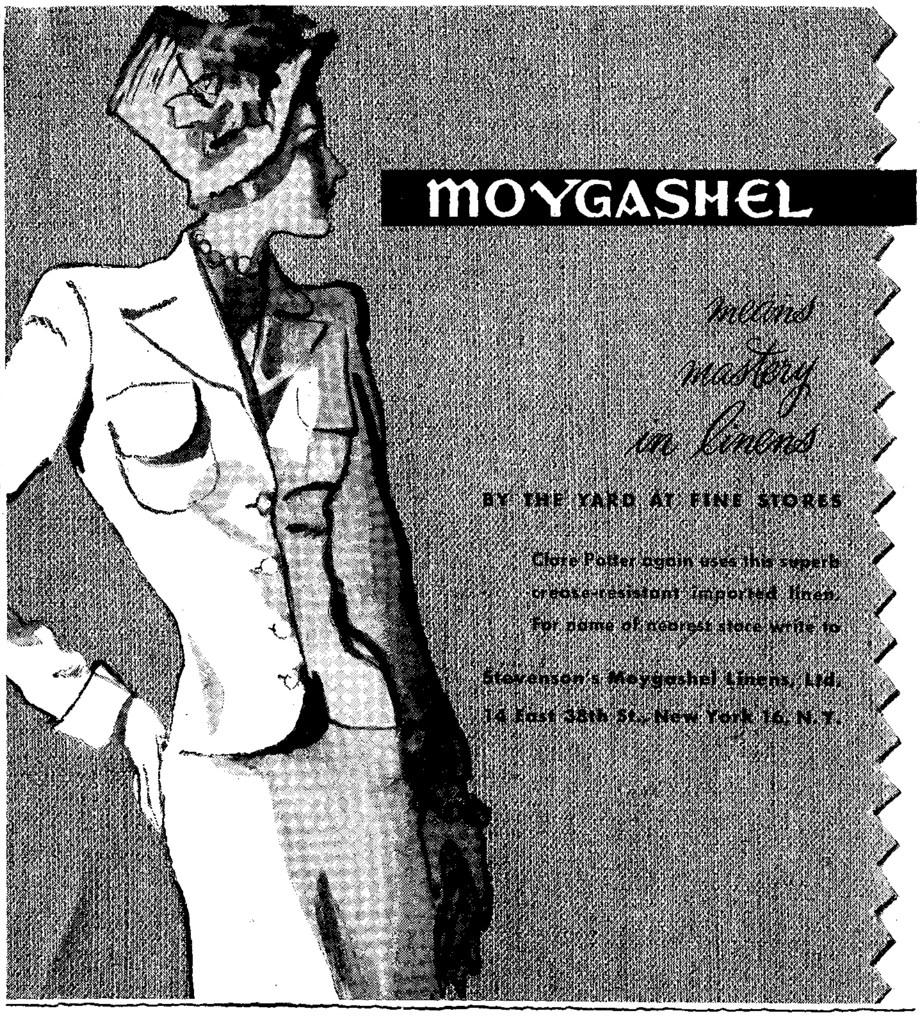


THE field for the first annual Harry Cowles Invitation Squash Racquets Tournament, played at the Harvard Club last week-end, was at least as fast as the field anticipated for the National Championships in Detroit next month. Practically every player in the country who has a chance to win the National was on hand for the inauguration of this event, including the present champion, Charles Brinton, and no less than five former champions turned up, all of whom were pupils of Cowles during his fourteen years as squash instructor at Harvard. The seeding arrangements in the top flight (there was a second flight for enfeebled antiques like Herbert Rawlins, Palmer Dixon, and Dr. J. Lawrence Pool, some of them forty years old) should give you an idea of the quality of the players with whom the tournament committee had to deal. Brinton was seeded second to Stanley Pearson, Jr., who, it was felt, has been playing better than anybody else this season, and Hunter Lott, who was runner-up to Brinton in last year's National, was placed fourth, below that prominent strategist, Andrew Ingraham. Such virtuosos as Bobby Grant and Donald Frame weren't seeded at all. The quality of the play was in keeping with the field. On the whole, I should say that there hasn't been such good squash racquets in these parts since before the war.

With one exception, the seeding turned out to be entirely reasonable. The exception was Richard Rothschild, who in 1942 was regarded as a good Class A player but not outstanding. The tournament committee was aware that he had improved since then and, in consequence, ranked him eighth. In the quarter-finals, when, according to the committee's reasoning, he should have bowed out gracefully, he trounced Ingraham, and in the semifinals he wore down the top man, Pearson, with as neat a combination of court coverage and headwork as you could wish to see. He lost to Brinton in the final on Sunday afternoon, but only after a hard struggle. Brinton was noticeably the fresher of the two at the start of the match, since he had taken only thirty



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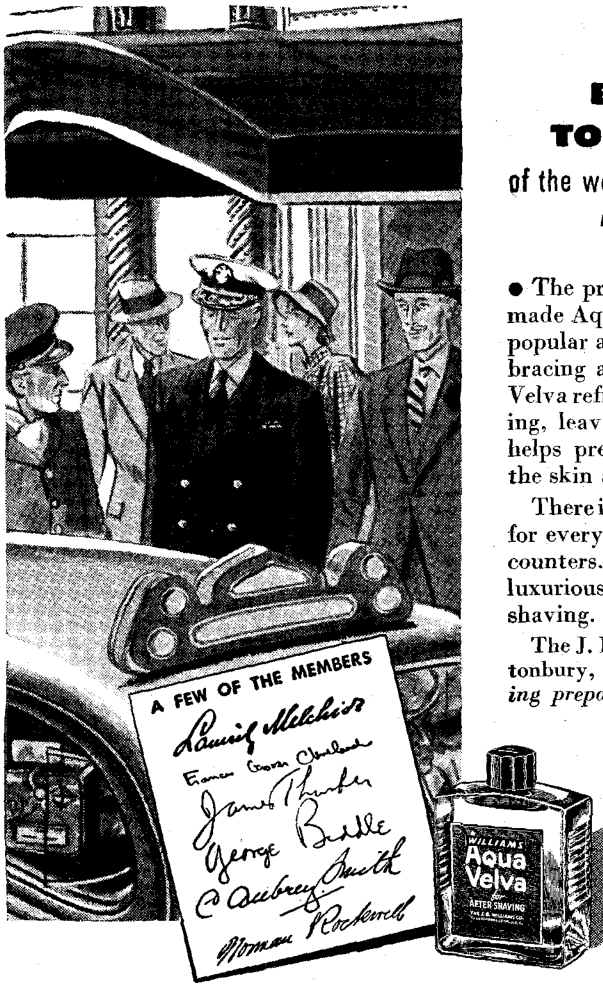
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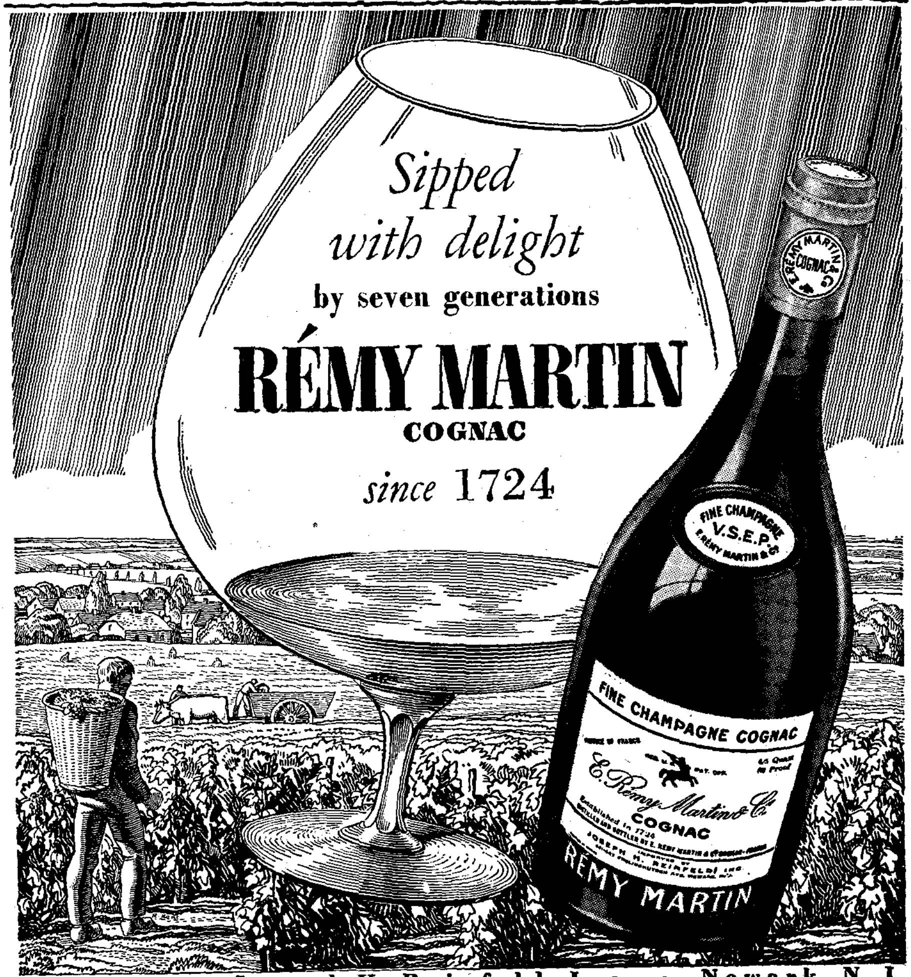
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seconds or so to win from Lott in the morning; he was leading 1–0 in the first game when Lott pulled a tendon in his right leg and had to default.

As a squash-racquets instructor, Harry Cowles occupied a position roughly comparable to that of Knute Rockne in football or John J. McGraw in baseball. From the time he took over at Harvard, in 1922, until illness forced his retirement, in 1937, his pupils won the National Individual Championship ten times and the National Team Championship on five occasions. No one ever came really close to beating his teams in intercollegiate competition. The Yale team of 1936 got the closest, but even it lost by seven matches to two. The only teams to beat his were composed principally of former Cowles protégés who, after graduating, had gone on to play for various clubs in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Those who were coached by him agree that a lot of his success was due to his talent for converting a player's liabilities into assets. Beekman Pool, for instance, who was possibly the greatest player Cowles ever produced, used to hit the ball with such terrific power that even drives that barely cleared the telltale would rebound off the back wall, thus giving his opponent more time to reach the ball. Since Pool couldn't seem to let up on his drives without spoiling his timing, Cowles had Pool's racquets restrung with cheap silk instead of the more resilient gut, with the result that, while Pool's drives were almost as remarkable as before, the ball would usually die at the back wall. For the next two years, Pool won just about every tournament in sight.

Drop Shots: James Reynolds, who won the second flight, was about ten pounds lighter Sunday evening than he was Saturday noon. Each of his four matches went the limit of five games, and most of the games were deuced. . . . Richard Cooley, a promising player before he lost his right arm in the war, showed that he is still a promising player by reaching the semifinals in the second flight, playing left-handed.

—P. W. W., Jr.

•

Last week we chronicled here that F. NGnBipZetz-. Hastening to correct our error we are happy to report that G. XLkbdt*80(—. This has absolutely no connection with hgftyuiers.—*The Woodstock (N. Y.) Press.*

Stop hastening!

MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Opera

THE Metropolitan last week presented its first world première in a good many seasons when it produced the one-act opera "The Warrior," winner of a fifteen-hundred-dollar prize contest sponsored by the Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University and the Metropolitan Opera Association. The libretto of "The Warrior," which tells the story of Samson and Delilah in free verse, is by Norman Corwin, and the music is by Bernard Rogers. Mr. Corwin's words project the psychology of the characters as much as they carry forward the stage action, and the nature of the text requires that the music be a complement to it rather than the conventional operatic setting. As a consequence, the opera is essentially a play whose dialogue has been reinforced with music. The vocal parts are necessarily declamatory, but Mr. Rogers has written them skillfully, and he has also provided an orchestral score that ranges from atmospheric suggestion to a kind of tonal punctuation. Nevertheless, because so much of the interest of the work centers on the text, the music has few sustained moments of its own.

Once the general scheme of the opera is established, "The Warrior" moves steadily. The first scene, the shearing of Samson's locks, could, however, stand a little shearing itself. The dramatic possibilities here have been diluted by too much poetry and psychology. Theatrically, the most effective moment in the opera is the blinding of Samson, although its staging has an element of unnecessary brutality. The production may be described briefly as impressive. Special credits should go to Regina Resnik and Mack Harrell, as Delilah and Samson, and to Herbert Graf, Max Rudolf, and Samuel Leve—the stage director, conductor, and scenery designer, respectively. The cast's articulation was excellent throughout. The notion of pairing "The Warrior" with "Hänsel and Gretel" may have appeared startling, but the children in the audience didn't seem to be disturbed by the juxtaposition, proving again that

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young opera-goers can take anything in their stride nowadays.

THE most uproarious audience I've encountered at the Metropolitan in years greeted the New York début of Ferruccio Tagliavini, as Rodolfo, in "La Bohème." His phonograph records had evidently made him a prefabricated favorite, and he showed that he thoroughly deserved the acclaim. His voice sounded a bit dry in the first act, no doubt because of début tension, but thereafter it revealed charming qualities. There *will* be more to report on Mr. Tagliavini next week, after his second appearance. Meanwhile, you can rate him as a greatly gifted tenor with an engaging personality.

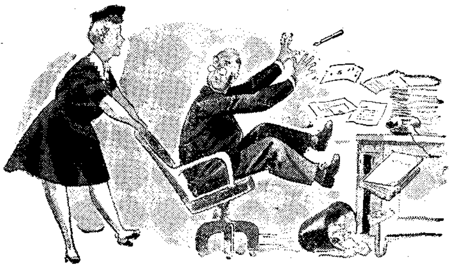
CARNEGIE HALL offered a steady procession of modern orchestral music through the week, most of it new or comparatively new works that were enjoying repeat performances. Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony had its tenth local hearing, at the hands of the Philadelphia Orchestra, directed by George Szell; Copland's Third Symphony was played for a second time by the Boston Symphony, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky; Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" Overture and Shostakovich's Piano Concerto were on the program of the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts, with Leopold Stokowski conducting and Eugene List serving as an excellent soloist for the concerto; and Jacques de Menasce's lively and attractive Second Piano Concerto, already performed on the radio, arrived on the concert stage under the auspices of the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Leon Barzin. Jacques Abram played the solo part brilliantly.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

O.K. for Sound

STRAVINSKY'S "Petrouchka," in an album by English Decca (ED-2), seems to me by far the most satisfactory of any of the concert sets I've heard recently. The ballet score not only receives a sensitive performance from the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Ernest Ansermet, but it has been recorded with remarkable clarity and with high regard for the timbre of each instrument. The set has an unusual quality in that it sounds like an actual performance in a concert hall, with the music coming from a stage some distance away. Not that the music is faint; it merely seems to be somewhat



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removed from the listener, a characteristic almost completely lacking in domestic recordings. It is a happy illusion, accomplished, I am told, by the use of a single but extremely efficient microphone in place of the several scattered ones employed at most recording sessions. Ansermet, by the way, is a Swiss, who, when he was conductor of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet, introduced "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird," Stravinsky's other famous ballet suite, to this country in 1915. He would still appear to be as able as he reportedly was then.

Of the other new English Decca recordings, the only ones that I have heard are in a set (ED-3) given over to Aram Khachaturian's piano concerto, which (along with an "Ode to Stalin") was contributed by the composer to the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet Republic of Armenia in 1945. This performance has the same exceptional tonal qualities that distinguish the "Petrouchka" album. The orchestra this time is the London Symphony, under the leadership of Anatole Fistoulari, the splendor of whose name is dimmed only by the startling euphony of that of the piano soloist, a lady called Moura Lympany. The sweet, sad, classic vapors suggested by her name are, however, immediately dispelled by her firm and spirited playing. The concerto is bold and insistent, and Khachaturian, like so many of his Soviet fellow-composers, relies heavily on percussive rhythms to hold the listener's attention. This mannerism, which reminds me of the relentless selling methods of American radio, occasionally gives the piece the semblance of a tract on electrodynamics. There is, nevertheless, an impassioned, soaring effect to parts of it, intimating that Khachaturian is not entirely preoccupied with hammers and turbines.

WHILE I'm on the subject of clarity, I'd like to call your attention to the excellent product of the Concert Hall Society, a young outfit that specializes in limited recordings—in the belief that no more than two thousand first-rate pressings can be made from a master record—but has recently issued three unlimited sets. In one of them (AC), Ray Lev plays Prokofieff's "Music for Children," twelve simple, attractive, and varied piano pieces written in 1935. In another album (AG) are "Six Irish Songs," as arranged by Beethoven in quartet form (tenor, piano, violin, and cello). Richard Dyer-Bennet is the vocal soloist and the airs

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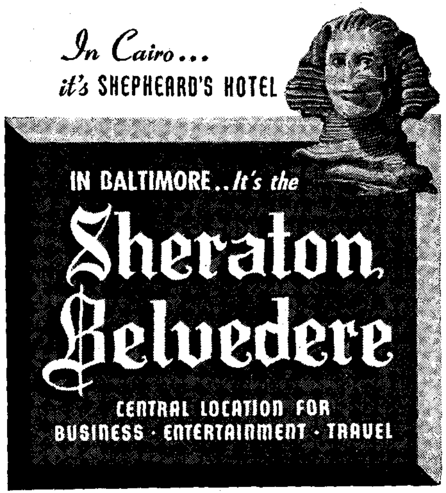
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are "Once More I Hail Thee," "The Return to Ulster," "Oh! Who, My Dear Dermot?," "The Morning Air Plays on My Face," "The Pulse of an Irishman," and "Morning a Cruel Turmoiler Is." The last is about the pleasures of whiskey and not the pains of the morning after. I can't decide whether I like Beethoven's arrangements or would prefer hearing the songs accompanied only by a guitar, if at all. The third (AD) contains Grieg's Sonata in A minor for cello and piano, a rather humdrum work, full of obvious interplay between the two instruments. Raya Garbousova, who takes the cello part, and Artur Balsam sound as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

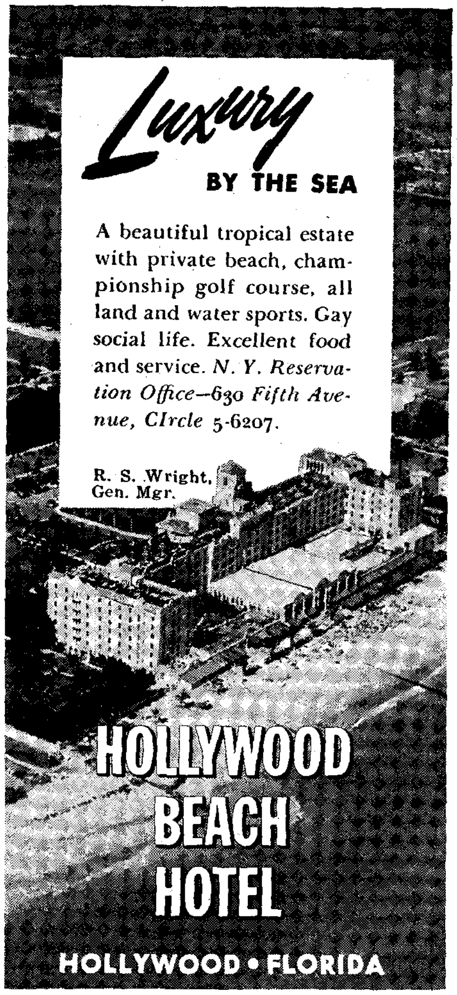
ODDS AND ENDS: Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony receives its first recording in Columbia album 661. It does *not* say anything wonderful or especially eloquent, but it is handsomely constructed, has some nice melodies, and is on the whole an ingratiating and satisfying work. The performance, by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Artur Rodzinski, is a fluent one. . . . Ezio Pinza sings Mozart arias in Italian with splendid results in Columbia album 643. The Metropolitan Opera basso is accompanied by the Met house orchestra, with Bruno Walter directing. "Madamina," from "Don Giovanni;" "Osmin's Aria," from "The Abduction from the Seraglio;" "Qui sdegno non s'accende," from "The Magic Flute;" "Aprite un po' quegl' occhi" and "Se vuol ballare," from "The Marriage of Figaro;" and Mozart's concert aria "Mentre ti lascio, o figlia," set to words from the libretto of a Paisiello opera, are the selections. . . . New performances of three frequently recorded symphonies have turned up, and all three are worth noting. They are of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, done by Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Victor album 1080); Brahms' Symphony No. 2, played by the San Francisco Symphony, under the direction of Pierre Monteux (Victor album 1065); and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor album 1081).

—D. W.

•

We took up our stand in a lobby on A Deck, decorated, like most of the Elizabeth, in a shiny plywood-and-linoleum style.—*The New Yorker.*

Silly as only we can look.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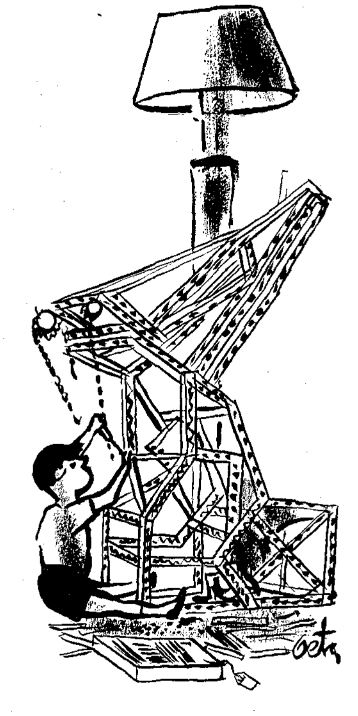
NEIGHBOR: TOKYO, 1947

THE prosecution has almost finished presenting its case against the twenty-six Japanese accused of plunging their side of the globe into war, and I still don't know how to spot a war criminal when I see one. I ought to by now. As a press-association reporter in Tokyo, I've been covering the International Military Tribunal for the Far East since it went into session last May. I've even taken amateur photographs of Tojo and the other defendants sitting in the dock.

As for the guards and lower-echelon officers who made life hell for Allied prisoners of war, nobody covers their trials any more, but I read all the press handouts. MacArthur's public-relations office always fills you in when a former Japanese Army sergeant or colonel or corporal goes to Sugamo Prison for something unspeakable. "Suzuki," the P.R.O. might say of one of these, "better known to inmates of Omori Prison Camp No. 6. as the Frog, was charged with contributing to the deaths of 14 Allied prisoners of war from August to November, 1944, when he forced . . ." If the release mentions the names and addresses of the deceased, we may send a dispatch of a few lines to America.

It is hard to reconcile the twenty-six grandfatherly defendants dozing in the dock at the War Ministry building with the Suzukis, or the Suzukis with Teiichi Watanabe, my neighbor. His house is just across the street from the house I live in with two other correspondents in Yodobashi-ku, twenty minutes by jeep from the center of Tokyo.



I first met Watanabe one day last May. He came up to me as I stood watching our gardener shearing the grass lovingly, blade by blade, while a lawn mower rusted away by the side of the house. "My name Teiichi Watanabe, former captain Japanese Army Medical Corps," he said, and handed me a card covered with Japanese characters I couldn't read. "I am neighbor," he added. His pronunciation was fair. He was over average height for a Japanese, and was dressed in a white shirt and a pair of worn, well-pressed tan knickerbockers. I can't tell the ages of Japanese. Watanabe was gray at the temples, solidly built, and had a cleft chin. I explained who I was.

"I am just repatriated from Shina—China—last week," he said, after a pause during which he rearranged the English construction in his head. "I hope we will be friends." I hoped so, too, and asked if there was anything I could do for him. Yes, he said. It had been so long since he had read any American publications. Could he borrow some magazines? I got some magazines for him, and later he came back to give Ling, our Chinese cook, the inevitable reciprocal gift—a few tomatoes out of his garden. The cook said he spoke very good Chinese.

I saw Watanabe from time to time, —when he returned the magazines and borrowed new ones, or when he arranged to rent Ling a room in his house where Ling's wife could put her baggage. He was always dressed in the same knickers, except when he was working in his garden. If he had stored away any loot during his years in China, it hadn't been in the line of men's furnishings. I noticed women and children going in and out his gate, and Ling told me he was starting up private practice.

So far as I had seen, nobody was living with Watanabe except his small daughter and his sister-in-law, who kept house for him, but he came over one day and said he had a tenant who had a camera he wished to sell and was anybody in our house interested?

I was. Watanabe explained that the camera was rather a good one, German make. From his description, it had everything but a built-in darkroom. I suggested that we go over to his house and have a look at it. He hesitated and stuck out his chin while he thought it over, and then said he would bring the camera across to me. His tenant didn't speak English.

He came back with the camera, which was everything he had said it was. It had a shutter speed of up to one five-hundredth of a second, a 2.1 lens, fil-

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ters, and a lot of gadgets that an amateur like me thinks are very important in a camera. I asked how much his tenant wanted for it. Watanabe said eight thousand yen. At legal conversion rates, that's five hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents, but nobody figures that way. Even so, it was high. I told him I'd like to try a roll of film in the camera before I bought it. He handed it over and said to take my time.

The day I brought the developed roll home, I found Watanabe's daughter playing on our lawn with our German shepherd, whose mother was a Japanese war dog. Her offspring must have got the word about the new Japan, because he is strictly a pacifist. Together, the little girl and I walked over to Watanabe's house. It was the first time I'd ever actually been inside the gate. The house was Western style, and all shuttered up except for three downstairs rooms. Watanabe came to the door and ushered me into one of them. Apart from the chairs we sat on and a table, it was almost bare of furniture. I got the impression somehow that the room was *used* to more furniture and wondered if Watanabe had been selling some off.

We smoked my cigarettes and had a cup of tea without sugar, and then I brought up the matter of the camera. "It takes fine pictures," I said, "but the price is awfully high. How about five thousand yen, with half in cash and the other half in cigarettes, at three hundred yen a carton?"

He thought it over, jutting out his chin, and said he would have to consult his tenant. He excused himself then and went upstairs. I heard him talking with someone I thought sounded like a woman.

"My tenant," he said when he came back, "is more interested in food material." He smiled the way Japanese do when they are embarrassed, and handed me a list. "There is very bad situation for food in Tokyo at present. He said he is not so much interested in cigarettes." I looked at the list: sugar, meat, candy, soap, and butter.

I wanted the camera, but I wasn't going to risk having my commissary card revoked for trading in food. I asked him how he'd like saccharin. He didn't hesitate. "If one pound of saccharin, that is enough."

I could write home for the saccharin and it would arrive by mail in about two months. The black-market price was sixteen thousand yen a pound, but since it was to be a straight swap, I didn't mind. I hate haggling anyway. I said O.K., that I'd pick up the camera when the saccharin came, and went home, purposely leaving my half-empty pack of cigarettes on the table.

THE next time I saw Watanabe was at an ice-cream party my housemates and I threw for the kids in the neighborhood. He arrived with his daughter and sister-in-law. His tenant didn't come. The guests sat around stiffly on the edges of their chairs and methodically ate ice cream. We had ten gallons of it for about twenty kids, who came with at least one parent apiece—a fair ratio. Most of the correspondents out here expect to be in Japan for a long time, and the occupation isn't going to last forever. An ice-cream party was as good a way of selling democracy to the next generation as we could think of.

An hour after the ice cream was gone, the guests almost simultaneously got up to leave. Watanabe and his sister-in-law were among the last to go. "I thank you very much for a graceful evening," he said. "It was splendid."

I remember him standing under the portico light, with his graying temples and cleft chin. I particularly remember his chin. So did many other people, it developed. We shook hands, and the sister-in-law bowed with her hands on her knees.

Watanabe didn't come to visit me for two weeks, and one night I saw the cook moving his wife's baggage back into our house. I asked if Watanabe had upped the rent.

"Watanabe no live there—go away," he said.

I asked about Watanabe's tenant, the man who owned the camera.

Ling looked blank. "No other man," he said.

I took this to confirm my suspicion that Watanabe had been too proud to bargain back and forth with me and had used the fiction of a tenant. I was curious to know where he had gone.

I found out two days later, from a press release that listed fifteen former Japanese Army personnel recently "admitted" to Sugamo Prison to await trial for alleged war crimes. One of them was Watanabe. There was no doubt that it was my Watanabe. "Ex-Captain Teiichi Watanabe, who will be returned to Shanghai for trial by a special military commission," the handout said, "was charged with contributing to the deaths of at least four Australian prisoners of war by withholding vitally needed medical supplies, and forcing the sick men to march up and down the damp stone corridors without their clothes. He was known among former inmates of Bridge House Prison as the Chin . . ."

When I got home that night, Ling presented me with a package, from Watanabe's sister-in-law. It was the camera. With it was a note, written in a careful, firm hand. "Dear Mr. Kalischer," it said. "I know you much admired camera which now no longer is useful to my tenant. Please accept said camera as return for many kindnesses. Very truly yours, Watanabe, Teiichi."

There was nothing to send in the handout on Watanabe—no names or addresses. —PETER KALISCHER

• •

SEMANTICS

If a man wants to write a book that is really a thriller,
He has to use a lot of fanciful words to describe the killer,
But my advice to him is that before he start he
Go to a very fashionable cocktail party.
There he will hear all the words he was going to rely on
To frighten his readers being bandied about by the people he came to spy on.
For instance, he might want to say that a murder scene was gruesome,
But then someone uses the word to describe the dull half of a twosome.
And if he thinks terrific is the word for passion, what good is that
When people are always applying the same word to a hat?
He will undoubtedly want to deal with characters who are weird,
But so are most of the people with whom the guests were reared.
So, even though our language has plenty of words and their meaning is elastic,
You can't do much with it when pet dogs are fabulous and hair-dos are fantastic.
In a country where citizens call bathrooms and neckties appalling,
A man who wants to be a writer might better seek some other calling,
Because smart young people don't use words any more like "ducky" and "oh
    you kid,"
Although it would make it easier for authors if they did.

—ELEANOR HART

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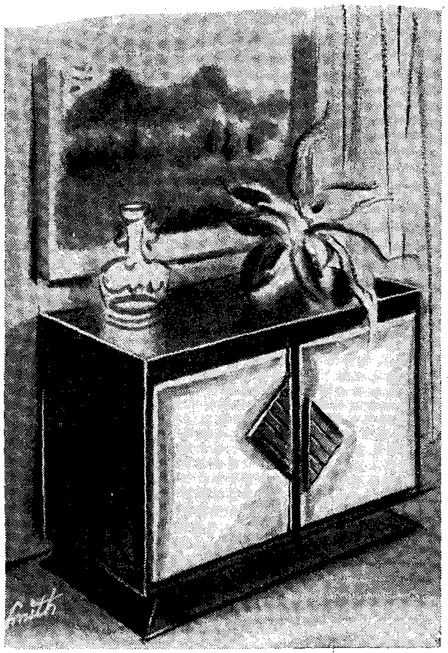

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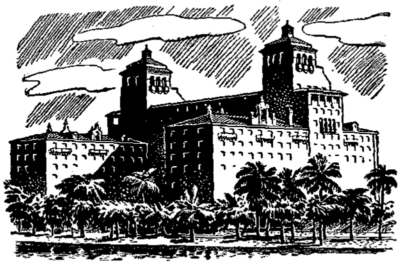

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Malraux at Last

TRACTION
CINEMA

IN Barcelona, in 1938, when the city was being bombed by the Fascists, André Malraux, who served as commander of the Loyalist government's International Air Force, made a film out of a few stark, melodramatic episodes from his magnificent novel "Man's Hope." When Loyalist resistance in Spain had ended, the picture was smuggled into France, augmented by a score written by Darius Milhaud, and promptly suppressed by the French censors. Not until after the Liberation did it finally emerge, too late to help the Loyalist cause and too late to create much excitement in a world that had just got a good look at Armageddon. "Man's Hope," which has now turned up in this country, reveals itself as a forthright and often stirring account of the difficulties of an army reduced to guerrilla tactics by an almost total lack of the materials of war. The army involved might be any army, and the picture lays no stress at all on political complexities. It is a nice commentary on the Fascist mentality that Franco's bully boys and France's limp collaborationists were equally terrified of a film showing nothing more encouraging to their opponents than the exhausted Loyalists squeezing out one small triumph in the midst of general disaster.

The cinema version of "Man's Hope" has little of the subtlety of the novel. Malraux, who wrote and directed the film, has reduced the theme of the book, which dealt with the first eight months of the Spanish Civil War, to an incident describing how the International Brigade, with the help of Spanish peasants, managed to bomb a bridge before the Fascists could make use of it. The picture is jumbled in its early scenes and full of characters whose precise function in the Loyalist scheme of things is not always clear, but it comes into dramatic focus when the action moves to an air base whose equipment consists only of a couple of bombers. Even though the beginning of the film is blurred, it has some fine shots: the Loyalists, hemmed in by the houses of Fifth Columnists in the town where the action takes place, treading cautiously along the streets; and peasants lining up

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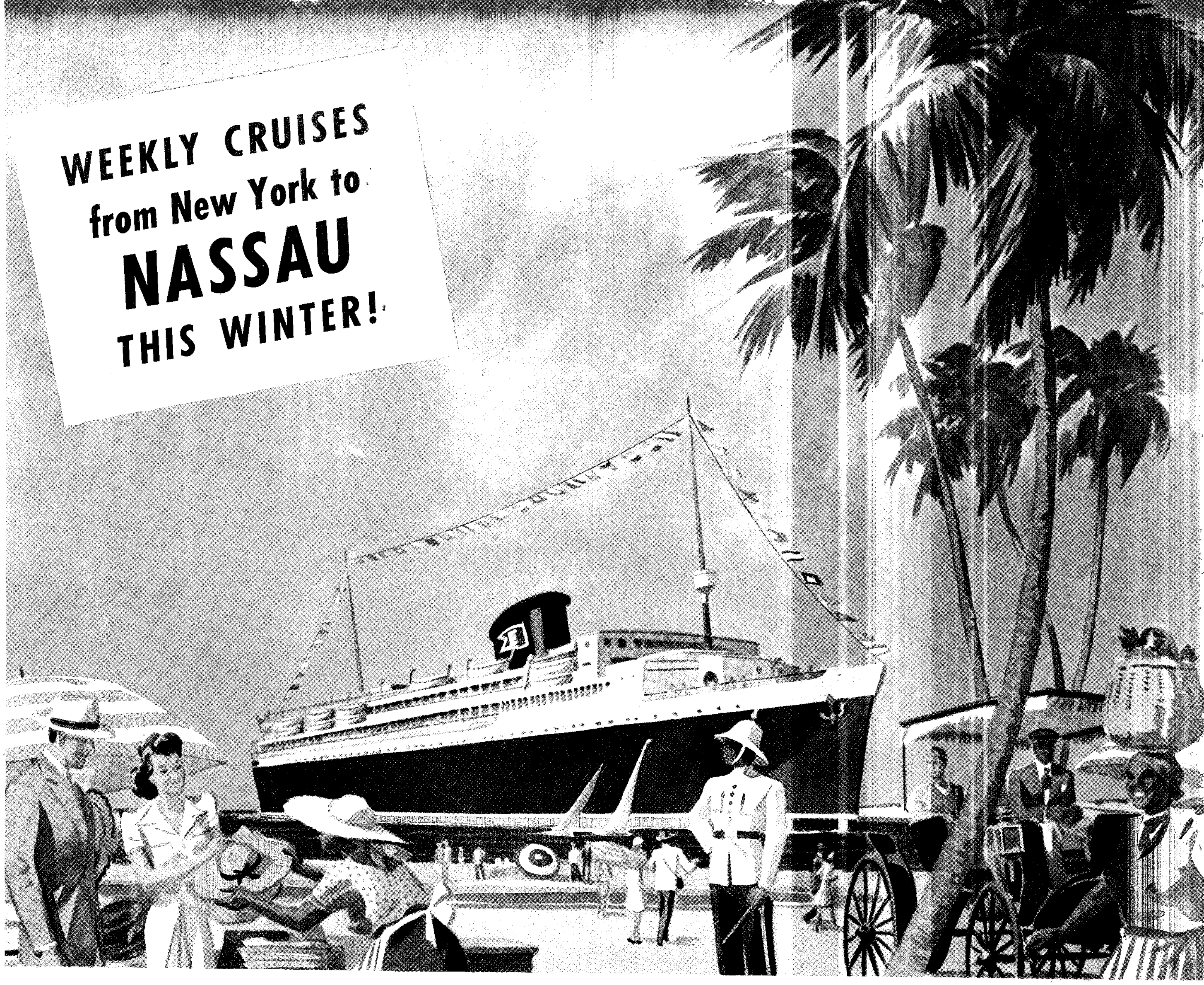

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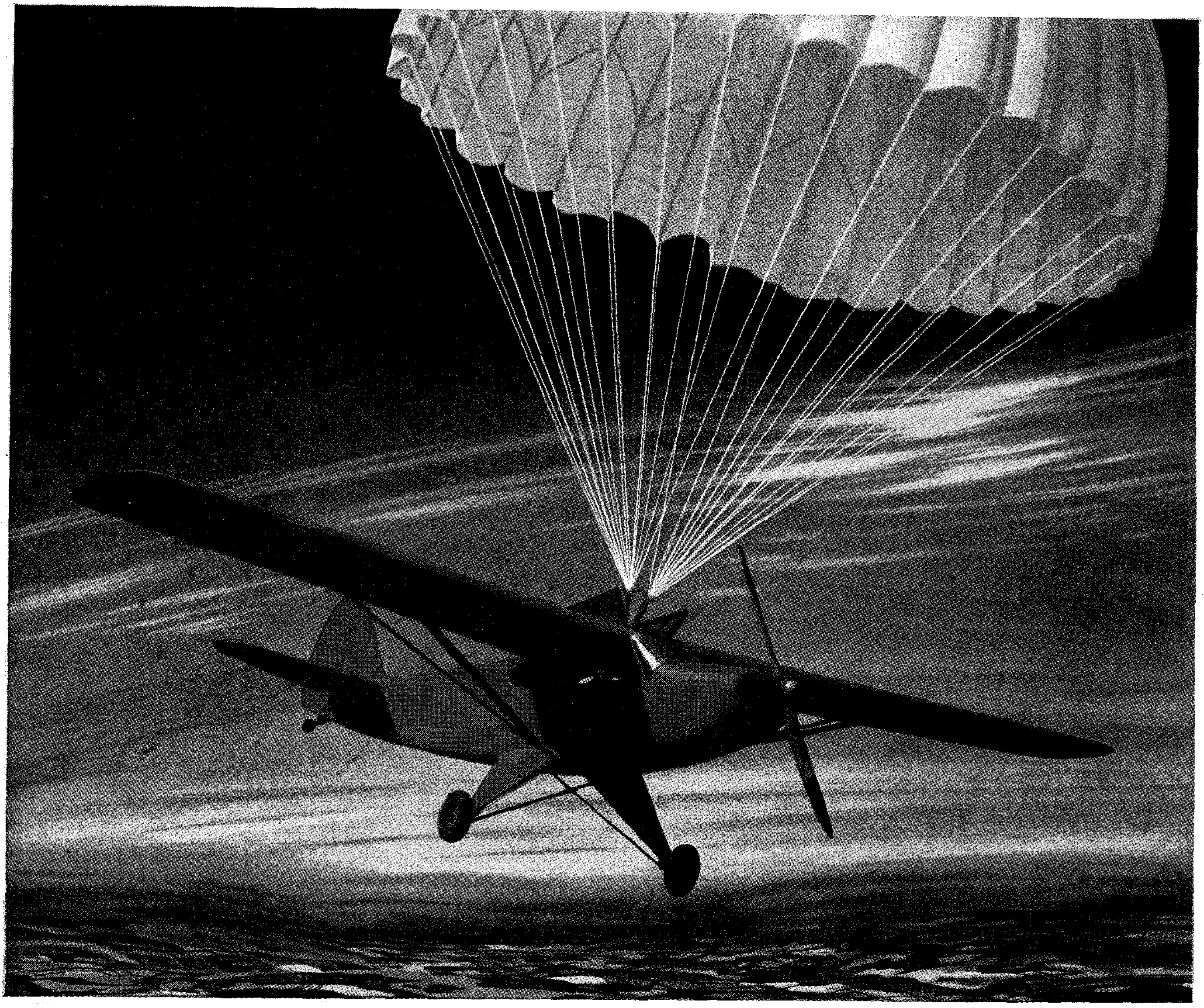

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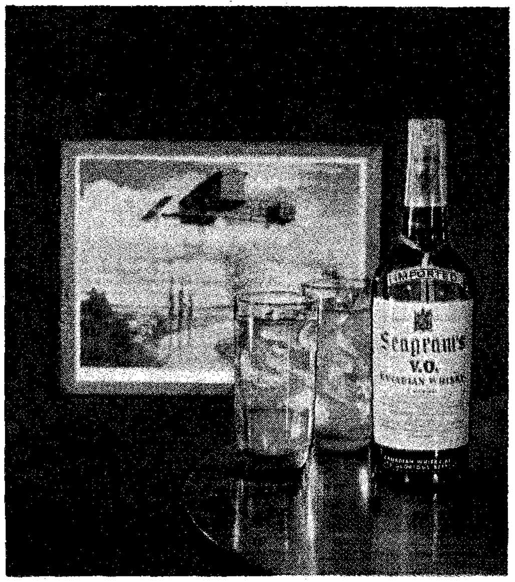

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to contribute vases, pots, pans, and even a safe to be used as bomb casings for four hundred pounds of dynamite, which represent the chief item in the Loyalists' ammunition stores. In his direction, Malraux has succumbed now and then to the temptation offered by such obvious devices as having a mounted butterfly fall in its case at the echo of a gun, and having the twittering of birds succeed the rumbling of a bombardment, but he makes such things as a takeoff at night from a field illuminated only by the headlights of a dozen trucks very exciting, and he converts a small bombing mission into absorbing stuff. It is regrettable that the climax, which concerns itself with the removal of the living and dead from a bomber that has cracked up on a mountain top, goes on at such enormous length. As the peasants carry the airmen downward, to the accompaniment of a Milhaud dirge, you may easily wish that the mountain had been just a little lower.

"THE STONE FLOWER," a Russian fairy tale about a young stone carver so eager to cut a perfect flower that he betrays himself into the hands of a sorceress, only to learn that his love for his village sweetheart is greater than his ambition, won for the Russians the prize for the best color picture at the International Film Festival in Cannes. The picture, which is certainly handsome, if rather fuzzy in the long shots, should interest anyone who happens to be a student of color photography. For those not so preoccupied, the subject matter, I'm afraid, may not prove very diverting, despite some really brilliant views of the gem-encrusted aerie where the sorceress lives.

IF Mickey Rooney is the average American boy, as he is supposed to be in "Love Laughs at Andy Hardy," we'd better change our standards pretty damn quick. For an almost classic exhibition of bad taste, I recommend a scene in which Mr. Rooney jitterbugs with a young lady well over six feet tall. Mr. Rooney does everything except dismember the girl, but anything for a laugh, eh, Mickey?

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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[*From Life*]

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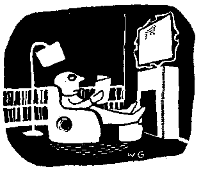
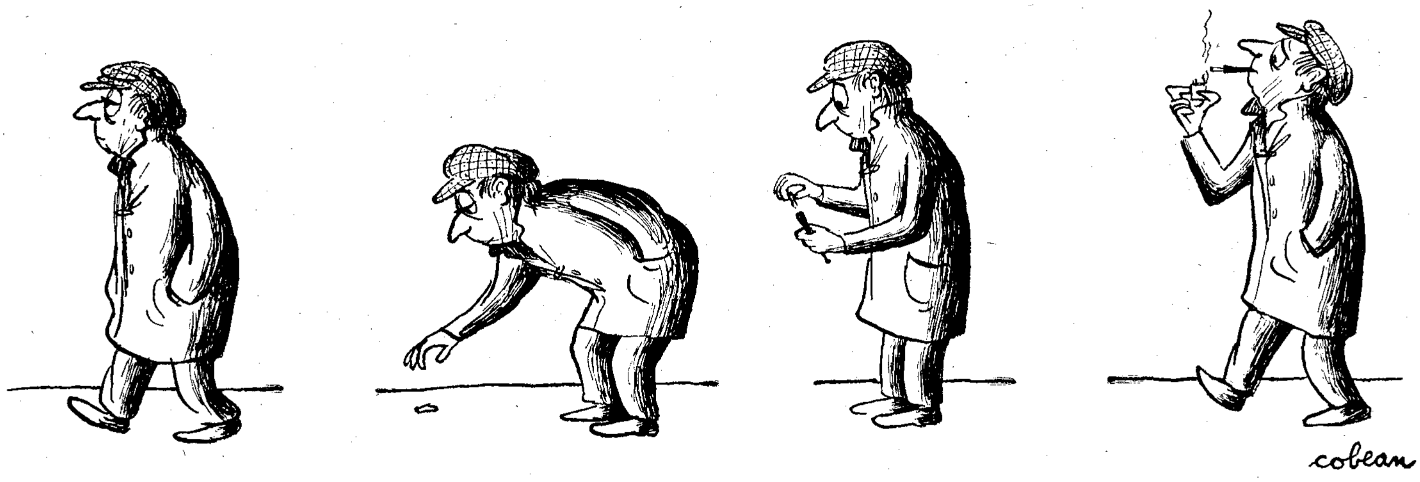
BOOKS

A New Presentation of Ambrose Bierce



THE preface which Clifton Fadiman has contributed to "The Collected Writings of Ambrose Bierce" (Citadel Press) is one of the ablest presentations of a writer that I remember to have seen from his hand. It is written in a more sober style than most of his earlier criticism, and distinguished by a tone more judicial than the rather intemperate one that he developed in connection with the war. It is surprising to find him now referring to war as "the stupidest of man's activities," and speaking of the bombing of Hiroshima—which he elsewhere brackets with Lidice and Dachau—as "the first dramatic announcement of [man's] inability to make a biological success of himself." This new point of view of Mr. Fadiman's perhaps itself verges at moments on the feverish. "As our planet," he writes, "rolls slowly or rapidly in the direction of its own eclipse, men's minds will darken with it. Losing their faith in themselves, they will look into each other's eyes with hatred, and every man's hand will rest lightly upon his dagger. Even the most sensitive will find it difficult, as the lamps go out, to draw comfort from the words of those who believe in progress. Decline and fall will be the order of the day and night. New philosophies of violence and despair will be contrived, and old nihilisms be exhumed. Among these old nihilisms that of Ambrose Bierce will take its minor place and, for all his weaknesses, he will speak to us with added vehemence."

I do not think that the contents of this volume (for the selection of which Mr. Fadiman has announced that he is not responsible) represent very satisfactorily either the whole of Bierce's work or his point of view. The publishers have included the complete text of "The Devil's Dictionary" (a collection of epigrams), almost the whole of Bierce's fiction, and almost all of his satiric fables, so that the reader has ample material for forming an opinion of Bierce as a wit and as a short-story writer. Yet it seems to me that one would have to proceed differently if one wanted to show Bierce at his best. One would have to make selections from the whole of his work, as has been done with, say, Mark Twain and Ring Lardner in the best volumes of the Viking Portable Library. The stories should be ruthlessly weeded; very few of them are really first-rate. These are mostly to be found in the group that deals with the Civil War, and there should be set beside them the personal memoirs of the war, which are among the best things that Bierce wrote. "The Devil's Dictionary," too, should be sifted down: along with some shrewd and smart sayings, it contains some extremely flat ones and some dreadful old-fashioned puns; and as for the fables, of which Mr. Fadiman rightly says that you cannot read more than twelve at a time, a few dozen would go a long way. To these should be added a selection from Bierce's essays on social and political subjects and from his notes on his literary contemporaries. Bierce's writings on society and politics may be aptly described, in the phrase which somebody applied to Voltaire, as "a chaos of clear ideas." He will point out on one page, for example, the folly, in a society like ours in which the state already controls many services, of becoming indignant with the Socialists for proposing state ownership of public utilities, and on the next page himself become rabid over the idea that property rights should be attacked by modern reformers. As a political philosopher and a social critic, Bierce never hung together at all. But his papers on political questions have many amusing and telling hits at American institutions, and they give a much better impression of his intelligence than you get from his monotonous fiction. He had no system, but fairly consistent prejudices, and the fables and "The Devil's Dictionary" do seem to have a little more point when you are familiar with his fundamental views. These views were not completely nihilistic, as Mr. Fadiman seems to assume in the passage quoted above. It is true that Bierce delighted in such visions as that of the satire called "Ashes of the Beacon," in which he reviews from the perspective of the year 4930 the causes for the collapse of the United States; but he expressly repudiates in "The Shadow on the Dial" what he calls "nihilism" in the political field in favor of "constructive politics;" and constructive politics in Bierce's mind was always connected with certain ideas. These ideas were law, discipline, and order, and the control of the disorderly masses by an enlightened and well-washed minority. He was flatly antidemocratic and rather Anglophile (he had lived in England), and he apparently believed that monarchy was the most reliable form of government. The truth was that Bierce was the kind of man, contemptuous of ordinary humanity and hungry for the privileges to which he had not been born, who, in a later period, gravitated toward Fascism. One may hope that it is not irremediably the case, as Mr. Fadiman suggests in his preface, that "the men and women



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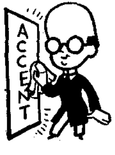

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who do not like men and women are in the saddle and will ride mankind," but it cannot be disputed that Ambrose Bierce was that kind of man himself.

IN all Bierce's fiction, there are no men or women who are interesting as men or women—that is, by reason of their personalities, their affections or their aspirations. They are interesting only as the butts of sadistic practical jokes, in which their higher faculties are so little involved that they might almost as well be trapped animals. It is not merely true, as Mr. Fadiman again admirably says, that Bierce's favorite character is Death: Death is Bierce's only character. And Bierce does give him a certain sharp reality. He had served as a boy in the Civil War, had seen a good deal of the slaughter, and had been twice wounded, once in the head. It was said of him by one of his brothers that after the war he seemed a quite different person. His accounts of the battles he took part in are among the most attractive of his writings, because they combine with the shock of living for the first time with death the wonder of the world for the youth who, transplanted from Elkhart, Indiana, now found himself suddenly in a land where "unfamiliar constellations burned in the Southern midnights, and the mocking-bird poured out his heart in the moon-gilded magnolia." But later, in his horror stories, the obsession with death becomes tiresome. If we try to read these stories in bulk, they get to seem not merely dull but disgusting. The horror stories of Poe, to which they have been compared, have always psychological interest in the sense that the images they summon are metaphors for hidden emotions. The horror stories of Ambrose Bierce have only in a very few cases—such as "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"—the psychological interest which comes from exploiting for effect some abnormal phenomenon of consciousness. Elsewhere, there is merely the obsession, reiterated again and again: the executioner comes from outside our human world and, capriciously, gratuitously, cruelly, slices away our lives. It is an unpleasant limitation of Bierce's treatment of violent death that it should seem to him always a joke, never a tragedy. He does not appear even to have felt any pity for his dead comrades of the Civil War, and it is characteristic of him that he should write as if in derision of the soldiers who fell at Shiloh and were burned, some while still alive, in a forest fire lit by the battle. "I obtained leave," he writes, "to go down into the valley of death and gratify a reprehensible curiosity;" and then, after a description of the corpses, inhumanly swollen or shrunken: "Faugh! I cannot catalogue the charms of these gallant gentlemen who had got what they enlisted for."

The only elements that give much of his fiction a dignity which sets it off from the hackwork of the shudder magazines are the intensity of this obsession, the clear, flexible, and sharp-edged style, like the steel ribbon of a wound-up tape measure, and a certain real knack for catching, in his stories about the West, the loneliness of solitary cabins with the roofs partly fallen in and a grave or two among the trees, of worked-out diggings in Nevada hills with a skeleton at the bottom of the shaft, of empty buildings in San Francisco of which nobody knows the owners but into which somebody creeps at night—places where the visit by Death seems peculiarly blighting and final because, in pinching out a tiny human spirit, it renders the great waste complete.

I WAS writing a few weeks ago of the fate of Sidney Lanier as a poet of genuine gifts who, having fought as a youth for the Confederacy, was deprived of his normal development by the ruin of the South in the war. Ambrose Bierce, a boy from the Middle West, who had served in the Union Army, was, I believe, a somewhat similar casualty. Lanier, a defeated Southerner, could only study the classics and rail against ignoble "Trade;" but Bierce, of the winning side, did not like and did not very much profit from the world which had been thrown up by the war. He tried going to live in England; he worked more than a decade for Hearst. The son of a poor farmer, he had to educate himself as he could; but his culture, like Sidney Lanier's, mostly remained old-fashioned. He talked about Ibsen and Shaw, whom one might have expected him to find sympathetic, like any English Department professor of his day. And for Bierce almost as much as for the Southerners, the disruption of the Republic by the Civil War, in shattering the integrity of the republican ideal, had shaken his faith in its purpose. "Ashes of the Beacon" is haunted by the nightmare of sectional wars which split the country in gigantic cracks. Yet this situation stimulated its virtues. As in the case of several other writers of the North and the West in that period—Henry B. Fuller and John Jay Chapman, for example—Bierce's bridling from, his stiffening against, the commercialism, vulgarity, and corruption of the America of 1870–1910 caused him to cultivate an uncompromising pride at the same time that he disciplined himself in a severe and chastened style. None of these writers could ever become popular, and all, in some sense, existed in secret. The loudness and looseness of the era may be gauged by their coolness and tightness. For the first time, perhaps, today we can appreciate their courage and their talents. Henry James had escaped to Europe and made connections with the culture of a larger world; Mark Twain had his success as a popular entertainer to compensate for the philosophic pessimism and the savage, anti-democratic sentiments which increased with him as he grew older and which in bitterness equalled those of Bierce. It was only when—at some moment, say, between 1910 and 1920—the criticism of what had come to be the prevailing American values could at last speak out robustly and recklessly because it was finding some popular response that writers like Edith Wharton, H. L. Mencken, and Sinclair Lewis, who were saying more or less the same things as the critics of the underground period (Mencken had got something from Bierce), could emerge as national figures. But it is time that proper credit was given to these workers in the American underground during the years of the Big Business occupation. They are more interesting than, and often rather different from, the distorted or vague reputations that they acquired in their own time. And it is a good thing to have Bierce revived.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE THRESHER, by Herbert Krause (Bobbs-Merrill). A boy grows up in a community of German farmers in western Minnesota, where the spirit of John Calvin cracks the whip that keeps these dismal people in dismal rectitude. Mr. Krause has done a better job of writing in this novel than he did in his last one, "Wind Without Rain," and he shows the same sincerity and deep feeling for the country about which he writes. Still, it is hard to believe that anybody wants to know as much about threshing wheat as he is bent on telling.

DUNKERLEY'S, by Howard Spring (Harper). This sequel to "Hard Facts" presents the same characters moved on a decade, into the eighteen-nineties. Sir Daniel Dunkerley, as

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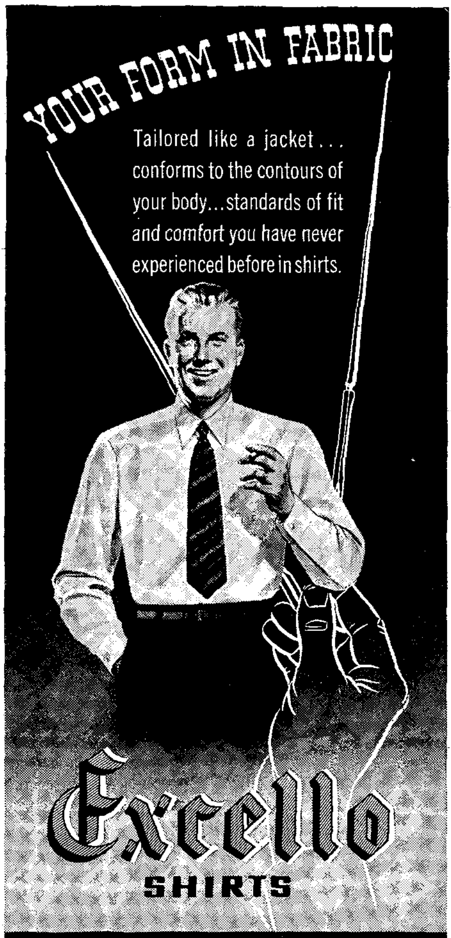

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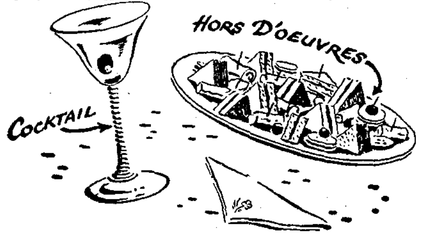

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you know if you read the earlier book, is the publisher of a chain of cheap magazines. This novel deals with the fortunes of a number of young people who come within his orbit. The moderately entertaining story meanders along in the manner of a leisurely family chronicle until, near the end, the author, apparently getting tired of his plot (you can hardly blame him), introduces melodrama with unexpected violence. All this will probably be of more interest to those who already know the Dunkerleys than to the newcomer, who may feel that he is rather out of step with the characters.

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE, by Eric Hodgins (Simon & Schuster). A pretty piece of high comedy about a New York couple who decide to buy and remodel a pre-Revolutionary Connecticut farmhouse and get thoroughly done in the eye in the process. The details of Mr. Blandings' skinning by real-estate men, architects, contractors, and plumbers should provide the reader with a lot of sadistic satisfaction, if it isn't too uncomfortably reminiscent. Drawings by William Steig.

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ, by Rosamond Lehmann (Reynal & Hitchcock). A reissue of Miss Lehmann's least pretentious and most lovely work, one that makes the joy and humiliation of youth very real and infinitely poignant.

GENERAL

CROSS SECTION: 1947, edited by Edwin Seaver (Simon & Schuster). A collection of fifty-odd new stories, novelettes, excerpts from unpublished novels, and poems, chosen from more than seven thousand manuscripts. It is easily the best of this series. Only a few of the writers, such as Ann Petry, William March, and Meridel LeSueur, are at all well known, and a majority are young. Violence, cruelty, and futility seem to be their favorite themes, and flatness and pointlessness are the stories' principal faults. However, this collection, unlike others that specialize in untried talents, contains very little subjective preciosity and, fortunately, no "laboratory" work at all.

TWILIGHT OF PAINTING, by R. H. Ives Gammell (Putnam). To Mr. Gammell, the term "modern art" includes almost everything from Delacroix and Courbet down to the present, and with very few exceptions

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he hates it. He thinks Cézanne is dreadful, he dislikes everyone but Manet and Degas among the Impressionists, and of course he considers all, or almost all, present-day painters beneath contempt. In short, his point of view is the old-line conservative one, but it is at least consistent. Seventy-two halftone plates, the majority by academicians you have probably scarcely heard of.

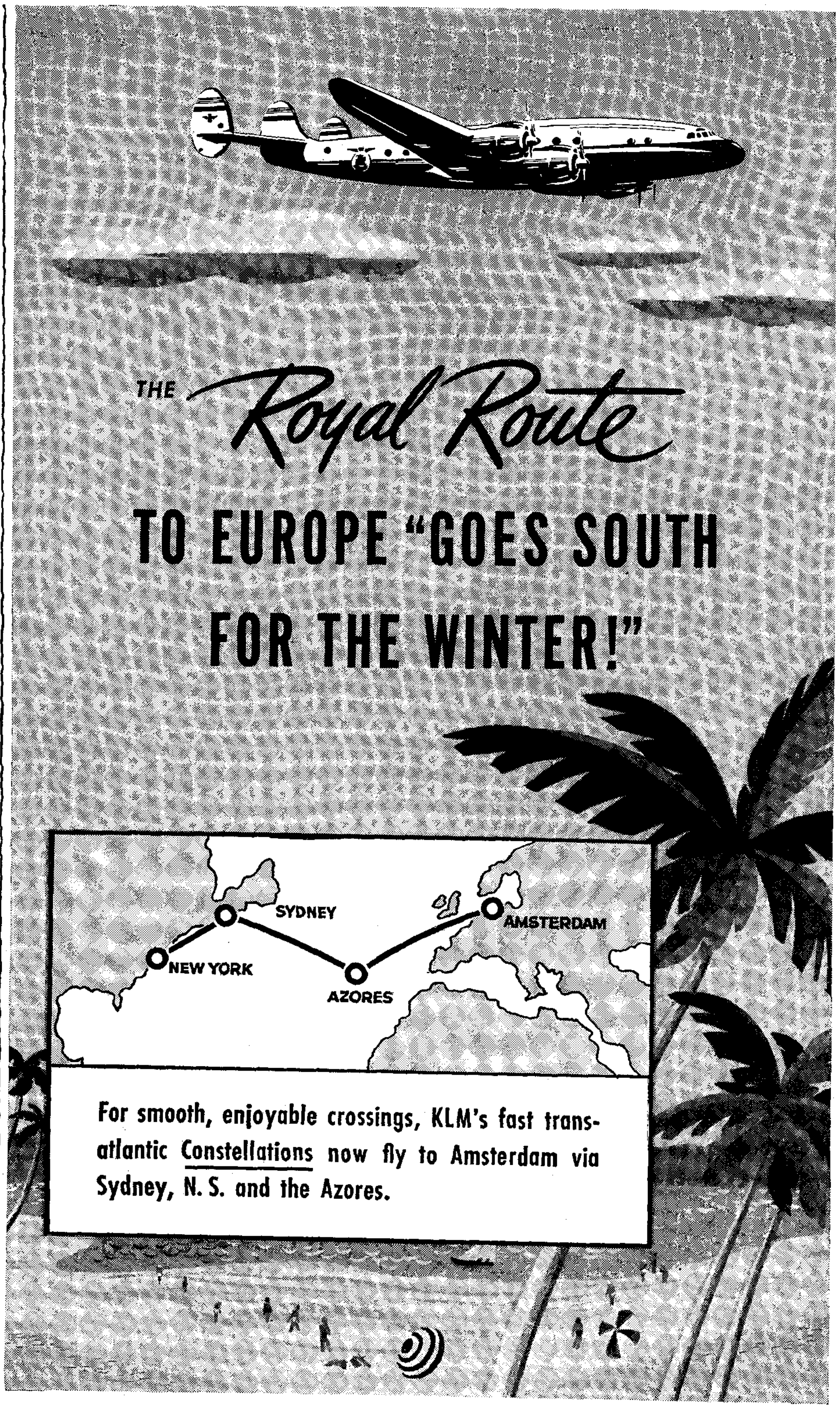
A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE ART, by Ludwig Bachhofer (Pantheon). The text of this book may present difficulties to the ordinary reader, for though it is brisk and concise, it demands some knowledge of Chinese art to be fully understood. The hundred and twenty-nine illustrations in halftone, however, are so admirably selected that they alone would make the volume worth while.

WIND ALOFT, WIND ALOW, by Marin-Marie (Scribner). The author, a French marine painter whose real name is Durand de St. Front, has twice crossed the Atlantic all by himself—once in a small sloop and once in a motorboat. This is the story of those two hair-raising trips, plus a detailed account of how the author chose his boats and how he prepared for the voyages. His prose has personality, but it appears to have been mauled in translation. Photographs, drawings, and paintings by the author.

CRUISING TO FLORIDA, by Morley Cooper (Whittlesey House). A valuable book for the small-boat skipper who plans a trip South along the Intracoastal Waterway. Mr. Cooper made the run last year in a thirty-seven-foot power cruiser and kept a careful log, noting where such things as mooring facilities, service stations, navigation aids, and native manners were good and where they were not. The author gets cantankerous in spots, and you may find it hard to overlook remarks like "I am particularly impressed with my first contact with the proper and natural relationship of the white man and the black man, which exists throughout the South." Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PUZZLE IN PEWTER, by Robin Grey (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Jenny Gilette, a talkative Virginia miss, helps her young man, Hunter Lewis, an amateur dick, investigate the disappearance of some rare chessmen from the collection of a family friend who is a bit psychotic. By the time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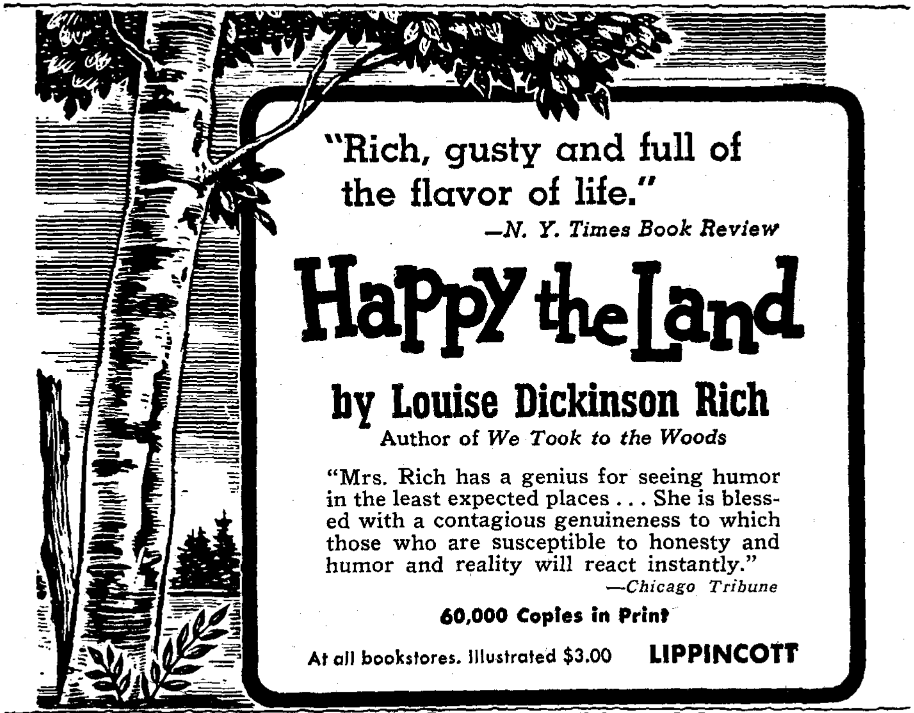

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the young couple and the sheriff manage to untangle things, the heads of a couple of Botetourt County's leading citizens have been bashed in, and for fairly singular reasons, too. A pleasant improvement, technically, on Mr. Grey's "Puzzle in Porcelain," the first mystery in this series.

DEATH OF A TRAIN, by Freeman Wills Crofts (Dodd, Mead). Inspector French, of the Yard, is asked by the Ministry of War Transport to find out whether the wreck of the Falmouth Special was the work of saboteurs trying to disrupt the shipping of supplies to Africa or merely a wartime disaster. When it turns out that one of those very sinister spy rings is at work, French cooks up a neat scheme to trap the scoundrels and almost gets bumped off before he succeeds. Very satisfactory, in an old-fashioned, easygoing way.

THE LADY FORGOT, by Margaret S. Marble (Harper). A handsome young woman, an amnesia victim, takes to an analyst's couch shortly after having been acquitted of the murder of her lover, an incident whose details seem to have slipped her mind. In between analytic sessions, the young lady does some rather sexy sleuthing in Los Angeles artistic circles and finally comes to with a bang, delighting the doctor almost as much as the cops. The psychiatry involved is probably authentic enough, but it doesn't shape up particularly well as a mystery.

•

LONDON, Dec. 28 (AP)—Recent harsh words were forgotten when Winston Churchill sent birthday greetings to Prime Minister Stalin.

"All personal good wishes on your borthday, my wartime comrade," said a telegram from Churchill to Stalin, which was released for publication tonight.

"My warm tanks for your good wishes on my birthday," Stalin replied.—*Boston Herald.*

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•

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[*From an adv. in Weekend, Mexico City*]

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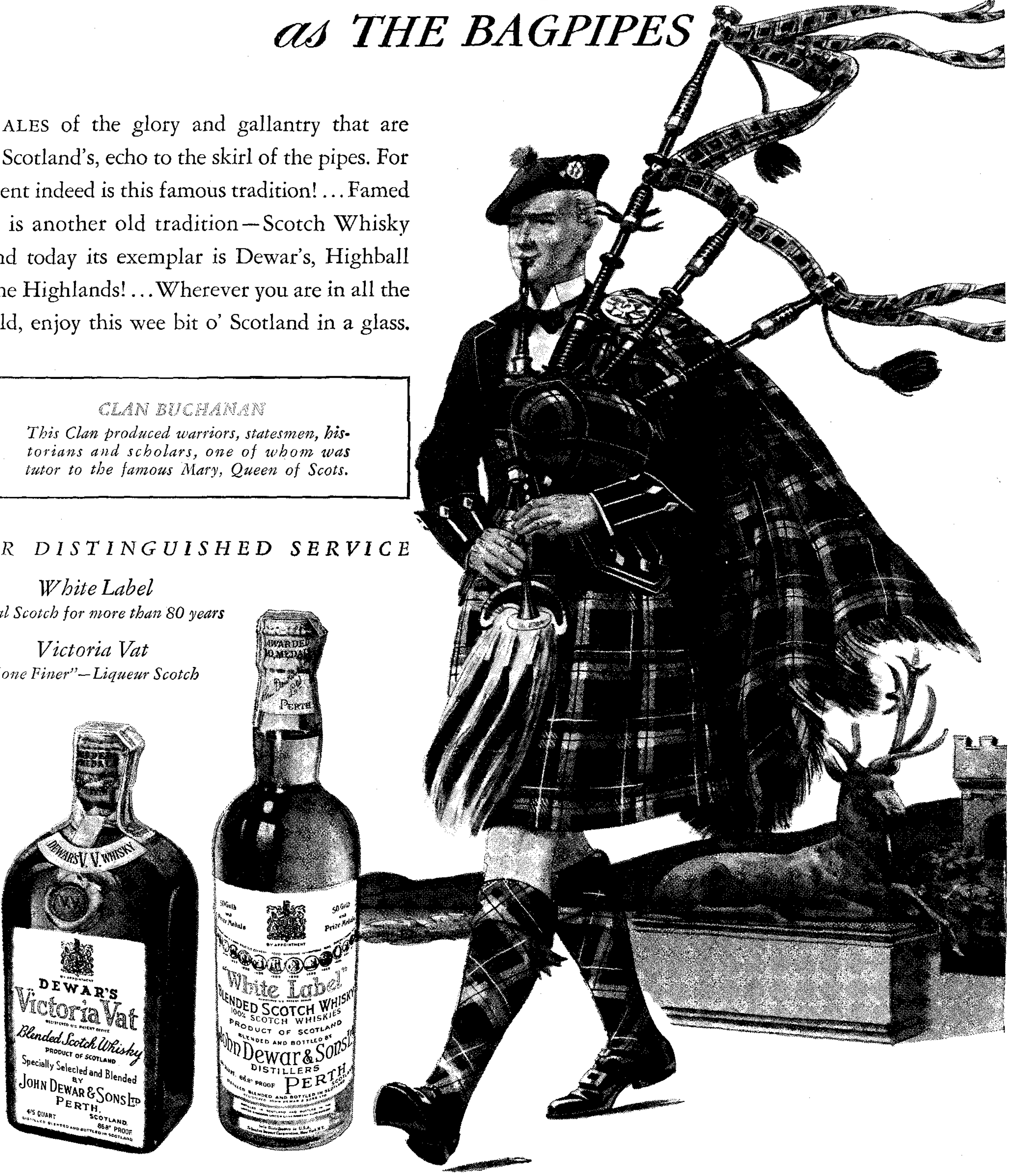
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